

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



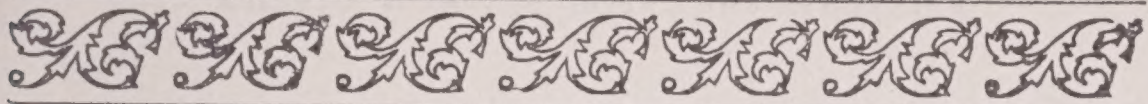
00002742883







STORIES AND VERSE
OF
WEST VIRGINIA



STORIES AND VERSE
OF
WEST VIRGINIA

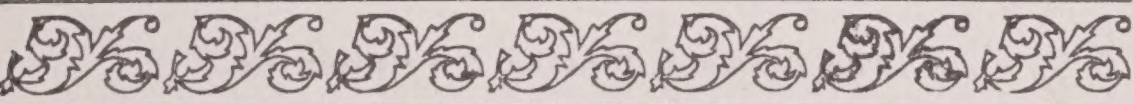
COMPILED AND EDITED WITH BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY BY

ELLA MAY TURNER, A. M.

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
SHEPHERD COLLEGE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
SHEPHERDSTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

WITH A FOREWORD BY
WAITMAN BARBE, LITT. D.

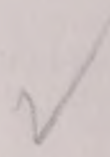
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PS 558
W4T8

Copyright, 1923,
By ELLA MAY TURNER



The Diamond Binding & Printing Co.
(Intelligent Service)
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

SEP 24 1923

©CIA759085

no 1

COPYRIGHT NOTICE

For the use of copyrighted material included in this volume, permission has been secured either from the author, from his legal representative or from his authorized publisher. All rights to stories and poems are reserved by the holders of the copyright, or the authorized publishers, as named below:

Abbey and Imbrie: "The Romance of Two Fish" by Albert Benjamin Cunningham.

D. Appleton and Company: The selection from the memorial sketch of Frank R. Stockton in "The Captain's Toll-Gate" "The Doomdorf Mystery," from "Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries" by Melville Davisson Post.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company: "The Heart of Goliath" from "Yellowstone Nights" by Herbert Quick.

Doubleday, Page and Company: "England to America" by Margaret Prescott Montague.

J. B. Lippincott and Company: "The Robin's Creed," "Sidney Lanier," "Song of the Monongahela," and "An Old Love Song" from "Ashes and Incense" by Waitman Barbe.

The Neale Publishing Company: The poems from "Now-a-Day Poems" by Philander Chase Johnson.

The Pepperrell Publishing House: "The Little Trumpeters" and "The Meeting Place" by Margaret Prescott Montague.

The Pocahontas Times Book Company: "Larkspur" from "The Old Church and Other Poems" by Anna Louise Price.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Black Gum Ag'in' Thunder" from "John Gayther's Garden" by Frank R. Stockton.

The Stewart Kidd Company: The poems from "The Quiet Courage" by Everard Jack Appleton.

The Stratford Company. The poems from "A Pilgrim Harp" by J. Herbert Bean and a poem from "Memories" by Joseph Margrave Meador.

The compiler is indebted to the editors of the following magazines for permission to use the poems and stories mentioned:

The Atlantic Monthly: "A Well-Regulated Family" by C. F. Tucker Brooke; "Life in the Iron Mills" by Rebecca Harding Davis; the poems by Margaret Prescott Montague.

The Century: "Black Gum Ag'in' Thunder" by Frank R. Stockton; "A Whiff of Smoke" by Herbert Quick; "They Both Needed It" by Fanny Kemble Johnson; "Old Calhoun" by Frank Preston Smart.

Education: "Moonlight Schools" by Lena McBee.

Harper's Magazine: "The Lost Child," "The Watcher," "Singing He Rode" and "The Moor's Key" by Fanny Kemble Johnson; "A Song of Love and Summer," "A Song of Sunset" by Katharine Pearson Woods.

Harper's Weekly: "The Lost Child" by Fanny Kemble Johnson.

Henrietta Goldsborough (Poems by Edwin Gray Lee), A. De R. Meares (Poems by Katharine Pearson Woods).

McClure's Magazine: "Mr. Zirkle and Ruthless Rose Amy" by Henry Sydnor Harrison.

Munsey's Magazine: "Guerdon" by Frank Preston Smart.

Putnam's Magazine. "Bunyan in Prison" by Frank Preston Smart.

New York Evening Post: "The Daughter of the Stars," "Moonlight on Kanawha," "Ships in Hampton Roads" by Garnett Laidlaw Eskew.

Saturday Evening Post: "The Doomedorf Mystery" by Melville Davisson Post; "The Heart of Goliath" by Herbert Quick.

Scribner's Magazine: "Compline" by Georgiana Goddard King; "A Comment" and "Samaritan" by Frank Preston Smart.

The Touchstone: "Silence" by Virginia Biddle.

Vogue: "April" and "At Dusk" by Virginia Biddle.

Express personal permission has been received by the editor from the following authors or representatives of authors for the use of stories and poems found in this collection, all rights of which are reserved by them unless otherwise specified:

George Wesley Atkinson: Poems from "Chips and Whetstones."

St. John Byer: Poems from "Stories in Rhyme."

John Jacob Cornwell: Stories from "Knock About Notes" and poems by Marshall S. Cornwell from "Wheat and Chaff."

Frances Moore Bland: Poems from "Twilight Reveries."

Violet Dandridge. Poems by Danske Dandridge and from "Joy and Other Poems."

John S. Hall: Poems from "Musings of a Quiet Hour."

Anna R. Henderson: Poems from "Life and Song."

Clyde Beecher Johnson: "The Wild Easter Lily" from "Rhyme and Reason."

Georgiana Goddard King: "The Call," "A Man Called Dante, I Have Heard" and "Hylas" from "The Way of Perfect Love."

Mary Leighton: Poems by William Leighton from "A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies" and selection from "The Soldiers' Monument Poem."

Virginia Lucas: Poems from "Wild Flower" and poems by Virginia Bedinger Lucas and Daniel Bedinger Lucas.

Frances B. Martin: Poems by Edward Benninghaus Kenna.

Hu Maxwell: Poems from "Idyls of the Golden Shore."

Robert L. Pemberton: Poems from "Random Rhymes" and "Songs in Merry Mood."

Howard Llewellyn Swisher: Poems from "Briar Blossoms."

Warren Wood: Poems from "Voices from the Valley."

Everard Jack Appleton, Robert Allen Armstrong, Mary Meek Atkeson, Waitman Barbe, John Herbert Bean, Virginia Biddle, Charles Tucker Frederick Brooke, Albert Benjamin Cunningham, Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, George M. Ford, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Charles Everett Haworth, Fanny Kemble Johnson, Philander Chase Johnson, Amanda Ellen King, Lena McBee, Joseph Margrave Meador, Margaret Prescott Montague, Melville Davisson Post, Anna Louise Price, Daniel Boardman Purinton, Herbert Quick, Anna Pierpont Siviter, Frank Preston Smart, Harry Lambright Snyder, Blanche A. Wheatley, Nina Blundon Wills, Betty Bush Winger.

Henrietta Goldsborough (Poems by Edwin Gray Lee). A. De R. Meares (Poems by Katharine Pearson Woods.)

PREFATORY NOTE

The purpose of this volume is to afford the people of our State opportunity to become better acquainted with the literature produced by West Virginians during a period of one hundred years. My choice of material has been confined to short stories and verse, with the exception of a few sketches selected from the literature of the period preceding the Civil War. I have chosen the work of representative writers from various sections of West Virginia rather than that of a much smaller group who have achieved distinction in the world of letters.

Although critics may find in this volume much that they deem of little or no value, I shall not follow the example of a number of compilers who nervously implore their readers to remember that they are not the authors of the selections they have chosen, because I am proud of the literature of my State. Though much of it is crude in expression and lacking in technique and in literary finish, it is not unique in this respect. I have found from my study of the literature of other states—even those known as literary centres—that we West Virginians have no reason to be ashamed of our writers.

Though some of the authors whose work I have reprinted have won not only national but international reputation, many others are men and women busily engaged in other occupations and professions, who, in their leisure moments, have written stories and verse for their own pleasure and that of their friends and not through any desire to pose as literary geniuses. A number of these writers have done work that would do credit to authors whom critics have delighted to honor.

It must be remembered, also, that not only many

of the authors represented in this volume but also a number of other West Virginians have done distinctive work in fields other than poetry and the short story. Among the latter group may be mentioned: Matthew Page Andrews, Walter Barnes, Earl Brooks, James Morton Callahan, John Harrington Cox, Charles Edward Hughes, Virgil A. Lewis and Morris P. Shawkey.

I desire to thank publishers, editors, authors, and representatives of authors for their permission to reprint material and for biographical data. I would also express appreciation of the courtesies extended to me by the Librarian of Congress; Mr. Clifford Myers, State Historian; Doctor L. D. Arnett, librarian of West Virginia University; Mrs. Emory McKinney, librarian of Fairmont State Normal School; Miss Alma Arbuckle, librarian of Glenville State Normal School; and Miss Pauline Shriver, librarian of Shepherd College State Normal School. To Professor Clark Northup of Cornell University, to Professor Robert Allen Armstrong and to Doctor Waitman Barbe of West Virginia University, to Mr. Walter Barnes of Fairmont State Normal School, to President W. H. S. White of Shepherd College State Normal School, and to Mrs. Alice G. Kenamond, I am deeply grateful for valuable assistance of various kinds. I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid to the students of Shepherd College, for it was their interest and co-operation that encouraged me to persevere in an undertaking that, because of the pressure of other duties, seemed at times impossible of accomplishment.

ELLA MAY TURNER.

Shepherdstown, West Virginia,
July 23, 1923.

FOREWORD

Professional students of literary history will read this book with one kind of interest, and most West Virginians will read it with another kind of interest; some of us will read it with the two interests blended. Here are set forth the concrete evidences of the efforts of a developing Commonwealth to express itself in one of the fine arts, and these efforts will be respected by literary students, as all such sincere efforts are respected, wherever found. Local pride and patriotism will give to them a value often above their merits as literature. But both the literary student and the local patriot will be justified in welcoming a volume which contains selections from the writings of men and women of such undoubted gifts as Frank R. Stockton, Melville Davisson Post, Margaret Prescott Montague, Rebecca Harding Davis, Herbert Quick, Danske Dandridge, Frank Preston Smart, Henry Sydnor Harrison, and Fanny Kemble Johnson.

Then there are selections of great historical value, such for example as Joseph Doddridge's Indian sketches, Alexander Scott Withers' *Chronicles of Border Warfare*, (in its time an immensely popular work in these parts), and David Hunter Strother's pleasant tales.

All who know Philip Pendleton Cooke's lovely *Florence Vane* will be glad of the opportunity to read other pieces by the same writer, even though they are not so good as the little poem by which Cooke is best remembered. The author of this book is to be thanked for enabling her readers to make these comparisons, though we wouldn't trade *Florence Vane* for a dozen *Rosalie Lees*.

Some of the selections in this volume are, to be sure, of only romantic or sentimental value. Mrs. Blennerhassett was doubtless a very attractive lady and a model housekeeper of her sylvan home on the island near Parkersburg which forever bears her husband's name, but not even her association with Aaron Burr could keep her verses from being pale and thin. A good many other things will be found here, among them the verses of Thomas J. Lees and some others of much later date, which have to be salted thick and often to keep them fresh; but we would not have them omitted for anything. It takes all of them to tell the story of what West Virginia has done and has tried to do. If a man's reach does not exceed his grasp, then what's a heaven for? On the whole it is a good showing; many readers will find it surprisingly good.

The biographical portions furnish material that has hitherto been uncollected or out of reach. Miss Turner deserves our hearty thanks for an excellent, conscientious, and comprehensive piece of work, to which she must have devoted many months of painstaking labor. West Virginians, whether now within or without the State, will welcome it, and through its use in the schools and otherwise it will enable us better to know ourselves. Students of the development of American literature will find in this but little-studied territory not only the familiar roots of literary harvests but at least a few original and beautiful shoots that have reached up and waved in the sun.

WAITMAN BARBE.

West Virginia University,
July 15, 1923.

CONTENTS

EARLY PERIOD, (1822-1860)

MARGARET AGNEW BLENNERHASSETT.....	3
The Deserted Isle.....	6
JOSEPH DODDRIDGE.....	9
An Elegy on His Family Vault.....	10
The Death of Cornstalk.....	14
The Indian Summer.....	16
JOHN BROWN DILLON.....	18
The Burial of the Beautiful.....	18
ANNE ROYALL.....	20
The Salt Works of Kenhawa County.....	24
THOMAS J. LEES.....	29
Musings on the Ohio.....	31
Slavery.....	34
Wheeling Hill.....	35
ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS.....	38
The Massacre at Fort Seybert.....	39
JOHN KEARSLEY MITCHELL.....	42
The New and the Old Song.....	43
PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.....	44
Florence Vane.....	46
The Mountains.....	47
Young Rosalie Lee.....	50
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.....	51
Ben Bolt.....	52
Gauley River.....	54
Rafting on the Guyandotte.....	56
DAVID HUNTER STROTHER, (PORTE CRAYON).....	60
The Journey to Canaan.....	62
HENRY BEDINGER.....	68
To the Potomac River.....	69

CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD, (1861-1872)

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.....	71
Life in the Iron Mills.....	73
BEUHRING H. JONES.....	115
My Southern Home.....	116
VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS.....	118
Meeting of the Shenandoah and Potomac at Harper's Ferry	119
Indian Summer.....	122
DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.....	124
My Heart Is in the Mountains.....	127
The Land Where We Were Dreaming.....	129
EDWIN GRAY LEE.....	132
The Rose of the Cloth of Gold.....	133
To a Mocking Bird.....	134

PERIOD OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION, (1872-1922)

DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON	137
West Virginia Hills.....	138
WILLIAM LEIGHTON.....	140
The Fountain.....	142
The Price of the Present Paid by the Past.....	143
Christmas.....	146
A Sonnet Is a Jewel.....	149
Sleepy Hollow.....	150
Time, Break Thy Glass.....	150
AMANDA ELLEN KING.....	151
The West Virginia Hills.....	151
DANSKE DANDRIDGE.....	153
To My Comrade Tree.....	155
To Memory.....	156
The Yucca.....	158
The Spirit and the Wood-Sparrow.....	158
Desire.....	160
The Song Sparrow.....	161

CONTENTS

XIII

Bloodroot.....	162
The Struggle.....	162
HU MAXWELL	164
The Golden Gate.....	165
California.....	168
EMMA WITHERS	170
Indian Pipes.....	170
Hepatica	171
At Swithin's Run.....	172
WAITMAN BARBE.....	177
Sidney Lanier.....	179
An Old Love Song.....	180
Song of the Monongahela.....	180
The Robin's Creed.....	182
The Preacher at the Three Churches.....	183
Among Its Flocks and Herds.....	192
On the Potomac.....	192
At the Wood's Edge.....	193
Stars of Gold.....	195
VIRGINIA LUCAS.....	199
Rue Anemone	199
Columbine.....	201
GEORGE M. FORD.....	202
The Mariner's Love.....	203
HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER.....	206
In West Virginia.....	206
The Spring 'neath the Old Gum Tree.....	207
MARSHALL S. CORNWELL.....	208
Some Day.....	209
Success.....	210
FRANCES MOORE BLAND.....	211
Mother's Eyes.....	212
ANNA R. HENDERSON.....	213
Fancies.....	213
Relic Day.....	214
The Field of Song.....	216
Paying Their Way.....	217

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON.....	219
Once in a While.....	220
A Humble Sermon.....	221
The God of Progress.....	222
FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON.....	224
Black Gum ag'in' Thunder.....	228
HERBERT QUICK.....	245
A Whiff of Smoke.....	248
The Heart of Goliath.....	250
EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA.....	269
Inspiration.....	269
A Song of the Open Air.....	269
Joy o' the World.....	271
How Can I, Lord?.....	272
I Want to Go A-fishing.....	273
A Summer Song.....	274
The Valley of Slumberland.....	276
A Mother's Kiss.....	277
KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.....	278
A Song of Love and Summer.....	279
A Song of Sunset.....	280
ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.....	281
The Sculptor.....	282
The Palm Tree.....	284
Not Yet.....	285
The Tree.....	285
FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.....	287
The Lost Child.....	288
The Watcher.....	289
Singing He Rode.....	289
The Moor's Key.....	290
They Both Needed It.....	291
FRANK PRESTON SMART.....	311
Guerdon.....	311
A Comment.....	311
Old Calhoun.....	312
Samaritan.....	314
Bunyan in Prison.....	315

ROBERT LANDON PEMBERTON.....	317
Down Long Run.....	317
The Veterans.....	318
Nimrod.....	320
Catching the Train.....	321
HARRY LAMBRIGHT SNYDER.....	322
West Virginia.....	323
JOHN S. HALL.....	327
The Flutter Mill.....	327
GEORGE WESLEY ATKINSON.....	330
Our Records.....	331
A Summer Song amid the Hills.....	332
GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.....	334
The Call.....	335
“A Man Called Dante, I Have Heard”.....	335
Hylas.....	336
Compline.....	337
EVERARD JACK APPLETON.....	338
The Fighting Failure.....	339
The Woman Who Understands.....	340
Compensation.....	342
BLANCHE A. WHEATLEY.....	343
Midsummer.....	344
Eventide.....	346
The Trickster.....	346
CLARENCE EVERETT HAWORTH.....	347
The Violet.....	348
To Verna Page.....	348
HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON.....	349
Mr. Zirkle and Ruthless Rose Amy.....	353
JOHN JACOB CORNWELL.....	374
One Year.....	376
Lazy, Hazy Days.....	377
A Fall Time Hunt.....	378
JOSEPH MARGRAVE MEADOR.....	379
Ole Brer Groun’ Hog.....	379

CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE.....	381
A Well-Regulated Family.....	382
ST. JOHN BYER.....	399
Renunciation.....	399
The Angelus.....	400
LENA GRIFFIN McBEE.....	401
Woods in May	401
Rhododendron.....	402
Moonlight Schools.....	402
NINA BLUNDON WILLS.....	404
Thanksgiving.....	404
Christmas.....	405
America's Prayer.....	405
CLYDE BEECHER JOHNSON.....	406
The Wild Easter Lily.....	406
The Voices of Autumn.....	408
ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG.....	409
One of the Many.....	410
WARREN WOOD.....	411
Indian Summer.....	412
Voices from the Valley.....	412
VIRGINA BIDDLE.....	414
Silence.....	414
April	415
At Dusk.....	416
GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW	417
The Daughter of the Stars.....	418
Moonlight on the Kanawha.....	419
Ships in Hampton Roads.....	419
JOSEPH HERBERT BEAN.....	421
"Somewhere in France".....	421
Morning.....	422
MEVILLE DAVISSON POST	423
The Doomdorf Mystery.....	427
ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM.....	441
The Romance of Two Fish.....	443

CONTENTS

XVII

BETTY BUSH WINGER.....	446
A Cottage Sonnet.....	447
Scattered Shells.....	447
ANNA LOUISE PRICE.....	448
Larkspur	448
MARY MEEK ATKESON.....	450
Bandits and Such.....	451
Content	454
MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.....	456
The Soul of the Little Room.....	458
England to America.....	459
The Little Trumpeters.....	477
The Meeting Place.....	477
BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	481
INDEX TO AUTHORS.....	491
INDEX TO TITLES.....	493

Early Period

(1822 - 1860)



VIEW OF BLENNERHASSETT ISLAND

MARGARET AGNEW BLENNERHASSETT

MARGARET BLENNERHASSETT, who for about ten years was a resident of West Virginia, was the daughter of Captain Robert Agnew, the lieutenant-governor of the Isle of Man. She was the granddaughter of General James Agnew, who was with Wolfe at Quebec, and who was later killed in the battle of Germantown. She married her mother's brother, Harman Blennerhassett,



a member of a distinguished and wealthy English family that had settled in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth. He sold his estates in Ireland because of the social ostracism that resulted from his marriage and came with his wife and child to New York in 1796. Becoming interested in Western land, in 1797, he went with his family to Pittsburgh, and from there by keel boat to Marietta. Here the Blennerhassetts lived while a beautiful man

sion was being built for them on a large island in the Ohio.

Ashe, an English traveler, who visited the island in 1806, says: "The island hove in sight to great advantage from the center of the river. A lawn in the form of a fan inverted presented itself, the nut forming the centre and summit of the island. . . . and the broad segment the borders of the water. The house came into view at the instant I was signifying a wish that such a lawn had a mansion. It stands on the immediate sum-

mit of the island, whose ascent is very gradual, is snow white; three stories high and furnished with wings that interlock the adjoining trees." Of his host and hostess, he says: "The manners of the lady and gentleman were refined without being frigid; distinguished without being ostentatious; and familiar without being vulgar, impertunate or absurd."

Mrs. Blennerhassett was well fitted to be the mistress of her lovely home. Her tall and graceful figure, her clear complexion, her regular features, her deep blue eyes, and her glossy dark brown hair attracted the attention of everyone who saw her. Her charm of manner and her accomplishments won for her quite as much admiration as her beauty. She was familiar with French and Italian and had few equals in her knowledge of history and English literature. She was a talented musician and an artist of ability. She was also well versed in all the useful arts of housewifery. She not only cut out the garments worn by all her servants, but also superintended their making, and made most of the clothing worn by her husband. Several hours each morning were spent by her in the kitchen, directing her servants in their work.

Mrs. Blennerhassett had the English woman's love of outdoor exercise, and, accompanied by a servant, sometimes walked to Marietta, a distance of fourteen miles. She was an excellent equestrian, and must have made a striking appearance as she rode about the country attired in a scarlet riding habit. It is said that a young farmer rented a cornfield on the island that he might have opportunity to catch a glimpse of her as she walked or rode by.

In 1805, Aaron Burr came to the island, an uninvited guest. He remained only three days, but returned again and again, and finally induced Blennerhassett to enter into his plans. Whether it was Burr's purpose to commit treason or not is not known, but the entire innocence of any such design on the part of Blennerhassett is proved by both his letters and those of his wife. On December 10, 1806, he left the island at midnight to join

Burr. In the meantime, the militia of Wood County had been called out to arrest him and his associates. Mrs. Blennerhassett courageously met the soldiers and forbade their touching anything not mentioned in the warrant. "But," says Hildreth, "the mob spirit of the militia ran riot, the well stored cellars of the mansion were assailed, fences were destroyed to feed the sentinel's fires, the shrubbery was trampled under feet, and for amusement balls fired into the rich gilded ceiling." Mrs. Blennerhassett followed her husband a week later. Upon the breaking up of the expedition they went to Natchez, where he was arrested, tried, and acquitted. He then returned to his ruined home. He was again arrested, but since Burr was tried for treason in Richmond and was acquitted, Blennerhassett was not brought to trial. He was, however, financially ruined because of the failure of Burr and his securities to repay the large sums that he had advanced.

Mrs. Blennerhassett with her two little sons now joined her husband in Louisville. They later moved to Mississippi, where he was successful as a cotton planter until the war of 1812, when the plantation became practically valueless. They sold it, however, in 1819, for \$28,000, the greater part of which was used to satisfy his creditors, for debts incurred through Burr. An additional misfortune was the burning of their former home, where they had spent the happiest years of their lives. The Blennerhassetts then moved to New York and later to Montreal, only to find failure, disappointment, and misfortune. Blennerhassett, as a last resort, went to Ireland, where he made an unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of some property to which he laid claim. He was abroad three years. During this time his wife struggled with poverty as best she could. One son was dissipated, another incapable even of taking care of himself, and the third a mere child. Hoping to add to the family income, Mrs. Blennerhassett published a volume of poems entitled "The Widow of the Rock and Other Poems." She evidently planned the publication of this book as a

surprise to her husband, for on May 19, 1824, she wrote to him; "I am quite fatigued in body and mind; the latter, as you know, was always weak; yet it has achieved more than you would credit, did you know all." (Safford, "The Blennerhassett Papers," pp. 618-19). On June 27th, she wrote: "All those little attentions paid to me at first by many of the citizens of this community, seem to have been withdrawn, until the publication of my book, which, in a few instances, excited a renewal of them, and which I rejected, holding it better to live in solitude than subject myself to the capriciousness of those to whom I feel myself superior. The author of 'The Widow of the Rock and Other Poems' will, therefore, receive no favor which was withheld from Mrs. Blennerhassett."

Sometime after Blenerhassett's return, he and his wife went abroad, where they lived on the Island of Jersey, and later on the Island of Guernsey, where he died February 1, 1831. His widow returned to New York in 1840. Assisted by influential friends, she presented a claim against the United States for indemnity for the destruction of her property by United States soldiers. It is likely that Congress would have granted her petition had it not been for her sudden death in 1842. She was attended during her last illness by an old servant, and by her sons, Harmon and Joseph Lewis, and was buried in the plot of Mr. Emmet in St. Paul's Churchyard, Broadway. "It was not necessity that caused her burial there, but the fulfillment of a promise between Mrs. Emmet and Mrs. Blennerhassett that in death they would rest side by side," writes Therese Blennerhassett-Adams. "The abject-poverty tales of Blennerhassett and his family serve well the purpose of romance, but not of fact, because they are untrue." Joseph Lewis Blennerhassett, the last direct descendant of Harman and Margaret Blennerhassett, died in Missouri on December 8, 1863.

THE DESERTED ISLE

Like mournful echo, from the silent tomb,
That pines away upon the midnight air,
While the pale moon breaks out, with fitful gloom,
Fond memory turns, with sad but welcome care,
To scenes of desolation and despair,
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

To the fair isle, reverts the pleasing dream.
Again thou risest, in thy green attire,
Fresh, as at first, thy blooming graces seem;
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets respire;
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire.
O! why, dear Isle, art thou not still my own?
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
Charm'd with the beauteous prospects that arise,
Marks the soft isles that, 'neath the glittering beam,
Dance with the wave and mingle with the skies,
Sees, also, one that now in ruin lies,
Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the rest,
In every native charm, by culture, dress'd.

There rose the seat, where once, in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queenly river's flow,
In summer's calmness, or in winter's strife,
Swollen with rains, or battling with the snow.
Never, again, my heart such joy shall know.
Havoc, and ruin, rampant war, have pass'd
Over that isle, with their destroying blast.

The black'ning fire has swept throughout her halls.
The winds fly whistling o'er them, and the wave
No more, in spring-floods, o'er the sand-beach crawls,
But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming grave,
Thy hallowed haunts it watered as a slave.
Drive on, destructive flood! and ne'er again
On that devoted isle let man remain.

Too many blissful moments there I've known,
Too many hopes have there met their decay;
Too many feelings now forever gone,
To wish that thou couldst e'er again display
The joyful coloring of thy prime array;
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot.

And, oh! that I could wholly wipe away
The memory of the ills that worked thy fall;
The memory of that all-eventful day,
When I return'd, and found my own fair hall
Held by the infuriate populace in thrall,
My own fireside blockaded by a band
That once found food and shelter of my hand.

My children, oh! a mother's pangs forbear,
Nor strike again that arrow to my soul;
Clasping the ruffians in suppliant prayer,
To free their mother from unjust control,
While with false crimes and imprecations foul,
The wretched, vilest refuse of the earth,
Mock jurisdiction held around my hearth.

Sweet isle! methinks I see thy bosom torn;
Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,
That wrought destruction taste must ever mourn.
Alas! I see thee now, shall see thee long;
But ne'er shall bitter feelings urge the wrong,
That, to a mob, would give the censure, due
To those that arm'd the plunder-greedy crew.

Thy shores are warmed by bounteous suns in vain,
Columbia!—if spite and envy spring,
To blot the beauty of mild nature's reign,
The European stranger, who would fling,
O'er tangled woods, refinement's polishing,
May find, expended, every plan of taste,
His work by ruffians render'd doubly waste.

JOSEPH DODDRIDGE

JOSEPH DODDRIDGE, the eldest son of John Doddridge and of Mary (Wills) Doddridge of Maryland, was born October 14, 1769, in Friend's Cove, near Bedford, Pennsylvania. When he was four years of age, the Doddridge family moved to Washington County, Pennsylvania. In 1777, he was sent to school in Maryland, where he remained for some years. While a mere youth, he became an itinerant preacher of the Methodist Church. After the death of his father in 1791, he decided to prepare himself more thoroughly for the ministry and entered Jefferson Academy at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. It was while in attendance at this institution that he decided to become a minister of the Episcopal Church. In March, 1792, he was admitted to the order of deacons in the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia and, in 1800, was ordained a priest, having in the interval moved to Virginia. He was a conscientious and able pastor and organized a number of churches. Among them were St. Paul's Church and St. John's Church in Brooke County, Trinity Church at Charlestown, now Wellsburg, and a church in Steubenville, Ohio. Some years later he decided to engage in the practice of medicine, in addition to his clerical duties, that he might be able to provide better for himself and his family, as his salary afforded them only a meager support. He then studied medicine in Philadelphia with Dr. Benjamin Rush. He was eminently successful as a physician and had a large practice. The fatigue and exposure to which he was subjected in a new and sparsely settled country undermined his health and he died after a protracted period of suffering, on the ninth of November, 1826, at his home in Wellsburg, West Virginia.

In the midst of his exacting duties, Dr. Doddridge found time to devote to writing. He was the author of "Logan, the Last of the Race of Shikellemus, Chief of the

Cayuga Nation," "a drama in which Captain Furioso, Captain Pacificus, and other classic figures rubbed shoulders with wild Indians. In the preface he expresses a fear that the dialogue may seem 'rough and uncouth—perhaps even objectionable'— a fear not well founded, however, as in fact both Indians and backwoodsmen speak excellent English. The play is of special interest because in the dialogue various types of backwoodsmen are set forth with their varying views of the Indian question as they knew it. Thus the reader learns much of the temper of the times. Needless to say the climax of the drama is Logan's famous speech which was popular with all the pioneers." (Atkeson, Callahan's "History of West Virginia Old and New," vol. 1, page 681). Dr. Doddridge made another attempt to put the literature of the frontier in classic form in "An Elegy on His Family Vault," which shows in a marked degree the influence of Gray. In 1813, he published a "Treatise on the Culture of Bees." In 1824, he published "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania," which, though invaluable as a historical record, proved to be for its author an unprofitable investment both in time and money. A second edition of the "Notes," containing a memoir of Dr. Doddridge written by his daughter, Miss Narcissa Doddridge, was published in 1876, and the third edition in 1912. Dr. Doddridge, in 1825, commenced "The Russian Spy," "a series of letters containing strictures on America," and an Indian novel, but did not complete either.

AN ELEGY ON HIS FAMILY VAULT

Where Alleghany's towering, pine clad peaks
Rise high in air and sparkle in the sun,
At whose broad base the gushing torrent breaks,
And dashes through the vale with curling foam,

My father came while yet our world was young,

Son of the trackless forest, large and wild,
Of manners stern, of understanding strong,
As nature rude but yet in feeling mild.

Then our Columbia, rising from the woods,
Obeyed the mandates of a foreign king,
And then the monarch as a father stood,
Nor made us feel his dread ambition sting.

For him no splendid mansion reared its head,
And spread its furniture of gaudy forms,
His was the humble cot of forest wood,
Made by his hands, a shelter from the storms.

No costly dress, the work of foreign hands,
Nor silks from Indian or Italian realms,
His clothing plain, the produce of his lands,
Nor shaped with modern skill, nor set with gems.

Simple his fare, obtained from fields and woods,
His drink the crystal fountain's wholesome streams,
No fettered slave for him e'er shed his blood,
To swell in pomp ambition's idle dreams.

Look back, ye gaudy sons of pride and show,
To your forefather's humble, lowly state—
How much they suffered, much they toiled for you,
To leave their happier offspring rich and great.

With meek Aurora's earliest dawn he rose,
And to the spacious, trackless woods repaired,
When Boreas blew in autumn's whirling snows,
To hunt the prowling wolf or timid deer.

And when stern winter howl'd thro' leafless woods,
And filled the air with bitter, biting frost,
He hunted to his den the grisly bear;
Nor without danger faced the frightful beast.

The shaggy native cattle of the west,
The bounding elk, with branching antlers large,
The growling panther, with his frowning crest,
Were victims to his well aim'd, deadly charge.

In hunting frock and Indian sandals trim,
O'er lengthening wastes with nimble steps he ran,
Nor was Apollo's dart more sure in aim,
Than in his skillful hand the deadly gun.

To masters, schools and colleges unknown,
The forest was his academic grove,
Self taught; the lettered page was all his own,
And his the pen with nicest art to move.

Think not ye lettered men with all your claims,
Ye rich in all the spoils of fields and floods,
That solid sense, and virtue's fairest gems,
Dwell not with huntsmen in their native woods.

When chang'd the woodsman, for hard culture's toil,
To fell the forest, and to clear the field,
And cover o'er the waving grain the soil,
He was the husband, father and the friend.

His was an ample store of ardent mind,
Rich in liberal and creative arts,
To trace the landscape with correct design,
And ply in many ways the tradesman's parts:

With feeling heart sincere and ever kind,
He was the friend and father of the poor,
His was the wish for good to all mankind,
And pity often taxed his little store.

His length'd years of sickness, toil and pain,
When cherished by religion's heavenly call,
Strong was his faith in the Redeemer's name,
He sunk in death and died beloved of all.

My father and my friend, it was thy aim
To make thy children rich in mental store,
To thy expanded mind the highest gain;
And may they honor well thy tender care.

My mother sweetest, loveliest of her race,
Fair as the ruby blushes of the morn,
Adorn'd with every captivating grace—
Her piety sincere and heavenly born.

With hope elate she saw her little throng,
Ruddy as morn, and fresh as zephyr's breeze,
Chanting with voice acute their little song,
Or sporting thro' the shade of forest trees.

By fatal accident, in all her charms
Snatch'd from her babes, by death's untimely dart,
Resigned me to my second mother's arms,
Who well fulfilled a tender mother's part.

Say, then, shall the rough woodland pioneers
Of Mississippi's wide extended vale,
Claim no just tribute of our love or tears,
And their names vanish with the passing gale?

With veteran arms the forest they subdued,
With veteran hearts subdued the savage foe;
Our country, purchased by their valiant blood,
Claims for them all that gratitude can do.

Their arduous labors gave us wealth and ease,
Fair freedom followed from their double strife,
Their well aim'd measures gave us lasting peace,
And all the social blessedness of life.

Then let their offspring, mindful of their claims,
Cherish their honor in the lyric band—
O save from dark oblivion's gloomy reign,
The brave, the worthy fathers of our land.

My dear Eliza (Oh! fond hope beguil'd)
Sweet as the rosebud steeped in morning dew,
Tho' withered now, I claim my lovely child;
Nor have I bid thee yet a long adieu.

Sweet little tenants of this dark domain,
Yours was but a momentary breath,
You ope'd your eyes on life, disliked the scene,
Resign'd your claim, and shut them up in death.

Soft be your rest, ye tenants of my tomb!
Exempt from toil and bitter biting care;
Sacred your dust until the general doom
Gives the reward of heavenly bliss to share.

THE DEATH OF CORNSTALK

This was one of the most atrocious murders committed by the whites during the whole course of the war.

In the summer of 1777, when the confederacy of the Indian nations, under the influence of the British government, was formed and began to commit hostilities along our frontier settlements, Cornstalk and a young chief of the name of Redhawk and another Indian made a visit to the garrison at the Point, commanded at that time by Captain Arbuckle. Cornstalk stated to the captain that, with the exception of himself and the tribe to which he belonged, all the nations had joined the English, and that, unless protected by the whites, "They would have to run with the stream." Capt. Arbuckle thought proper to detain the Cornstalk chief and his two companions as hostages for the good conduct of the tribe to which they belonged. They had not long been in this situation before a son of Cornstalk's, concerned for the safety of his father, came to the opposite side of the river and hallooed; his father, knowing his voice, answered him. He was brought over the river. The father and son mutu-

ally embraced each other with the greatest tenderness. On the day following, two Indians who had concealed themselves in the weeds on the bank of the Kanawha, opposite the fort, killed a man of the name of Gilmore, as he was returning from hunting. As soon as the dead body was brought over the river there was a general cry among the men who were present:

“Let us kill the Indians in the fort.”

They immediately ascended the bank of the river, with Capt. Hall at their head, to execute their hasty resolution. On their way, they were met by Capt. Stuart and Capt. Arbuckle, who endeavored to dissuade them from killing the Indian hostages, saying that they certainly had no concern in the murder of Gilmore; but remonstrance was in vain. Pale as death with rage, they cocked their guns and threatened the captains with instant death if they should attempt to hinder them from executing their purpose.

When the murderers arrived at the house where the hostages were confined, Cornstalk rose up to meet them at the door, but instantly received seven bullets through his body; his son and his other two fellow hostages were instantly dispatched with bullets and tomahawks. Thus fell the Shawanee war chief, Cornstalk, who like Logan, his companion in arms, was conspicuous for intellectual talent, bravery and misfortune.

The biography of Cornstalk, as far as it is now known, goes to show that he was no way deficient in those mental endowments which constitute human greatness. On the evening preceding the battle of Point Pleasant, he proposed going over the river to the camp of Gen. Lewis for the purpose of making peace. The majority in the council of warriors voted against the measure.

“Well,” said Cornstalk, “since you have resolved on fighting, you shall fight, although it is likely we shall have hard work tomorrow; but if any man shall attempt to run away from the battle, I will kill him with my own hand,” and accordingly fulfilled his threat, with regard to one cowardly fellow.

After the Indians had returned from the battle, Cornstalk called a council at the Chillicothe town to consult what was to be done next. In this council, he reminded the war chiefs of their folly in preventing him from making peace before the fatal battle of Point Pleasant, and asked:

“What shall we do now? The long-knives are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?”

All were silent. He then asked:

“Shall we kill our squaws and children, and then fight until we shall be all killed ourselves?”

To this no reply was made. He then rose up and struck his tomahawk in the war post in the middle of the council house, saying,

“Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace.”

And accordingly did so. On the morning of the day of his death, a council was held in the fort at the Point in which he was present. During the sitting of the council, it is said that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate. In one of his speeches, he remarked to the council:

“When I was young, every time I went to war I thought it likely that I might return no more; but I still lived. I am now in your hands, and you may kill me if you choose. I can die but once, and it is alike to me whether I die now or at another time.”

When the men presented themselves before the door for the purpose of killing the Indians, Cornstalk's son manifested signs of fear, on observing which his father said:

“Don't be afraid, my son. The Great Spirit sent you here to die with me, and we must submit to his will. It is all for the best.”

THE INDIAN SUMMER

As connected with the history of the Indian wars of

the western country it may not be amiss to give an explanation of the term *Indian summer*. This expression, like many others, has continued in general use notwithstanding its original import has been forgotten. A backwoodsman seldom hears this expression without feeling a chill of horror, because it brings to his mind the painful recollection of its original application. Such is the force of the faculty of association in human nature.

The reader must here be reminded that, during the long continued Indian wars sustained by the first settlers of the western country, they enjoyed no peace excepting in the winter season, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their excursions into the settlements. The onset of winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee by the early inhabitants of the country who, throughout the spring and the early part of the fall, had been cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts, and subjected to all the distresses of the Indian war. At the approach of winter, therefore, all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms, with the joyful feeling of a tenant of a prison on receiving his release from confinement. All was bustle and hilarity, in preparing for winter, by gathering in the corn, digging potatoes, fattening hogs and repairing the cabins. To our forefathers, the gloomy months of winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs of spring and the flowers of May.

It, however, sometimes happened that after the apparent onset of winter the weather became warm, the smoky time commenced and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the Indian summer, because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. The melting of the snow saddened every countenance and the general warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror. The apprehension of another visit from the Indians, and of being driven back to the detested fort, was painful in the highest degree and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized.

JOHN BROWN DILLON

JOHN BROWN DILLON was a native of Brooke County, West Virginia, where he was born in 1808. While he was an infant, his parents moved to Belmont County, Ohio. After the death of his father which occurred when the son was only nine years of age, he returned to West Virginia where he lived until he was nineteen. He then went to Cincinnati where he engaged in the printer's trade. It was shortly after his return to Ohio that he wrote his best known poem, "The Burial of the Beautiful," which appeared in *The Cincinnati Gazette* in 1826. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but was so retiring in disposition that he never practiced this profession.

In 1834, he went to Indiana where he became one of the most honored citizens of the state of his adoption. He rendered an invaluable service in preserving the early history of the State. He was an impartial historian. He collected facts and stated them clearly and accurately without comment. In 1842, he published a history of Indiana which is today regarded as the standard work treating of the territorial period and the organization of the State Government. In 1845, he was elected State librarian of Indiana and in 1863 was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He resigned the latter position in March, 1871. He resided in Washington until 1875, when he returned to Indianapolis where he died February 27, 1879. An interesting and appreciative account of his life and services by General John Coburn appeared in 1886 in the Indiana Historical Society Publication.

THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays

Glitter like gems in the bright moon rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair;
Bury her there — bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest;
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep, undying love;
Where the column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping forever blest;
Where wandering peris love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair;
Bury her there — bury her there!

The Cincinnati Gazette, 1826.

ANNE ROYALL

FEW WEST VIRGINIANS know that, for about thirty years, Monroe County was the home of Anne Royall who had the distinction of being the pioneer woman journalist of America. She was the daughter of William and Mary Newport and was born in Maryland, June 11, 1789. "When I was a child," she writes, "my parents removed from Maryland to the frontier of Pennsylvania and settled in the woods at the mouth of Loyalhanna, now in Westmoreland County. . . . Our cabin, or camp rather, was very small—not more than eight or ten feet. This contained one bed, four wooden stools with legs stuck in them through auger holes, half a dozen tin cups, and the like number of pewter plates, knives, forks and spoons, though my sister (very mischievous) had lost one of the knives (for which I was chastised) broken one of the spoons, and seriously damaged one of the plates. Besides this we had a tray and frying pan, a camp-kettle and a pot; and our cabin was considered the best furnished on the frontier."

It was while the Newports were living at Loyalhanna that William Newport died. Sometime later his widow married a man named Butler of Hannastown, Pennsylvania. After the total destruction of Hannastown by Indians on July 13, 1772, Mrs. Butler, who was again a widow, went with her children to Staunton, Virginia, where she lived for a time. Later she became a servant in the home of William Royall, an elderly, learned, and wealthy gentleman, who took an active interest in Anne and taught her until she was one of the best informed women in America.

According to the marriage certificate, which is still preserved, William Royall and Anne Newport were married on November 18, 1797. Mrs. Royall, however, disputes the date. She says: "I am sure we were married in May. The leaves were budding, the dogwood was in bloom and I was out sowing seeds when a messenger

came with a saddle-horse for me to go and get married.”

From all accounts, William Royall was the most devoted of husbands and found constant delight in the companionship of his wife, for, it is said, that she “shared every view, liking or aversion held by her husband. To each she added a fire of enthusiasm that warmed the cockles of the old warrior’s heart.” When William Royall died in 1813, he left nearly all his property to his wife. His relatives disputed his will and, after ten years of tedious litigation, the suit was decided against his widow who became practically penniless.

From 1818 to 1823, Mrs. Royall spent much of her time in the South. In a correspondence with a young lawyer whom she addresses as “Matt” (“Letters from Alabama”) we get glimpses of her at her best, “sweet natured, large minded, witty and wonderfully observant.”

In 1823, disappointed and shocked over the loss of her fortune, Anne Royall returned to Virginia to try to secure a widow’s pension of Congress, as her husband had been an officer in the American Revolution. She spent several months in Alexandria, and while there she prepared for the press her first book, “Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States,” in which she makes many interesting references to her travels in West Virginia. In 1824-25 she took an extensive northern tour to secure material for her second book of travels, the famous Blackbook series. Her expenses were paid by the Masons who were rewarded for their kindness by enlisting her heart and soul in the cause of Masonry for which she shows her devotion in the books and newspapers which she published.

“Within a space of five years, while constantly traveling, she issued ten volumes of ‘Travels in the United States’ and a very poor novel. The chief faults of her writing are too much detail, especially in regard to private injuries received by the author; amateurishness; intolerance of intolerance; too free use of names, even in an age when names were frankly published; hasty judg-

ments based on feeling and exaggerated praise of friends. On the other hand, Mrs. Royall's style possesses the merits of spirit; accuracy of description; practicality; perfect clearness; a strong and telling vocabulary; humor; an underlying ethical purpose; patriotic fervor, and *liveness*—a genuine personality makes itself felt on every page." (Porter, "Life and Times of Anne Royall.")

Unfortunately Mrs. Royall became engaged in the bitter fight, then being carried on between Evangelicalism on the one hand and Unitarianism and Universalism on the other. "For thirty years," says Miss Porter, "Mrs. Royall watched Congress as a mouse watches a mousehole to see that Church and State lobbyists made no breach in the Constitution of the United States." One gains an idea of her activities from the following: "I amused myself no little in chasing the Missionaries out of the gallery. One in particular, when I drove him off, returned after a while, and stole, not the first time I dare say, softly into the further end of the gallery. The moment he seated himself, I laid down my pencil and paper, and walked round to him. Upon asking his long-faced-ship what business he had there, he got up, without speaking, and walked further on. I followed him up, and finding I pursued him, he darted through the end door and away he went—and I returned in triumph. Strange how well these missionaries are acquainted with holes."

Her remarks on "sundry members of the twentieth and twenty-first Congress and other high characters" which she published in an appendix to her "Letters from Alabama," must have been highly interesting and entertaining to her readers especially to the political and personal enemies of the dignitaries. Although at times her comments on West Virginia were such as would entitle her, were she now living, to a position on the editorial staff of certain Eastern newspapers, she writes thus: "While speaking of the Virginia members or Virginians generally the Eastern and Western population differ as widely as though they occupy different states. The West-

ern are steady, mild, independent, and natural in their manner. They are kind, frank, and familiar, entirely void of ostentation; whilst with the exception of one, perhaps in a thousand, the Eastern Virginian swells himself up and looks big, vehement, lofty, and pompous; all of which no one cares for."

Finally, as a result of the hostilities that had arisen against her in religious and in political circles, Anne Royall was arrested, tried and convicted on the charge of being a common scold. After a trial that attracted national attention she was found guilty by the jury, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars and required to keep the peace for one year. Mrs. Royall has written most graphically of her trial, and comments thus upon the verdict: "This verdict was pumpkin pie to Judge Cranch. The sweet Morsel licked out his tongue. Judge Thruston looked as fiery as Mount Etna, so displeased was he with the result. The sound Presbyterians gave thanks."

In 1831, Mrs. Royall began the publication of *Paul Pry*, a newspaper which was merged into *The Huntress* in 1836. "Through the mistakes of her first paper Mrs. Royall learned to edit her second one admirably. *The Huntress* (1836-1854) was for a long period an excellent and entertaining journal—always excepting, of course, editorial matter distasteful to persons holding strict Calvinistic views, to dishonest officials, and to anti-masons. No editor ever cherished a higher ideal of what the press *should* be than Anne Royall. 'Education, the main pillar in the temple of Liberty,' was the motto which she placed across the front page of *The Huntress*."

The last years of Anne Royall's life were spent in a pathetic struggle with poverty. In the summer of 1854, though her brain energy was as powerful as ever, her physical strength failed and on July 2, she issued the last number of *The Huntress*. On October 1, 1854, she passed quietly out of this life and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery where she lies in a neglected and unmarked grave.

THE SALT WORKS OF KENHAWA COUNTY

The salt-works in this county are another natural curiosity; they abound on both sides of the river, for the distance of twelve miles. This is another evidence of the providential care of the Deity. Here is a spot, that, were it not for this article of commerce, and the facility with which it can be sent to the market, would be destitute of almost every comfort and convenience of life. Immense quantities of salt are made here annually; upon an average about one million of bushels, which employ one thousand hands. This salt is sent down Kenhawa river in boats to every part of the western country, and exchanged for articles of consumption. It appears, however, notwithstanding this great bounty of nature, that very few of the proprietors have realized any solid advantage from it; owing, perhaps, to want of capital in the commencement, want of skill, or want of commercial integrity, or perhaps to all three.

The salt water is obtained from the bottom of the river by means of a gum, which is from eighteen to twenty feet in length, and from four to five feet wide; these gums are from the sycamore tree. They are prepared by making a crow at one end, and a head to fit it tight. This being done, about twenty hands repair to the place where it is to be sunk, which is at the edge of low water, on the river; not any where, for the salt water is only found within certain limits. But to return, all hands proceed with provisions, and plenty to drink, to the place. The gum is first placed in the water on one end, (the one with the crow) a man is then let down into it by a windlass, and digs round the edge with an instrument suited to the purpose; when he fills a bucket with the sand, gravel, or earth, which he meets in succession; the bucket is immediately drawn up, emptied, and let down again, and so on till the gum descends to a rock, which is uniformly at the same distance. As the man digs, the gum sinks; but no man can remain in it longer

than twenty or thirty minutes, owing to the excessive cold that exists at the bottom; and another one is let down, and so on in rotation, till their task is performed. In the meantime a pump is placed in the gum to pump out the water as the men work, which otherwise would not only hinder, but drown them. This pump is kept continually at work; about eight or ten days and nights are consumed in this operation; the head is then put in, which effectually excludes the fresh water; and a man from a lofty scaffold commences boring through the rock, which takes some time, as the best hands will not bore more than two feet per day, and the depth is from one to two hundred and fifty, and in some instances three hundred feet, through a solid rock. The moment he is through, the salt water spouts up to a great height, and of stronger or weaker quality as it is near or remote from a certain point on the river, which is the place where salt water was first discovered. Their manner of boring is nothing more than an iron of great strength, and of considerable length, made very sharp at one end, while the other end is fixed into a shaft of wood, and a heavy lever fixed to this; the performer stands still on the scaffold and continues to ply the auger (as it is called) in a perpendicular direction. This part of the business is not so laborious as the other; nor does the performer require that relief which is indispensable in sinking the gum; but he must have some dozens of augers continually going to and from the smith's shop. I saw several of these at work, and likewise those at the gum; it is impossible for any one to guess what a wretched appearance these poor creatures make when they are drawn out of this gum. They are unable to stand, and shiver as if they would shake to pieces; it can hardly be told whether they are black or white, their blood being so completely chilled. The trouble of making salt, after salt water is obtained, is trifling. When the man finishes boring, a tin tube is placed in the rock, and by means of a machine, which is worked by a horse, the water is thrown into cisterns, from which it is committed to the boilers. This water is so strong

that they make it into salt twice in twenty-four hours. All their wood being consumed, they are now boiling with coal, which abounds in their mountains.

These salt-works have very recently been established. Some few years since, in the latter part of a very dry summer, the river being lower than it was ever known since it was settled by white people, the top of an old gum was discovered at the edge of low water, and salt water issuing out of it. In many places, where the fresh water had left it, it was incrustated into salt by the heat of the sun. It is supposed that the Indians, when they were in possession of the country, sunk the gum, and perhaps made some attempts at making salt. Col. David Ruffner, a very enterprising man, was the first that established salt-works at Kenhawa, at the place just mentioned; after him several others; but the old well, as it is called, that is, where the gum was discovered, is by far the strongest water, and it is weaker in proportion as it is distant from it, either up or down the river. Col. Ruffner invented a machine which forces the water up hill, to the distance of three miles, for which I understand he obtained a patent. The salt made here is not so fair as that at King's works in Washington County, but it is much stronger, and better for preserving meat. I saw this proved in Alabama; the meat (that is, bacon,) that was cured with the salt from King's works, spoiled, while that which was salted with the Kenhawa salt, did not. Great quantities of it are consumed in Alabama; they take it in boats down the Ohio and up the Tennessee river. A great quantity is likewise taken up the Cumberland to Nashville. But what astonishes me, is, that they have to bore double the depth now to what they did at first; even at the old well, the water sunk, and they were compelled to pursue it by boring; this is the case with all of them.

These salt-works are dismal looking places; the sameness of the long low sheds; smoking boilers; men, the roughest that can be seen, half naked; hundreds of boatmen; horses and oxen, ill-used and beat by their drivers; the mournful screaming of the machinery, day and night;

the bare, rugged, inhospitable looking mountain, from which all the timber has been cut, give to it a gloomy appearance. Add to this the character of the inhabitants, who, from what I have seen myself, and heard from others, lack nothing to render them any thing but a respectable people. Here have settled people from the north, the east, and the west of the United States, and some from the nether end of the world.—However refined, however upright, however enlightened, crafty and wicked they might have been previous to their emigration, they have become assimilated, and mutually stand by each other, no matter what the case is, and woe to the unwary stranger who happens to fall into their hands. I never saw or heard of any people but these, who gloried in a total disregard of shame, honour and justice, and an open avowal of their superlative skill in petty fraud; and yet they are hospitable to a fault, and many of them are genteel. I see men here whose manners and abilities would do honour to any community, and whilst I admired, I was equally surprised that people of their appearance should be content to live in a place which has become a by-word. But their females in a great measure extenuate this hasty sketch. As nature compensates us in many respects for those advantages she denies us in others, and in all her works has mingled good with evil, you have a striking instance of this in the female part of the society of this place. In no part of the United States, at least where I have visited, are to be found females who surpass them in those virtues that adorn the sex. They possess the domestic virtues in an exemplary degree; they are modest, discreet, industrious and benevolent, and with all, they are fair and beautiful; albeit, I would be sorry to see one of those amiable females become a widow in this iron country, in which, however, for the honour of human nature be it remembered, there are a few noble exceptions amongst the other sex, which may justly be compared to diamonds shining in the dark.

As this famous county is to be a link in the chain which is to connect that part of Virginia east of the

mountains with the whole of the western country, I have been at some pains to pick up every thing respecting it. As curiosity leads one to trace things to their origin, such as the history of countries, and remarkable events, I have traced this part of Virginia as far back as the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, to the memorable battle of the Point, fought between the whites and the Indians, at the mouth of this river. I have seen several men who were in that bloody and hard fought battle, and have just returned from viewing the ground on which it was fought. I have seen that part occupied by the "Augusta militia," commanded by Gen. Lewis, and that by the Indians. I have seen the bones of the latter sticking in the bank of the Ohio river; part of the bank having fallen in where the battle was fought discloses their bones sticking out in a horizontal position: the engagement lasted from sunrise till dark; the victory was claimed by the whites. From this bank, which is a hundred feet, or thereabouts, in height, I had a view of the beautiful river Ohio: at this place it is said to be five hundred yards wide.

This river, which is justly celebrated for its beauty and utility, flows in a smooth current as silent as night; not the least noise can be heard from it; not the smallest ripple seen. This, and its limpid appearance, the rich foliage which decorates its banks and looks as though it were growing in the water, by reason of its luxuriance, completely conceals the earth, and constitutes its beauty. If the reader can imagine a vast mirror of endless dimension, he will have an idea of this beautiful river. It is so transparent that you may see pebbles at the bottom; not a rock or stone of any size, has a place in the Ohio. Kenhawa is a very handsome river, being generally as smooth as the Ohio, but by no means so limpid; it has a greenish appearance; you cannot see the bottom, except at the shoals. And more than all this, I have seen the celebrated heroine, Ann Bailey, who richly deserves more of her country, than a name in its history.

THOMAS J. LEES

THOMAS J. LEES was a native of New Jersey and was first principal of the Linsly Institute in Wheeling where he lived for many years, and where he published his poetical works. One must depend upon the author's own works for information concerning him for, like Shakespeare, he is his own biographer. In the preface to "The Musings of Carol," he says, "I make no pretensions to classical learning. I have neither had the good fortune to be nursed in the arms of the university, nor dandled in the lap of science, nor do I belong to any of those professions 'ycleped the honorable, but am merely a common man, and this is my first attempt at authorship. From my earliest recollection to the present moment, I have felt an insatiable thirst for literature—but whether this may be called a blessing or an insupportable misfortune, time only can determine."

He also mentions here an interesting, though unpleasant, experience of his boyhood—his presence at the execution of three pirates in Philadelphia in 1800. This suggested to him his writing the poem, "The Desperado."

"The '*Essay on Liberty*,' " he tells us, "was written with a view of reviving the spirit of republican simplicity. . . I love my country as ardently as any man living, and while I rejoice in her prosperity, I am but too well convinced that the spirit of speculation and monopoly, the rapid progress of European pride and extravagance, the existence of slavery, a thirst for office, and the want of a system of general education, are the most effectual means that could be adopted for putting an end to American liberty."

In this poem, he also writes of the pittance paid for female labor, and in a note makes this comment: "If suitable employment could be provided for females, and competent wages given, it would not only improve their condition, but the whole community would feel the beneficial effects. At present the value of their industry is

depreciated to almost nothing; while those who labor not at all are getting rich by speculating on the industry of others. But since American liberty is so scandalously abused by such persons, it would not be amiss to exclude the male part of the community from such employments as naturally belong to the female, or compel them to put on petticoats."

He was also an advocate of free schools, as is evidenced by the following lines:

"Let education be
As free as air—extended to the whole;
To raise, enlighten, and expand the soul,
That youth no more may grovel in the dust,
And germs of genius in oblivion rust."

His resentment towards the attitude of Virginia concerning the suffrage question and the almost total failure of the convention that framed a new constitution to remedy this evil is thus expressed:

"When by a suff'ring people's earnest call
The State Convention sate in Richmond's hall.
Of rank injustice did the poor complain,
Sued for their blood-bought rights but all in vain;
The haughty lordlings sate with swollen pride,
And heard our grievance, but redress denied."

He makes some very interesting comments on this convention:

"The convention was composed of the first characters in the State; men celebrated for their learning, and for the purity of their principles. The session lasted about four months, and notwithstanding the splendid talents of its members, a few plain, well meaning farmers and mechanics could have produced a much better constitution in less than half the time.

"The principal difficulties arose from the mutual jealousies which have long existed between the East and West. The Western members were unanimous in favor of a liberal constitution, and many of them distinguished themselves as able orators in the field of controversy; but they were out-voted by the slave-holders of the East."

He also says: "The time is not far distant when West Virginia will either liberalize the present State government, or separate itself entirely from the Old Dominion."

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of Thomas J. Lees that is brought out in his poems and notes is his loyalty towards the western section of Virginia. If he were living now he would probably be chairman of a committee on telling the truth about West Virginia. There seems to be a shade of resentment in the following lines towards "the Eastern traveller" for his ignorance of conditions in Western Virginia:

"No more the mighty Indian wields in strife,
The deadly tomahawk and scalping knife;
But gentle peace and cheerfulness pervade
The bustling city and the rural shade.
Here commerce pours the wealth of other lands;
Art sallies forth with strong and dextrous hands;
Fells the tall forest, bids each mansion rise
With taste and grandeur, destined to surprise
The Eastern traveller, who vainly dreams
Of wretched wigwams, and of savage screams."

MUSINGS ON THE OHIO

Ohio—brightest of Columbia's streams;
Thy crystal waters, in their silent course,
Glide ever beauteous through these valleys green;
Thy winding shores are decked with verdant meads
And proud majestic hills, that lift their heads
With waving forests crowned, and massy rocks
Exalted their awful cliffs amid the storms
Of heaven. We ask no flatt'ring fancy here—
No fairy dreams—nor the enchanter's wand,
To fling new lustre on the gaudy scene;
For beauteous nature walks abroad, array'd
In gayest grandeur and sublimity!

How oft o'er these green banks, at eventide
I roam, to view the glorious setting sun,

When Phoebus, robed in majesty, descends
Upon the peaks of yon blue western hills;
Flings his broad beams on the transparent breast
Of this unruffled, fair and glit'ring flood,
And decks profuse with many a varied dye,
The changing beauties of the glowing heaven;
Which, when reflected on the glassy stream,
Attract at once our deep admiring gaze.
Beneath the flood, a beauteous world appears,
A world of fairy forms and brilliant hues;
Too soon they change, take wings, and flit away,
Like fancy's vision or a magic spell.

I love to wander, when the Queen of night
In silent grandeur walks through yonder heaven,
And spreads her chaste celestial mantle round
The slumb'ring world; while free from toil and care,
All nature seems to rest in soft repose,
And echo's voice no more reverberates
The flying sounds—but sleeps in silence on
The rocky hill. Then would my wakeful Muse
Pour on the ear of night her softest lay,
And on the wings of contemplation borne
Through times remote, find themes of minstrelsy.

Time was, when sovereign nature held her reign
In wild luxuriance and lonely pride;
While these bright waters roll'd on silently,
And swept their tribute to the mighty deep;
When art broke not upon the solitude,
And commerce knew not, heard not of these vast,
These rude and lonely wilds!—Then freely roamed
The surly bear, the nimble footed deer,
The antlered elk, the lordly buffalo,
The lofty eagle—freedom's fav'rite bird,
Sat on his native rock; and from the bough
Of hoary sycamore, the red-bird pour'd
His softest, sweetest note—

Then chang'd the scene

Along the stream the swarthy Indian sped
His fragile bark canoe, or trunk of tree,
Carved out by artist rude, that lightly skim'd
The liquid way, fairy of the flood:
With cheerful heart he spread the snare—and oft
He drew the finny race for his repast;
His noble soul was light and free as air;
He thirsted not for wealth—nor did he know
The curse of poverty—but on his brow,
Stern independence sat.—

Another change—

The sordid sons of Europe came—they brought
Their gew-gaws, wares and merchandize—a thirst
For wealth—new laws—new customs—and new crimes
They brought their liquid poison, and they bade
The Indian drink; he took the cup, he drank,
It fired his brain—while mutual jealousy
Roused up the stormy passions of the soul;
And many a bosom burn'd with deadly wrath.
Loud pealed the war note through the dreary wilds—
They flew to battle; and the crimson flow'd—
The fires of death lit up the forest gloom,
While horrid screams rung on the midnight gale,
Which chill'd the whitemen's blood.

Another change.

The Indian's hopes were withered, and he turn'd
Away—he curs'd the day the whiteman set
His foot upon the shore. With heartfelt grief,
He left his native land, and of his hills,
His grots, his woods and waterfalls he took
A long, a last farewell. Now gentle peace
Waves her mild sceptre o'er these happy realms.
But say, O dark oblivion: thou foe
To human fame: why hast thou sunk in night?
Why hast thou buried in forgetfulness
The long sought story of that vent'rous race
Who first explored these solitary woods?
Behold yon ancient mound, with stately trees
That grow luxuriant o'er the mouldering bones,

And wasting ashes of the unknown dead;
 Oft does the stranger ask, but ask in vain—
 Who rear'd this wond'rous mound? whose bones are
 these?

How came they here? and why no record given?
 Fain would the contemplative mind unveil
 The deeds of dark antiquity, and drag
 Them into day; but sullen mystery
 Wrapt in oblivion's shroud, sits there enthroned;
 Nor aught reveals, save that the curious world
 Shall never know who rear'd the wond'rous mound.
 Time rolls away; and States and Empires rise—
 March on to conquest, glory, wealth and pow'r;
 Inflict upon the world their deadliest curse,
 Then fall: their boasted grandeur wrapt in ruins:—
 Successive millions of our shortliv'd race
 Spring up—then die, and crumble into dust;
 Their mem'ry perished in forgetfulness.

SLAVERY

*On seeing a drove of Africans pass through a certain
 town in Virginia—Bound in Chains.*

Hark to the clang! what means that sound?
 'Tis slavery shakes its chains—
 Man dragging Man in fetters bound,
 And this where freedom reigns!

Say, what have these poor wretches done,
 That chains their lot should be?
 Are they not punish'd to atone
 For some great robbery?

Or deeds of bloody homicide,
Or treason 'gainst the land?
Ah! no—to pamper human pride,
Man chains his fellow Man!

God's noblest work, through thirst for gold,
Is thus to market driven,
Like herds of cattle, bought and sold,
By Christians! heirs of heaven!

Great God! does such hypocrisy
Not call for vengeance due?
Shall Freemen shout for Liberty,
And act the tyrant too!

Columbia's Sons, why will ye nurse
The serpent on your soil?
Why hug ye that which threatens to curse
The fruit of all your toil?

Think ye that heav'n will bless the hand
That deals in human blood?——
It cannot be—this impious land
Must feel the wrath of God!

WHEELING HILL

Sound my harp, the days of yore,
When the Indians fierce and rude,
Roaming through the darksome wood
Bathed the tomahawk in gore;

When along Ohio's stream,
Warwhoop, and the savage scream
Echoed wild from rock and hill;
Then the whitemen's blood would thrill.

Nightly glow'd the death-lit fire,
Gory weapons gleam'd around:
While the war song's dreadful choir
Made the dreary wilds resound;

Yonder hill, whose crest on high,
Proudly fronts the orient morn,
Oft has rung with savage cry,
And the whitemen's clanging horn.

Oft on that majestic peak
Break the rolling clouds of heaven
And the fork'd lightning's streak
Many an aged oak has riven—

There a bold and craggy steep,
Stands a giant wrapped in gloom,
Frowning o'er the valley deep
Once as dark as nature's tomb.

Through that vale there flows a stream,
Wand'ring round the mountain side,
Where the day-god's golden beam
Seldom comes to kiss the tide,—

When the zephyr seems to sleep
Gently on the streamlet's breast,
Darkly do the tempests sweep
O'er that bleak and rugged crest,—

View'd from its romantic height,
Scenes of grandeur far and wide,
Deck'd in nature's richest pride,
Burst upon the wandering sight;

Once a hunter spur'd afar,
From unequal savage war;
O'er the hills and mountains rude
Swift the Indian host pursued!

Onward still he sped his way,
Nearer still the foemen drew,
While the whizzing bullets flew;
Yet they missed the flying prey!

Now his foes around him stood
On the steep and jutting rock—
Many a lifted tomahawk
Flashed, that moment sure of blood.

Each now aim'd the deadly blow,
Quick the steed and rider sprang
Down the precipice below;
Crash on crash the echo rang.

O'er the rocks he thunder'd down,
Swiftly to the deepest dell;
While the foemen at the sound,
Shrunk—and gave a horrid yell!

Yet that hunter lived to tell
Whence he leapt and where he fell;
Oft in battle met the foe,
Oft return'd the avenging blow!

ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS, son of Enoch K. and Janet Chinn Withers, was born at Green Meadows, near Warrenton, Virginia, on October 12, 1772. His father was of English ancestry. His mother was the daughter of Thomas Chinn and Jannet Scott—the latter a first cousin of Sir Walter Scott.

From childhood, Alexander Scott Withers was an earnest and brilliant student. It is said that he read Virgil when he was but ten years of age. After completing his academic training at Washington College, he studied law at William and Mary College. He was admitted to the bar in Warrenton, where he practiced his profession for several years. After the death of his father in 1813, he abandoned his law practice and devoted his time to the management of his mother's plantation.

In 1815, he married Miss Melinda Fisher. About twelve years later, he moved with his family to Harrison county, West Virginia, where he collected much of the material for his "Chronicles of Border Warfare," which was published at Clarksburg, in 1831. The publisher received "ample recompense for his work, as he had subscribers for the full edition issued," and then managed to fail in business and the author received nothing except two or three copies of his book.

Thomas W. Field writes of the "Chronicles of Border Warfare": "The author took much pains to be authentic and his chronicles are considered by Western antiquarians to form the best collection of frontier life and Indian warfare that has been printed."

Reuben Gold Thwaites, editor of the second edition of Wither's "Chronicles of Border Warfare" (1895) says: "The author was a faithful recorder of local tradition. Among his neighbors were sons and grandsons of the earlier border heroes, and not a few actual participants in the later wars. He had access, however, to few

contemporary documents. He does not appear to have searched for them, for there existed among the pioneer historians of the West a respect for tradition as the prime source of information, which does not now obtain; to-day, we desire first to see the documents of a period, and care little for reminiscence, save when it fills a gap in or illumines the formal record. The weakness of the traditional method is well illustrated in Withers's work. His treatment of many of the larger events on the border may now be regarded as little else than a thread on which to hang annotations; but in most of the local happenings which are here recorded he will always, doubtless, remain a leading authority—for his informants possessed full knowledge of what occurred within their own horizon, although having distorted notions regarding affairs beyond it."

Mr. Withers, some time after the publication of his book, went to Missouri, but later decided to return to West Virginia, and settled near Weston.

During the Civil War he was devoted to the Union cause. His son, Major Henry W. Withers, served with distinction in the Union service in the Twelfth Virginia regiment. The death of Mr. Withers occurred on January 23, 1865.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT SEYBERT

On the south fork of the South Branch of Potomac, in, what is now, the county of Pendleton, was the fort of Capt. Sivert. In this fort, the inhabitants of what was then called the "Upper Tract," all sought shelter from the tempest of savage ferocity; and at the time the Indians appeared before it, there were contained within its walls between thirty and forty persons of both sexes and of different ages. Among them was Mr. Dyer, (the father of Col. Dyer now of Pendleton) and his family. On the morning of the fatal day, Col. Dyer and his sister left the fort for the accomplishment of some object, and al-

though no Indians had been seen there for some time, yet did they not proceed far, before they came in view of a party of forty or fifty Shawanees, going directly toward the fort. Alarmed for their own safety, as well as for the safety of their friends, the brother and sister endeavored by a hasty flight to reach the gate and gain admittance into the garrison; but before they could effect this, they were overtaken and made captives.

The Indians rushed immediately to the fort and commenced a furious assault on it. Capt. Sivert prevailed, (not without much opposition), on the besieged, to forbear firing till he should endeavor to negotiate with, and buy off the enemy. With this view, and under the protection of a flag he went out, and soon succeeded in making the wished for arrangement. When he returned, the gates were thrown open, and the enemy admitted.

No sooner had the money and other articles, stipulated to be given, been handed over to the Indians, than a most bloody tragedy was begun to be acted. Arranging the inmates of the fort, in two rows, with a space of about ten feet between them, two Indians were selected; who taking each his station at the head of a row, with their tomahawks most cruelly murdered almost every white person in the fort; some few, whom caprice or some other cause, induced them to spare, were carried into captivity,—such articles as could be well carried away were taken off by the Indians; the remainder was consumed, with the fort, by fire.

The course pursued by Capt. Sivert has been supposed to have been dictated by timidity and an ill founded apprehension of danger from the attack. It is certain that strong opposition was made to it by many; and it has been said that his own son raised his rifle to shoot him, when he ordered the gates to be thrown open; and was only prevented from executing his purpose, by the interference of some near to him. Capt. Sivert was also supported by many in the plan by which he proposed to rid the fort of its assailants: it was known to be weak, and incapable of withstanding a vigorous onset; and its

garrison was illy supplied with the munitions of war. Experience might have taught them, however, the futility of any measure of security, founded in a reliance on Indian faith, in time of hostility; and in deep and bitter anguish, they were made to feel its realization in the present instance.

From *Chronicles of Border Warfare*.

JOHN KEARSLEY MITCHELL

JOHN KEARSLEY MITCHELL was born in Shepherdstown, West Virginia, May 12, 1798. He was the son of Dr. Alexander Mitchell, a Scotchman, who immigrated to the United States in 1786. His mother was a relative of Dr. John Kearsley, founder of Christ Church Hospital, Philadelphia, and one of the designers of the plans for Independence Hall. On the death of his father, in 1806, John Kearsley Mitchell was sent to Scotland, where he remained for about ten years, during which time he attended school at Ayr and at Edinburgh. On his return to America, he entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1819. Because of impaired health, he took a position as ship surgeon, and made three voyages to China and the East Indies. On his return, he engaged in the practice of medicine in Philadelphia. He was a professor of chemistry from 1826 until 1833 at the Philadelphia Medical Institution; then he accepted a similar position at the Franklin Institute. In 1841, he was chosen professor of the practice of medicine in Jefferson Medical College, a position which he held until his death.

Dr. Mitchell was a frequent contributor to medical journals. He was also the author of several scientific and medical works. He occasionally wrote poetry and, in 1821, published "Saint Helena, a Poem by a Yankee," and, in 1839, "Indecision, a Tale of the Far West and Other Poems." A reviewer in *The Southern Literary Messenger* (May, 1839) writes in highly complimentary terms of Dr. Mitchell's poems.

In 1828, Dr. Mitchell married Sarah Matilda Henry, by whom he had eight children, one of whom was S. Weir Mitchell, the distinguished physician and novelist. The death of Dr. Mitchell occurred in Philadelphia, April 4, 1858.

THE NEW AND THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near.
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue
The tribute of the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung
For memory gilds it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill
And away on the prairie-lea:—
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well-known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus-cry,

Of the old song, the old song
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.
Oh, the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee;
The new songs may be better sung,
But the good old song for me.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, brother of the well-known novelist, John Esten Cooke, and son of John Rogers Cooke, a prominent lawyer, was born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, October 26, 1816. His father took a great interest in his education and personally superintended his reading. At fifteen he entered Princeton, and after having been graduated, he studied law with his father and was admitted to the bar before he was of age. He soon abandoned this profession, however, in order to devote himself to literature. His charm of manner, his dignity of carriage, his keen intellect, and his brilliancy in conversation made a favorable impression upon everyone who knew him.

In 1837, he married Anne Corbin, daughter of Judge Nelson Burwell. In 1845, he moved to "The Vineyard," an estate of one thousand acres where he became known as the Nimrod of the Shenandoah. It is said that while he was on a hunting trip when "some beautiful vista would open upon his gaze, or some unexpected glory of cloud and sky, or some richer garniture or forest would appear before him, he would frequently transcribe his grateful sensations upon paper, taken out for wadding, on the crown of his hat" (*The Southern Literary Messenger*, vol. 16, pp. 125-126). Mr. Cooke's first literary work appeared in *The Virginian* and in *The Southern Literary Messenger* in which also were published a number of stories; among them "John Carpe," "The Two Country Houses," "The Gregories of Hackwood," "The Cousin of Andrew Blair," a number of reveries, and a part of a serial entitled "Chevalier Merlin" which he did not live to complete. In 1847, he published "Froissart's Ballads and Other Poems," in the preface to which he says:

"The motto of my title page—the opening lines of the Ricciardetto of the Roman poet and prelate, Forte-

guerri—gives an accurate idea of the plan of the Froissart Ballads, as I originally conceived it:

‘A certain freak has got into my head,
Which I can’t conquer for the life of me,
Of taking up some history, little read,
Or known, and writing it in poetry.’

“The Proem was written whilst my ‘freak’ or purpose was still of this limited character: and it represents the ballads—not then begun, but spoken of as finished—as versified transcripts from Froissart. Perhaps, if I had carried out this purpose of fidelity to the noble old chronicler, my poetry would have been all the better for it. I have, however, not done so.

“ ‘The Master of Bolton,’ and ‘Geoffrey of Tete-noire’ are nowhere in Froissart, but stories of my own invention..... The remaining poems, ‘Orthone,’ ‘Sir Peter of Bearn,’ and ‘Our Lady’s Dog,’ are written upon the original plan, and as faithful to the text of Froissart as the necessities of verse permitted me to make them.”

“Florence Vane,” the most popular and musical of Mr. Cooke’s verse has appeared in almost every anthology of American poetry. It has been set to music, and has been translated into a number of foreign languages.

In 1841, the author wrote to his father: “Tell Mary that the little piece of verse, ‘Florence Vane,’ that I wrote two years ago, is getting me an amusing reputation among the ladies far and near. Hewitt, the Baltimore composer, is about to set it to music. Russell *has* done so in New York; it has been published in a volume of select American poetry, and last, three persons left here two days ago for Ohio and Kentucky, carrying each a copy of it.”

“Young Rosalie Lee” and “To My Daughter Lily” are also popular because of their delicate sentiment. “The Mountains” shows the author at his best as a poet of nature.

What was regarded as a most promising literary career was cut short by the untimely death of Mr. Cooke at his home, “The Vineyard,” on January 20, 1850.

FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early
 Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
 Florence Vane;

The ruin lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under,—
 Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,—
To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The pansies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep;
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

THE MOUNTAINS

*“Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;
 The Highland games and minds are high and great”*
 Taylor’s “Braes of Mar.”

I

The axle of the Lowland wain
 Goes groaning from the fields of grain:
 The Lowlands suit with craft, and gain.

Good Ceres, with her plump brown hands,
 And wheaten sheaves that burst their bands,
 Is scornful of the mountain lands.

But mountain lands, so bare of corn,
 Have that which puts, in turn, to scorn
 The Goddess of the brimming horn.

Go mark them, when, with tramp and jar,
 Of furious steeds, and flashing car,
 The Thunderer sweeps them from afar.

Go mark them when their beauty lies
 Drooping and veiled with violet dyes,
 Beneath the light of breathless skies.

No lands of fat increase may vie
 With their brave wealth—for heart and eye—
 Of loveliness and majesty.

I I

I stand upon an upland lawn;
The river mists are quite withdrawn—
It is three hours beyond the dawn.

Autumn works well! but yesterday
The mountain hues were green and gray;
The elves have surely passed this way.

With crimping hand, and frosty lip,
That merry elfin fellowship,
Robin and Puck and Numbernip,

Through the clear night have swiftly plied
Their tricky arts of chance, and dyed
Of all bright hues, the mountain side.

In an old tale Arabian,
Sharp hammer-strokes, not dealt by man,
Startle a slumbering caravan.

At dawn, the wandering merchants see
A city, built up gloriously,
Of jasper, and gold, and porphyry.

That night-built city of the sands
Showed not as show our mountain lands,
Changed in a night by elfin hands.

We may not find, in all the scene,
An unchanged bough or leaf, I ween,
Save of the constant evergreen.

The maple, on the slope so cool,
Wears his new motley, like the fool
Prankt out to lead the games of Yule.

Or rather say, that tree of pride
Stands, in his mantle many-dyed,
Bold monarch of the mountain side.

The ash—a fiery chief is he,
High in the highland heraldry:
He wears his proud robes gallantly.

Torch-bearers are the grim black pines—
Their torches are the flaming vines
Bright on the mountain's skyward lines.

The blushing dog-wood, thicketed,
Marks everywhere the torrent's bed,
With winding lines of perfect red.

The oak, so haughty in his green,
Looks craven in an altered mien,
And wimples in the air so keen.

The hickories, tough although they be,
The chestnut, and the tulip-tree,
These too have felt the witchery.

The tree of life, and dusky pine,
And hemlock, swart and saturnine—
Staunch like a demon by his mine—

These still retain a solemn dress;
But, sombre as they be, no less
Make portion of the loveliness.

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE

I love to forget ambition,
And hope, in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathings—
Where under the skies, with me
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley, and river,
Of the old wood bright with blossoms;
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms.
I think of the lonely turtle
So tongued with melancholy;
Of the hue of the drooping moonlight,
And the starlight pure and holy,

Of the beat of a heart most tender,
The sigh of a shell-tinct lip
As soft as the land tones wandering
Far leagues over the ocean deep;
Of a step as light in its falling
On the breast of the beaded lea
As the fall of the faery moonlight
On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

I think of these—and the murmur
Of bird, and katydid,
Whose home is the graveyard cypress
Whose goblet the honey-reed.
And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest;
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy
Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 29, 1819, of Norman-Irish ancestry. At an early age he had planned to study law, but on account of his father's failure in business, he entered upon a journalistic career when he was only sixteen years of age. In 1839, he was graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, and from 1852 until 1857 practiced his profession in Logan County, West Virginia. Dr. English was also a well known politician. In 1863-64, he was a member of the New Jersey legislature and from 1891 to 1895 represented the Essex district in Congress.

There is in Logan County a tree under which it is said that Dr. English composed his famous song, "Ben Bolt." Unfortunately the story belongs in the same class as the even better known Washington cherry tree story, as "Ben Bolt" was written nine years before its author became a resident of Logan County. In 1843, when Dr. English was asked by Nathaniel Parker Willis to write a poem for *The New York Mirror*, he wrote the now famous "Ben Bolt," which appeared without a title and with the signature, T. D. E. The music of "Ben Bolt" is an adaptation of a German melody." The song was first sung by Nelson F. Kneass, who was a member of a company that produced the drama, "The Battle of Buena Vista," and who sang it as a part of the performance. The drama was not a success, and has long been forgotten, but the song took the whole English-speaking world by storm. A race horse, a ship, and a steamboat were named for it. Dr. English remarked some years later, "The ship was wrecked, the steamboat was blown up, and the horse turned out to be a 'plater' and never won anything." It is said that it was always a matter of chagrin to Dr. English that "Ben Bolt" received more commendation than anything

GAULEY RIVER

The waters of Gauley,
Wild waters and brown,
Through the hill-bounded valley,
Sweep onward and down;
Over rocks, over shallows,
Through shaded ravines,
Where the beautiful hallows
Wild, varying scenes;
Where the tulip tree scatters
Its blossoms in Spring,
And the bank-swallow spatters
With foam its sweet wing;
Where the dun deer is stooping
To drink from the spray,
And the fish-eagle swooping
Bears down on his prey—
Brown waters of Gauley,
That sweep past the shore—
Dark waters of Gauley
That move evermore.

Brown waters of Gauley,
At eve on your tide,
My log canoe slowly
And careless I guide.
The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore,
I seek the wild torrent
And shout to its roar.
The pike glides before me
In impulse of fear,
In dread of the motion
That speaks of the spear—
Proud lord of these waters,
He fears lest I be
A robber rapacious
And cruel as he.

He is off to his eddy,
In wait for his prey;
He is off to his ambush,
And there let him stay.

Brown waters of Gauley,
Impatient ye glide,
To seek the Kanawha,
And mix with its tide—
Past hillside and meadow,
Past cliff and morass,
Receiving the tribute,
Of streams as ye pass,
Ye heed not the being,
Who floats on your breast,
Too earnest your hurry,
Too fierce your unrest.
His, his is the duty
As plain as your own:
But he feels a dullness
Ye never have known.
He pauses in action,
He faints and gives o'er;
Brown waters of Gauley,
Ye move evermore.

Brown waters of Gauley,
My fingers I lave
In the foam that lies scattered
Upon your brown wave.
From sunlight to shadow,
To shadow more dark,
'Neath the low-bending birches
I guide my rude barque;
Through the shallows whose brawling
Falls full on my ear,
Through the sharp, mossy masses,
My vessel I steer.
What care I for honors,

The world might bestow,
What care I for gold,
With its glare and its glow;
The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore
Of the waters of Gauley,
That move evermore.

The Southern Literary Messenger, 1856.

RAFTING ON THE GUYANDOTTE

Who at danger never laughed,
Let him ride upon a raft
Down Guyan, when from the drains
Pours the flood of many rains,
And a stream no plummet gauges
In a furious freshet rages.
With a strange and rapturous fear,
Rushing water he will hear;
Woods and cliff-sides darting by,
These shall terribly glad his eye.
He shall find his life-blood leaping
Faster with the current's sweeping.

Feel his brain with frenzy swell;
Hear his voice in sudden yell
Rising to a joyous scream
O'er the roar of the raging stream.
Never a horseman bold who strides
Mettled steed and headlong rides,
With a loose and flowing rein,
On a bare and boundless plain;
Never a soldier in a fight,
When the strife was at its height,
Charging through the slippery gore
'Mid bayonet-gleam and cannon-roar;
Never a sailor helm in hand,
Out of sight of dangerous land,
With the storm-winds driving clouds

And howling through the spars and shrouds—
Feels such wild delight as he
On the June rise riding free.

Thrice a hundred logs together
Float as lightly as a feather;
On the freshet's foaming flow,
Swift as arrows shoot, they go
Past the overhanging trees,
Jutting rocks—beware of these!
Over rapids, round the crooks,
Over eddies that fill the nooks,
Swirling, whirling, hard to steer,
Manned by those who know no fear.
Tough-armed raftsmen guide each oar,
Keeping off the mass from shore;
While between the toiling hands
Mid-raft there the pilot stands,
Watching the course of the rushing sluice
From the top of the dirt-floored, rough caboose.
Well it is, in the seething hiss
Of a boiling, foaming flood like this,
That the oars are stoutly boarded,
And each log so safely corded
That we might ride on the salt-sea tide,
Or over a cataract safely glide.
If the pins from hickory riven
Were not stout and firmly driven,
Were the cross-trees weak and limber,
Woe befall your raft of timber!

If the withes and staples start
And the logs asunder part,
Off each raftsmen then would go
In the seething, turbid flow,
And the torrent quick would bear him
To a place where they could spare him.
Brawny though he be of limb,
Full of life and nerve and vim,
Like a merman though he swim.

Little hope would be for him.
Hither the logs would go and thither;
But the jolly raftsmen—whither?

Now we pass the hills that throw
Glassy shadows far below;
Pass the leaping, trembling rills,
Ploughing channels in the hills;
Pass the cornfields green that glide
(We seem moveless on the tide)
In a belt of verdure wide
Skirting us on either side.
Now a cabin meets us here,
Coming but to disappear.
Now a lean and russet deer
Perks his neck and pricks his ear;
Then, as we rise up before him,
Feels some danger looming o'er him,
Thinks the dark mass bodes him ill,
Turns and scurries up the hill.
Now some cattle, at the brink
Stooping of the flood to drink,
Lift their heads awhile to gaze
In a sleepy, dull amaze;
Then they, lest we leap among them,
Start as though a gadfly stung them.
Past us in a moment fly
Fields of maize and wheat and rye;
Dells and forest-mounds and meadows
Float away like fleeting shadows;
But the raftsmen see not these—
Sharp they look for sunken trees,
Stumps with surface rough and ragged,
Sandstone reefs with edges jagged,
Hidden rocks at the rapid's head,
New-made shoals in the river's bed;
Steering straight as they pass the comb
Of the sunken dam and its cradle of foam.
Now through narrow channel darting,

Now upon a wide reach starting,
Now they turn with shake and quiver
In a short bend of the river.
Tasking strength to turn the oar
That averts them from the shore.
Ah! They strike. No! missed it barely;
They have won their safety fairly.
Now they're in the strait chute's center;
Now the rapids wild they enter.
Whoop! that last quick run has brought her
To the eddy, wide back-water.
There's the saw-mill!—now for landing;
Now to bring her up all standing!
Steady! brace yourselves! a jar
Thrills her, stranded on the bar.
Out with lines! make fast, and rest
On the broad Ohio's breast!

Where's the fiddle? Boys, be gay!
Eighty miles in half a day
Never a pin nor cross-tie started,
Never a saw-log from us parted,
Never a better journey run
From the morn to set of sun.
Oh, what pleasure! how inviting!
Oh, what rapture! how exciting!
If among your friends there be
One who something rare would see,

One who dullness seeks to change
For a feeling new and strange,
To the loggers' camp-ground send him,
To a ride like this commend him—
Ride that pain and sorrow dulces,
Stirring brains and quickening pulses,
Making him a happier man
Who has coursed the fierce Guyan
When the June-rain freshet swells it,
And to yellow rage impels it.

—*Appleton's Journal.*

Little hope would be for him.
Hither the logs would go and thither;
But the jolly raftsman—whither?

Now we pass the hills that throw
Glassy shadows far below;
Pass the leaping, trembling rills,
Ploughing channels in the hills;
Pass the cornfields green that glide
(We seem moveless on the tide)
In a belt of verdure wide
Skirting us on either side.
Now a cabin meets us here,
Coming but to disappear.
Now a lean and russet deer
Perks his neck and pricks his ear;
Then, as we rise up before him,
Feels some danger looming o'er him,
Thinks the dark mass bodes him ill,
Turns and scurries up the hill.
Now some cattle, at the brink
Stooping of the flood to drink,
Lift their heads awhile to gaze
In a sleepy, dull amaze;
Then they, lest we leap among them,
Start as though a gadfly stung them.
Past us in a moment fly
Fields of maize and wheat and rye;
Dells and forest-mounds and meadows
Float away like fleeting shadows;
But the raftsmen see not these—
Sharp they look for sunken trees,
Stumps with surface rough and ragged,
Sandstone reefs with edges jagged,
Hidden rocks at the rapid's head,
New-made shoals in the river's bed;
Steering straight as they pass the comb
Of the sunken dam and its cradle of foam.
Now through narrow channel darting,

Now upon a wide reach starting,
Now they turn with shake and quiver
In a short bend of the river.
Tasking strength to turn the oar
That averts them from the shore.
Ah! They strike. No! missed it barely;
They have won their safety fairly.
Now they're in the strait chute's center;
Now the rapids wild they enter.
Whoop! that last quick run has brought her
To the eddy, wide back-water.
There's the saw-mill!—now for landing;
Now to bring her up all standing!
Steady! brace yourselves! a jar
Thrills her, stranded on the bar.
Out with lines! make fast, and rest
On the broad Ohio's breast!

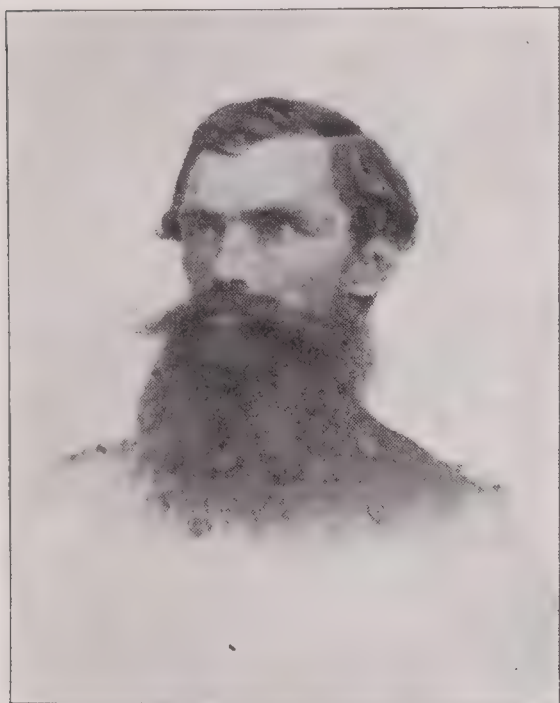
Where's the fiddle? Boys, be gay!
Eighty miles in half a day
Never a pin nor cross-tie started,
Never a saw-log from us parted,
Never a better journey run
From the morn to set of sun.
Oh, what pleasure! how inviting!
Oh, what rapture! how exciting!
If among your friends there be
One who something rare would see,

One who dullness seeks to change
For a feeling new and strange,
To the loggers' camp-ground send him,
To a ride like this commend him—
Ride that pain and sorrow dulces,
Stirring brains and quickening pulses,
Making him a happier man
Who has coursed the fierce Guyan
When the June-rain freshet swells it,
And to yellow rage impels it.

—*Appleton's Journal.*

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER (Porte Crayon)

FEW WEST VIRGINIANS have had a more interesting career than had David Hunter Strother, soldier, author and artist. He was the son of Colonel John and Elizabeth Pendleton (Hunter) Strother, and was born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, September 26, 1816. He received his academic education at the Old Stone Schoolhouse, Martinsburg, and at Washington College,



now Washington and Jefferson College. At a very early age he gave evidence of unusual artistic ability. It is said that, when he was three years old, he produced a picture representing his father's burning house, in which the likenesses of the spectators were distinctly recognizable. After spending two years in Philadelphia as a student of art under Samuel F. B. Morse, he went in 1840 to Europe, where he continued his art studies in Paris and

in Italy. He returned to the United States in 1843. In addition to producing several pictures of decided merit, he illustrated a number of books, among them, "Swallow Barn" by John P. Kennedy.

He made his first appearance as an author in 1850, under the nom de plume of Porte Crayon, in one of the earliest numbers of *Harper's Magazine*, and soon became widely known as the author and illustrator of a

most delightful series of sketches, the "Blackwater Chronicles" and "Virginia Illustrated." He later contributed other sketches to *Harper's* which added to his reputation as an author and artist.

Like his father, General Strother was strongly opposed to slavery and when the Civil War began, he enlisted in the Union Army with the rank of captain. He was attached to the Topographical Corps, where he rendered very valuable service. He performed every duty assigned him with such fidelity and distinction that he was promoted, time after time, and retired at the close of the war with the rank of brevet brigadier-general. Although he was engaged in about thirty battles and skirmishes, he never received a wound. After his retirement from the Army, he returned to his home at Berkeley Springs, where he resumed his literary pursuits. During the war he had kept a careful record of daily events, and his "Personal Recollections of the War," which ran for three years in *Harper's Magazine*, is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of this period. His freedom from prejudice, his fair and friendly attitude towards his opponents and his delightful humor, combined with an unusually pleasing style, charmed his readers.

In 1879, President Hayes appointed General Strother as consul general to Mexico, where he was instrumental in securing recognition by the United States of the Diaz regime, then but recently established. On his return to the United States in 1885, he resided in Charles Town, West Virginia, where he died March 8, 1888.

General Strother was twice married. His first wife was Ann Doyne Wolfe, by whom he had a daughter, Emily, who became the wife of John Brisben Walker. His second wife was Mary Eliot Hunter, by whom he had two sons, John and David Hunter.

THE JOURNEY TO CANAAN (Porte Crayon)

In Randolph County, Virginia, there is a tract of country containing from seven to nine hundred square miles, entirely uninhabited, and so inaccessible that it has rarely been penetrated even by the most adventurous. The settlers on its borders speak of it with dread, as an ill-omened region, filled with bears, panthers, impassable laurel-brakes, and dangerous precipices. Stories are told of hunters having ventured too far, becoming entangled, and perishing in its intricate labyrinths. The desire of daring the unknown dangers of this mysterious region stimulated a party of gentlemen, who were at Towers' Mountain House on a trouting excursion, to undertake its exploration in June, 1851. They did actually penetrate the country as far as the Falls of the Blackwater, and returned with marvelous accounts of the savage grandeur of its scenery, and the quantities of game and fish to be found there. One of the party wrote an entertaining narrative of their adventures and sufferings, filling a stout volume—which every body ought to read.

During the winter of 1852, several of the same party, with other friends, planned a second trip, to be undertaken on the first of June following. At that date, so fully was the public mind occupied with filibustering and president-making, that the notes of preparation for this important expedition were scarcely heard beyond the corporate limits of the little town of M——, in the Valley of Virginia. Even in this contracted circle the excitement was principally confined to the planners themselves, while the public looked on with an apathy and unconcern altogether unaccountable. Indeed, some narrow minded persons went so far as to say that it was nothing but a scheme of idleness, and advised the young gentlemen to stick to their professions, and let the bears alone. But,

as may be supposed, all such met the usual fate of gratuitous counselors who advise people against their inclinations.

In the daily meetings which were held for five months previous to the date fixed for their departure, our friends discussed freely and at great length everything that appertained, or that could in any way appertain, to the subject in view, from the elevation of the mountains and the course of rivers, down to the quality of a percussion-cap and the bend of a fish-hook. They became students of maps and geological reports; read Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" and "Le Guide et Hygiene des Chasseurs;" consulted Count Rumford and Doctor Kitchener, and experimented largely in the different kinds of aliments most proper for the sustenance of the human system. Mr. Penn, the author, copied at length a recipe for making cat-fish soup, assuring his friends that, when they were surfeited with venison and trout, this dish would afford them a delightful change. Mr. Porte Crayon, the artist, also furnished frequent designs for hunting-coats, caps, knapsacks, and leggings, modeled, for the most part, from those of the French army in Algiers. "For," said he, "the French are the most scientific people in the world; and as they have paid more attention to the equipment of their army than any other, every thing they adopt is presumed to be perfect of its kind."

The result of all this studying and talking was, that every one differed from his friend, and equipped himself after his own fashion. The commissary department suddenly concluded that biscuit and bacon were the most substantial, portable, and palatable articles of food known to the dwellers south of the Potomac, and accordingly made arrangements to have ample supplies of both ready for the occasion.

With the opening of spring the buds began to swell and the blue-birds to warble, and the zeal of our adventurers kept pace with the season, so that by the first of April all were ready, full equipped, "straining like greyhounds in the slip." The intolerable vacuum between

this and the starting-day might be graphically illustrated by leaving half a dozen blank pages ; but as such a procedure might be misunderstood, or characterized as clap-trap, it may be preferable to fill up the blank by introducing the *dramatis personae* who are to figure in the following narrative.

Mr. Penn, an author of some distinction, has already been mentioned. He is gaunt and tall, with distinguished air and manners, flowing and graceful gestures, prominent and expressive eye, indicating, according to phrenology, a great command of language. In this case, however, the science was at fault, for when Penn got fairly started in discourse he had no command over his language at all. It poured forth in an irresistible torrent, carrying away the speaker himself, and overwhelming or putting to flight his audience.

Mr. Dindon, a fine, athletic sportsman, not a dandiacal popper at quails and hares, but a real Nimrod, a slayer of wild turkeys and deer, to whom the excitement of the chase was as the breath of his nostrils, and who sometimes forgot even that in his keen appreciation of the poetry of forest life. He was never known either to be wearied in a hunt or silenced in a debate.

Mr. Jones was somewhat inclined to be stout, not to say fat. Mr. J. was equally fond of rural sports and personal comforts. Ambitious of being considered a thoroughgoing sportsman, he kept the best dog and the most beautiful gun in the district. He frequently appeared covered with his hunting accoutrements, followed by his dog, and generally went out alone. Prying persons remarked that his game-bag was usually fuller when he went out than when he returned. Dindon, who was knowing in these matters, always said that J. was a humbug ; that all this apparent fondness for the chase was a sham ; that Jones, as soon as he got out of sight of town, found some shady place, ate the dinner that stuffed the game-bag, and went to sleep ; when he woke, would drag himself through a thicket hard by, muddy his boots in a swamp, and returned with the marks of severe fatigue

and determined hunting upon him, and with whatever game he might be able to purchase from straggling urchins or old negroes who had been lucky with their traps. For the rest, Jones had some rare companionable qualities. He could give a joke with enviable point and readiness, and take one with like grace and good-humor.

The sprightly sketches which illuminate this unskillful narrative are the most appropriate and shall be the only introduction of our friend, Porte Crayon. He has rendered the subjects with great truthfulness, and has exhibited even some tenderness in the handling of them. If he has nothing extenuated, he has, at least, set down naught in malice. Porte, indeed, modestly remarks that his poor abilities were entirely inadequate to do justice either to the sublimity of the natural scenery or the preposterous absurdity of the human species on that memorable expedition.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman of imposing presence, of few words, but an ardent and determined sportsman, and a zealous promoter of the expedition, completes the catalogue.

Sometime during the month of May, X.M.C. (for certain reason his initials only are used), an accomplished and talented gentleman residing at a distance from M——, received a letter which ran as follows:

“Dear X.,—We have fixed upon the 1st of June to start for the Canaan country. Our party will consist of Dindon, Jones, Smith, your old friend Penn, and myself. Can you join us? If so, give us immediate notice, and set about making your preparations without delay. I would recommend to you to procure the following equipments: a water-proof knapsack, fishing-tackle, and a gun; a belt with pistols—a revolver would be preferable, in case of a conflict with a panther; a hunting-knife for general purposes—a good ten-inch blade, sharp and reliable; it will be useful for cleaning fish, dressing game, and may serve you in turn when a bear gets you

down in a laurel-brake. Store your knapsack with an extra pair of shoes, a change of raiment, such as will resist water and dirt to the last extremity, a pair of leggings to guard against rattlesnakes, and the following eatables: one dozen biscuits, one pound of ham, one pound of ground coffee, salt, pepper, and condiments. This will be the private store of each person; the public supplies will be carried out on horses.

"The place of rendezvous is the Berkeley Springs; the day the 31st of May.

Yours in haste, Porte Crayon."

The corresponding committee had the gratification of receiving a favorable reply to the foregoing, "X. will certainly come." All right; the party is made up. The last of May has come. Crayon, in full hunting costume, is standing on the portico of the great hotel at the Berkeley Springs. Messrs. Jones and Smith have arrived; their equipments have been examined and pronounced unexceptionable. Here comes X. What a pair of leggings! And there's Penn with him, in a blue jacket out at the elbow, with a rod like Don Quixote's lance.

"Ah, gentlemen! well met," shouted Penn, as they approached. "You see before you a personification of Prince Hal, at a time when he kept rather low company." Quoth Jones, "He looks more like Poin on a thieving expedition."

"Ah! my fat friend, are you there? glad to see you. I have a rod here, gentlemen, that will make you envious. See how superbly balanced! what a spring it has! the very thing for brook-fishing, for whipping the smaller streams. And then see how easily carried." Suiting the action to the word, he unjointed it, and slipped it into a neat case, portable, light and elegant. "I procured one of the same sort for Smith when I was in New York. I will show you also a supply of artificial flies," continued Penn, drawing a leather case from his knapsack, "and a fine bug calculated for the largest sized trout."

Here he produced a bug, which renewed the aston-

ishment and hilarity of the company.

“What is it for?” “What sort of creature is it?”
“What does it represent?” shouted one and all.

“I have not dipped into entomology lately, but I have been assured that this bug is calculated to take none but the largest fish. No small fish will approach it, from personal apprehension; and no trout under two-and-twenty inches in length would venture to swallow it.”

“If I were called upon to classify that bug,” said Jones, “I would call it a *chimera*; in the vernacular, *humbug!*”

“Come to supper,” said Porte. “We start at two o’clock to-night by the train.”

From *The Virginia Canaan*.

HENRY BEDINGER

HENRY BEDINGER, son of the Revolutionary hero, Daniel Bedinger, and Sarah Rutherford Bedinger, was born at Bedford, near Shepherdstown, West Virginia, in 1812. After receiving a liberal classical education, he studied law and practiced his profession in Shepherdstown and in Charles Town. In 1845, he succeeded his partner and brother-in-law, George Rust, as representative in Congress and was re-elected for a second term. He was an eloquent speaker, and an exceptionally able debater, and was called the Eagle of Harpers Ferry. In 1853, he was appointed charge d' affaires to Denmark, and was later resident minister. He was instrumental in securing the Skager Rack and Cattegat Treaty, by which Denmark agreed to abolish the sound dues. Throughout his distinguished career as a diplomat, he thought longingly of his home and his friends in his own county, and it was with great personal satisfaction that he laid aside his public duties and returned to Shepherdstown. In his honor the citizens of the town gave a great demonstration, one of the features of which was a barbecue. Only a short time after he received his welcome home, he contracted pneumonia and on November 26, 1858, after an illness of only five days, he died at his home in Shepherdstown. His keen intellect, and his brilliant powers as an orator, combined with rare personal charm, had won for him a host of friends and admirers, who felt that his early death was a great loss, not only to his family and to his friends but to the Nation.

Mr. Bedinger was twice married. His first wife was Miss Rust, and his second wife was Miss Caroline Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island.

TO THE POTOMAC RIVER
BY THE EXILE—NOT OF ERIN

Wee Potomac, mid the mountains
Prattling, toddling like a child,
Nourished by the singing fountains,
Feeding thee with music wild.

Strong Potomac, adolescent,
Rushing recklessly along,
Or, like youth when love is present,
Rippling with a dreamy song.

Grand Potomac, monarch River,
Claiming tribute everywhere,
From thy vassals who deliver,
Willingly, each one his share.

Noble River, onward flowing,
Through rugged pass, or quiet glade,
Where the grim old forests growing
Gloom thy waters with their shade.

Softly flowing—moving only,
Where the fertile meadow teems,
Roaring through the mountains lonely,
Where the eagle soars and screams.

Gently now and calm as maiden,
Undisturbed by love, may be,
Now, with wrath and fury laden,
Whirling madly to the sea.

Now thy full, free volume rolling,
Where the village spire ascends,
Now, of city bells the tolling
With thy softer music blends.

In thine anger, calling loudly
To the rocks thy shores upon,
But in silence marching proudly
By the tomb of Washington.

Noble River! I am praying
Once again thy banks to see,
Where from morn till evening straying
My young footsteps wont to be.

Where, with one, since passed to heaven
I have culled such precious flowers,
As alas! are rarely given
To this weary life of ours.

Ah, when this sad life is ended—
This dull dream of pain is o'er—
When my heart with dust is blended
Let me rest upon thy shore.

—*Copenhagen, March 28, 1858.*

Civil War
and
Reconstruction Period
(1861 -1871)

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

REBECA HARDING DAVIS, daughter of Richard and Rachel Leet (Wilson) Harding, was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, June 24, 1831. While she was quite young, her family moved to Alabama and later to Wheeling, West Virginia, where she lived until her marriage, March 4, 1863 to L. Clark Davis, a prominent newspaper man who later became editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Her first story, "Life in the Iron Mills, was published anonymously in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1861, and won for the author immediate recognition as a writer of rare ability who possessed graphic descriptive power and a remarkably keen sense of observation. Like George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Life in the Iron Mills" occasioned conjectures as to its author. Many readers thought the writer a man because of the style of the story, in which the labor problem made its first appearance in American fiction. It is said that had Emile Zola been before the public at the time that "Life in the Iron Mills" was written, Miss Harding would have been accused of imitating him; "for to the reader of to-day—and this is good evidence of her inborn talent as a writer—there is a suggestion of the trained skill of the French author in the unconscious art of her method of telling the story. The minute realism of the description, omitting no detail necessary to the truthful portrayal of the scene to be presented, reminds us sensibly of Zola. But further than this there is no likeness between the two writers. The misery Miss Harding asks us to observe is as abject, as dreary, as besotted as any Zola ever knew; but while the latter drags from the depths and thrusts before us types of animalism that make us shudder, the other makes us weep in contemplation of existences dully conscious of their starving souls."

"Margaret Howth," also published anonymously, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1862 and also pictures the sordid life of the mill workers of Wheeling. The heroine is an accountant in a factory. The hero is a man who, though of humble origin, has attained a position of wealth and influence entirely through his own efforts and sacrifices love for ambition. "David Gaunt," a story of the Civil War, was also published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and later in book form. Although written, as the author says, "from the border of the battlefield," in a section in which sentiment over the issues of the war was almost equally divided, "David Gaunt" is remarkable for its breadth of vision and its freedom from the bitterness and prejudice that too often characterized the literature of this period.

Mrs. Davis was the author of a number of other books, among which were "Dallas Galbraith," "Waiting for the Verdict," "A Law Unto Herself," "Berrytown," "John Andross," "Silhouettes of American Life," "Dr. Warwick's Daughters," and "Frances Waldeux." She was also an editorial writer for *The New York Tribune* for several years. During her long literary career of half a century, she was a popular contributor to the leading magazines and her later work showed the same originality and charm as her earlier productions.

Mrs. Davis found her chief pleasure in her home. She had a daughter and two sons, Richard Harding and Charles Belmont, both of whom inherited the literary talent of their distinguished mother and father. Mrs. Davis was of a quiet and retiring disposition. She once remarked to a friend, "I never belonged to a club nor to any kind of society, never made a speech and never wanted to do it." The death of Mrs. Davis occurred at her home in Philadelphia on September 29, 1910.

LIFE IN THE IRON-MILLS

“Is this the end?

O Life, as futile, then, as frail!

What hope of answer or redress?”

A cloudy day: do you know what that is in a town of iron-works? The sky sank down before dawn, muddy, flat, immovable. The air is thick, clammy with the breath of crowded human beings. It stifles me. I open the window, and, looking out, can scarcely see through the rain the grocer's shop opposite, where a crowd of drunken Irishmen are puffing Lynchburg tobacco in their pipes. I can detect the scent through the foul smells ranging loose in the air.

The idiosyncrasy of this town is smoke. It rolls sullenly in slow folds from the great chimneys of the iron-foundries, and settles down in black, slimy pools on the muddy streets. Smoke on the wharves, smoke on the dingy boats, on the yellow river,—clinging in a coating of greasy soot to the house-front, the two faded poplars, the faces of the passers-by. The long train of mules, dragging masses of pig-iron through the narrow streets, have a foul vapor hanging to their reeking sides. Here, inside, is a little broken figure of an angel pointing upward from the mantle-shelf; but even its wings are covered with smoke, clotted and black. Smoke everywhere! A dirty canary chirps desolately in a cage beside me. Its dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream,—almost worn out, I think.

From the back-window I can see a narrow brick-yard sloping down to the river-side, strewn with rain-butts and tubs. The river, dull and tawny-colored, (*la belle riviere!*) drags itself sluggishly along, tired of the heavy weight of boats and coal-barges. What wonder? When I was a child, I used to fancy a look of weary, dumb appeal upon the face of the negro-like river slavishly bearing its burden day after day. Something of the same idle notion comes to me to-day, when from the street-window I look on the slow stream of human life

creeping past, night and morning, to the great mills. Masses of men, with dull, besotted faces bent to the ground, sharpened here and there by pain or cunning; skin and muscle and flesh begrimed with smoke and ashes; stooping all night over boiling caldrons of metal, laired by day in dens of drunkenness and infamy; breathing from infancy to death an air saturated with fog and grease and soot, vileness for soul and body. What do you make of a case like that, amateur psychologist? You call it an altogether serious thing to be alive: to these men it is a drunken jest, a joke,—horrible to angels perhaps, to them common-place enough. My fancy about the river was an idle one: it is no type of such a life. What if it be stagnant and slimy here? It knows that beyond there waits for it odorous sunlight,—quaint old gardens, dusky with soft, green foliage of apple-trees, and flushing crimson with roses,—air, and fields, and mountains. The future of the Welsh puddler passing just now is not so pleasant—to be stowed away, after his grimy work is done, in a hole in the muddy graveyard, and after that,—*not* air, nor green fields, nor curious roses

Can you see how foggy the day is? As I stand here, idly tapping the window-pane, and looking out through the rain at the dirty back-yard and the coal-boats below, fragments of an old story float up before me,—a story of this old house into which I happened to come to-day. You may think it a tiresome story enough, as foggy as the day, sharpened by no sudden flashes of pain or pleasure.—I know: only the outline of a dull life, that long since, with thousands of dull lives like its own, was vainly lived and lost: thousands of them,—massed, vile, slimy lives, like those of the torpid lizards in yonder stagnant water-butt—Lost? There is a curious point for you to settle, my friend, who study psychology in a lazy, *dilettante* way. Stop a moment. I am going to be honest. This is what I want you to do. I want you to hide your disgust, take no heed to your clean clothes, and come right down with me,—here, into the

thickest of the fog and mud and foul effluvia. I want you to hear this story. There is a secret down here, in this nightmare fog, that has lain dumb for centuries: I want to make it a real thing to you. You, Egoist, or Pantheist, or Arminian, busy in making straight paths for your feet on the hills, do not see it clearly,—this terrible question which men here have gone mad and died trying to answer. I dare not put this secret into words. I told you it was dumb. These men, going by with drunken faces and brains full of unawakened power, do not ask it of Society or of God. Their lives ask it; their deaths ask it. There is no reply. I will tell you plainly that I have a great hope; and I bring it to you to be tested. It is this: that this terrible dumb question is its own reply; that it is not the sentence of death we think it, but, from the very extremity of its darkness the most solemn prophecy which the world has known of the Hope to come. I dare make my meaning no clearer, but will only tell my story. It will, perhaps, seem to you as foul and dark as this thick vapor about us, and as pregnant with death; but if your eyes are free as mine are to look deeper, no perfume-tinted dawn will be so fair with promise of the day that shall surely come.

My story is very simple,—only what I remember of the life of one of these men,—a furnace-tender in one of Kirby & John's rolling-mills,—Hugh Wolfe. You know the mills? They took the great order for the Lower Virginia railroads there last winter; run usually with about a thousand men. I cannot tell why I choose the half-forgotten story of this Wolfe more than that of myriads of these furnace-hands. Perhaps because there is a secret underlying sympathy between that story and this day with its impure fog and thwarted sunshine,—or perhaps simply for the reason that this house is the one where the Wolfes lived. There were the father and son,—both hands, as I said, in one of Kirby & John's mills for making railroad-iron,—and Deborah, their cousin, a picker in some of the cotton-mills. The house was rented then to half a dozen families. The Wolfes had

two of the cellar rooms. The old man, like many of the puddlers and feeders of the mills, was Welsh,—had spent half of his life in the Cornish tin mines. You may pick the Welsh emigrants, Cornish miners, out of the throng passing the windows, any day. They are a trifle more filthy; their muscles are not so brawny; they stoop more. When they are drunk, they neither yell, nor shout, nor stagger, but skulk along like beaten hounds. A pure unmixed blood, I fancy; shows itself in the slight angular bodies and the sharply-cut facial lines. It is nearly thirty years since the Wolfes lived here. Their lives were like those of their class: incessant labor, sleeping in the kennel-like rooms, eating rank pork and molasses, drinking—God and the distillers only know what; with an occasional night in jail, to atone for some drunken excess. Is that all of their lives?—of the portion given to them and these their duplicates swarming the streets today?—nothing beneath?—all? So many a political reformer will tell you,—and many a private reformer too, who has gone among them with a heart tender with Christ's charity, and come out outraged, hardened.

One rainy night about eleven o'clock, a crowd of half-clothed women stopped outside of the cellar-door. They were going home from the cotton mill.

"Good-night, Deb," said one, a mulatto, steadying herself against the gas-post. She needed the post to steady her. So did more than one of them.

"Dah's a ball to Miss Potts' to-night. Ye'd best come."

"Inteet, Deb, if hur'll come, hur'll hef fun," said a shrill Welsh voice in the crowd.

Two or three dirty hands were thrust out to catch the gown of the woman, who was groping for the latch of the door.

"No."

"No? Where's Kit Small, then?"

"Begorra! on the spools. Alleys behint, though we helped her, we dud. An wid ye! Let Deb alone! It's ondacent frettin' a quite body alone! Be the powers,

an' we'll have a night of it! there'll be lashin's o' drink,—the Vargent be blessed and praised for it!"

They went on, the mulatto inclining for a moment to show fight, and drag the woman Wolfe off with them; but, being pacified, she staggered away.

Deborah groped her way into the cellar, and after considerable stumbling, kindled a match and lighted a tallow dip, that sent a yellow glimmer over the room. It was low, damp,—the earthen floor covered with a green, slimy moss,—a fetid air smothering the breath. Old Wolfe lay asleep on a heap of straw, wrapped in a torn horse-blanket. He was a pale, meek, little man with a white face and red rabbit-eyes. The woman Deborah was like him; only her face was even more ghastly, her lips bluer, her eyes more watery. She wore a faded cotton gown and a slouching bonnet. When she walked, one could see that she was deformed, almost a hunchback. She trod softly, so as not to waken him and went through into the room beyond. There she found by the half-extinguished fire an iron saucepan filled with cold boiled potatoes, which she put upon a broken chair with a pint-cup of ale. Placing the old candlestick beside this dainty repast, she untied her bonnet, which hung limp and wet over her face, and prepared to eat her supper. It was the first food that had touched her lips since morning. There was enough of it, however: there is not always. She was hungry,—one could see that easily enough,—and not drunk, as most of her companions would have been found at this hour. She did not drink, this woman,—her face told that, too,—nothing stronger than ale. Perhaps the weak, flaccid wretch had some stimulant in her pale life to keep her up,—some love or hope it might be, or urgent need. When that stimulant was gone, she would take to whiskey. Man cannot live by work alone. While she was skinning the potatoes and munching them, a noise behind her made her stop.

"Janey!" she called, lifting the candle and peering into the darkness. "Janey, are you there?"

A heap of ragged coats was heaved up, and the face of a young girl emerged, staring sleepily at the woman.

"Deborah," she said at last, "I'm here the night."

"Yes, child. Hur's welcome," she said, quietly eating on.

The girl's face was haggard and sickly; her eyes were heavy with sleep and hunger: real Milesian eyes they were, dark, delicate blue, glooming out from the black shadows with a pitiful fright.

"I was alone," she said timidly.

"Where's the father?" asked Deborah, holding out a potato, which the girl greedily seized.

"He's beyant,—wid Haley,—in the stone house." (Did you ever hear the word *jail* from an Irish mouth?) "I came here. Hugh told me never to stay me-lone."

"Hugh?"

"Yes."

A vexed frown crossed her face. The girl saw it, and added quickly,—

"I have not seen Hugh the day, Deb. The old man says his watch lasts till the mornin'."

The woman sprang up, and hastily began to arrange some bread and fitch in a tin pail, and to pour her own measure of ale into a bottle. Tying on her bonnet, she blew out the candle.

"Lay ye down Janey, dear," she said, gently, covering her with the old rags.

"Hur can eat the potatoes, if hur's hungry."

"Where are ye goin', Deb? The rain's sharp."

"To the mill with Hugh's supper."

"Let him bide till the morn. Sit ye down."

"No, no,"—sharply pushing her off. "The boy'll starve."

She hurried from the cellar, while the child wearily coiled herself up for sleep. The rain was falling heavily as the woman, pail in hand, emerged from the mouth of the alley, and turned down the narrow street, that stretched out, long and black, miles before her. Here and there a flicker of gas lighted an uncertain space of

muddy footwalk and gutter; the long rows of houses, except an occasional lager-beer shop, were closed; now and then she met a band of mill hands skulking to or from their work.

Not many even of the inhabitants of a manufacturing town know the vast machinery of system by which the bodies of workmen are governed, that goes on unceasingly from year to year. The hands of each mill are divided into watches that relieve each other as regularly as the sentinels of an army. By night and day the work goes on, the unsleeping engines groan and shriek, the fiery pools of metal boil and surge. Only for a day in the week, in half-courtesy to public censure, the fires are partially veiled; but as soon as the clock strikes midnight, the great furnaces break forth with renewed fury, the clamor begins with fresh, breathless vigor, the engines sob and shriek like "gods in pain."

As Deborah hurried down through the heavy rain, the noise of these thousand engines sounded through the sleep and shadow of the city like far-off thunder. The mill to which she was going lay on the river, a mile below the city limits. It was far, and she was weak, aching from standing twelve hours at the spools. Yet it was her almost nightly walk to take this man his supper, though at every square she sat down to rest, and she knew she should receive small word of thanks.

Perhaps, if she had possessed an artist's eye, the picturesque oddity of the scene might have made her step stagger less, and the path seem shorter; but to her the mills were only, "summat deilish to look at by night."

The road leading to the mills had been quarried from the solid rock, which rose abrupt and bare on one side of the cinder-covered road, while the river, sluggish and black, crept past on the other. The mills for rolling iron are simply immense tent-like roofs, covering acres of ground, open on every side. Beneath these roofs Deborah looked in on a city of fires, that burned hot and fiercely in the night. Fire in every horrible form: pits of flame waving in the wind; liquid metal-flames writhing in tor-

tuous streams through the sand; wide caldrons filled with boiling fire, over which bent ghastly wretches stirring the strange brewing; and through all, crowds of half-clad men, looking like revengeful ghosts in the red light, hurried, throwing masses of glittering fire. It was like a street in Hell. Even Deborah muttered, as she crept through, "'T looks like t' Devil's place!" It did,—in more ways than one.

She found the man she was looking for, at last, heaping coal on a furnace. He had not time to eat his supper; so she went behind the furnace, and waited. Only a few men were with him, and they noticed her only by a "Hyur comes t' hunchback, Wolfe."

Deborah was stupid with sleep; her back pained her sharply; and her teeth chattered with cold, with the rain that soaked her clothes and dripped from her at every step. She stood, however, patiently holding the pail, and waiting.

"Hout, woman! ye look like a drowned cat. Come near to the fire,"—said one of the men, approaching to scrape away the ashes.

She shook her head. Wolfe had forgotten her. He turned, hearing the man, and came closer.

"I did no' think; gi' me my supper, woman."

She watched him eat with a painful eagerness. With a woman's quick instinct, she saw that he was not hungry,—was eating to please her. Her pale, watery eyes began to gather a strange light.

"Is 't good, Hugh? T' ale was a bit sour, I feared."

"No, good enough." He hesitated a moment. "Ye're tired, poor lass! Bide here till I go. Lay down there on that heap of ash, and go to sleep."

He threw her an old coat for a pillow, and turned to his work. The heap was the refuse of the burnt iron, and was not a hard bed; the half-smothered warmth, too, penetrated her limbs, dulling their pain and cold shiver.

Miserable enough she looked, lying there on the ashes like a limp, dirty rag,—yet not an unfitting figure to

crown the scene of hopeless discomfort and veiled crime: more fitting, if one looked deeper into the heart of things,—at her thwarted woman's form, her colorless life, her waking stupor that smothered pain and hunger,—even more fit to be a type of her class. Deeper yet if one could look, was there nothing worth reading in this wet, faded thing, half-covered with ashes? no story of a soul filled with groping passionate love, heroic unselfishness, fierce jealousy? of years of weary trying to please the one human being whom she loved, to gain one look of real heart-kindness from him? If anything like this were hidden beneath the pale, bleared eyes, and dull, washed-out-looking face, no one had ever taken the trouble to read its faint signs: not the half-clothed furnace-tender, Wolfe, certainly. Yet he was kind to her: it was his nature to be kind, even to the very rats that swarmed in the cellar; kind to her in just the same way. She knew that. And it might be that very knowledge had given to her face its apathy and vacancy more than her low, torpid life. One sees that dead, vacant look steal sometimes over the rarest, finest of women's faces,—in the very midst, it may be, of their warmest summer's day; and then one can guess at the secret of intolerable solitude that lies hid beneath the delicate laces and brilliant smile. There was no warmth, no brilliancy, no summer for this woman; so the stupor and vacancy had time to gnaw into her face perpetually. She was young, too, though no one guessed it; so the gnawing was the fiercer.

She lay quiet in the dark corner, listening, through the monotonous din and uncertain glare of the works, to the dull plash of the rain in the far distance,—shrinking back whenever the man Wolfe happened to look towards her. She knew, in spite of all his kindness, that there was that in her face and form which made him loathe the sight of her. She felt by instinct, although she could not comprehend it, the finer nature of the man. which made him among his fellow-workmen something unique, set apart. She knew, that, down under all the

vileness and coarseness of his life, there was a groping passion for whatever was beautiful and pure,—that his soul sickened with disgust at her deformity, even when his words were kindest. Through this dull consciousness, which never left her, came like a sting, the recollection of the dark blue eyes and lithe figure of the little Irish girl she had left in the cellar. The recollection struck through even her stupid intellect with a vivid glow of beauty and of grace. Little Janey, timid, helpless, clinging to Hugh as her only friend: that was the sharp thought, the bitter thought, that drove into the glazed eyes a fierce light of pain. You laugh at it? Are pain and jealousy less savage realities down here in this place I am taking you to than in your own house or your own heart,—your heart, which they clutch at sometimes. The note is the same, I fancy, be the octave high or low.

If you could go into this mill where Deborah lay, and drag out from the hearts of these men the terrible tragedy of their lives, taking it as a symptom of the disease of their class, no ghost Horror would terrify you more. A reality of soul-starvation, of living death, that meets you every day under the besotted faces on the street,—I can paint nothing of this, only give you the outside outlines of a night, a crisis in the life of one man: whatever muddy depth of soul-history lies beneath you can read according to the eyes God has given you.

Wolfe, while Deborah watched him as a spaniel its master, bent over the furnace with his iron pole, unconscious of her scrutiny, only stopping to receive orders. Physically, Nature had promised the man but little. He had already lost the strength and instinct vigor of a man, his muscles were thin, his nerves weak, his face (a meek, woman's face) haggard, yellow with consumption. In the mill he was known as one of the girl-men, "Molly Wolfe" was his *sobriquet*. He was never seen in the cockpit, did not own a terrier, drank but seldom; when he did, desperately. He fought sometimes, but was always thrashed, pommelled to a jelly. The man

was game enough, when his blood was up; but he was no favorite in the mill; he had the taint of school-learning on him,—not to a dangerous extent, only a quarter or so in the free-school in fact, but enough to ruin him as a good hand in a fight.

For other reasons, too, he was not popular. Not one of themselves, they felt that, though outwardly as filthy and ash-covered; silent, with foreign thoughts and longings breaking out through his quietness in innumerable curious ways: this one, for instance. In the neighboring furnace-buildings lay great heaps of the refuse from the ore after the pig-metal is run. Korl we call it here: a light, porous substance, of a delicate, waxen, flesh-colored tinge. Out of the blocks of this korl, Wolfe, in his off-hours from the furnace, had a habit of chipping and moulding figures,—hideous, fantastic enough, but sometimes strangely beautiful: even the mill-men saw that, while they jeered at him. It was a curious fancy in the man, almost a passion. The few hours for rest he spent hewing and hacking with his blunt knife, never speaking, until his watch came again,—working at one figure for months, and, when it was finished, breaking it to pieces perhaps, in a fit of disappointment. A morbid; gloomy man, untaught, unled, left to feed his soul in grossness and crime, and hard, grinding labor.

I want you to come down and look at this Wolfe, standing there among the lowest of his kind, and see him just as he is, that you may judge him justly when you hear the story of this night. I want you to look back, as he does every day, at his birth in vice, his starved infancy; to remember the heavy years he has groped through as boy and man,—the slow, heavy years of constant, hot work. So long ago he began, that he thinks sometimes he has worked there for ages. There is no hope that it will ever end. Think that God put into this man's soul a fierce thirst for beauty,—to know it, to create it; to *be*—something, he knows not what,—other than he is. There are moments when a passing cloud, the sun glittering on the purple thistles, a kindly smile,

a child's face, will rouse him to a passion of pain,—when his nature starts up with a mad cry of rage against God, man, whoever it is that has forced this vile, slimy life upon him. With all this groping, this mad desire, a great blind intellect stumbling through wrong, a loving poet's heart, the man was by habit only a coarse, vulgar laborer, familiar with sights and words you would blush to name. Be just; when I tell you about this night, see him as he is. Be just,—not like man's law, which seizes on one isolated fact, but like God's judging angel, whose clear, sad eye saw all the countless cankering days of this man's life, all the countless nights, when, sick with starving, his soul fainted in him, before it judged him for this night, the saddest of all.

I called this night the crisis of his life. If it was, it stole on him unawares. These great turning-days of life cast no shadow before, slip by unconsciously. Only a trifle, a little turn of the rudder, and the ship goes to heaven or hell.

Wolfe, while Deborah watched him, dug into the furnace of melting iron with his pole, dully thinking only how many rails the lump would yield. It was late,—nearly Sunday morning; another hour, and the heavy work would be done,—only the furnaces to replenish and cover for the next day. The workmen were growing more noisy, shouting, as they had to do, to be heard over the deep clamor of the mills. Suddenly they grew less boisterous,—at the far end, entirely silent. Something unusual had happened. After a moment, the silence came nearer; the men stopped their jeers and drunken choruses. Deborah, stupidly lifting up her head, saw the cause of the quiet. A group of five or six men were slowly approaching, stopping to examine each furnace as they came. Visitors often came to see the mills after night: except by growing less noisy, the men took no notice of them. The furnace where Wolfe worked was near the bounds of the works; they halted there hot and tired: a walk over one of these great foundries is no trifling task. The woman, drawing out of sight, turn-

ed over to sleep. Wolfe, seeing them stop, suddenly roused from his indifferent stupor, and watched them keenly. He knew some of them: the overseer, Clark,—a son of Kirby, one of the mill owners,—and a Doctor May, one of the town-physicians. The other two were strangers. Wolfe came closer. He seized eagerly every chance that brought him into contact with this mysterious class that shone down on him perpetually with the glamour of another order of being. What made the difference between them? That was the mystery of his life. He had a vague notion that perhaps to-night he could find it out. One of the strangers sat down on a pile of bricks, and beckoned young Kirby to his side.

“This is hot, with a vengeance. A match, please?”—lighting his cigar. “But the walk is worth the trouble. If it were not that you must have heard it so often, Kirby, I would tell you that your works look like Dante’s *Inferno*.”

Kirby laughed.

“Yes. Yonder is Farinata himself in the burning tomb.”—pointing to some figure in the shimmering shadows.

“Judging from some of the faces of your men,” said the other, “they bid fair to try the reality of Dante’s vision, some day.”

Young Kirby looked curiously around, as if seeing the faces of his hands for the first time.

“They’re bad enough, that’s true. A desperate set, I fancy. Eh, Clarke?”

The overseer did not hear him. He was talking of net profits just then,—giving, in fact, a schedule of the annual business of the firm to a sharp, peering little Yankee, who jotted down notes on a paper laid on the crown of his hat: a reporter for one of the city-papers, getting up a series of reviews of the leading manufactories. (The other gentlemen had accompanied them merely for amusement.) They were silent until the notes were finished, drying their feet at the furnaces, and sheltering their faces from the intolerable heat. At last the

overseer concluded with—

“I believe that is a pretty fair estimate, Captain.”

“Here, some of you men!” said Kirby, “bring up those boards. We may as well sit down, gentlemen, until the rain is over. It cannot last much longer at this rate.”

“Pig-metal,” mumbled the reporter,—“um!—coal facilities,—um!—hands employed, twelve hundred,—bitumen,—um!—all right, I believe, Mr. Clarke;—sinking-fund,—what did you say was your sinking-fund?”

“Twelve hundred hands?” said the stranger, the young man who had first spoken. “Do you control their votes; Kirby?”

“Control? No.” The young man smiled complacently. “But my father brought seven hundred votes to the polls for his candidate last November. No force-work you understand,—only a speech or two, a hint to form themselves into a society, and a bit of red and blue bunting to make them a flag. The Invincible Roughs,—I believe that is their name. I forget the motto: ‘Our country’s hope,’ I think.”

There was a laugh. The young man talking to Kirby sat with an amused light in his cool gray eye, surveying critically the half-clothed figures of the puddlers, and the slow swing of their brawny muscles. He was a stranger in the city,—spending a couple of months in the borders of a Slave State, to study the institutions of the South,—a brother-in-law of Kirby’s,—Mitchell. He was an amateur gymnast,—hence his anatomical eye; a patron, in a *blase* way, of the prize-ring; a man who sucked the essence out of a science or philosophy in an indifferent, gentlemanly way; who took Kant, Novalis, Humboldt, for what they were worth in his own scales; accepting all, despising nothing, in heaven, earth, or hell, but one-idead men; with a temper yielding and brilliant as summer water, until his Self was touched, when it was ice, though brilliant still. Such men are not rare in the States.

As he knocked the ashes from his cigar, Wolfe

caught with a quick pleasure the contour of the white hand, the blood-glow of the red ring he wore. His voice, too, and that of Kirby's, touched him like music,—low, even, with chording cadences. About this man Mitchell hung the impalpable atmosphere belonging to the thorough-bred gentleman. Wolfe, scraping away the ashes beside him, was conscious of it, did obeisance to it with his artist sense, unconscious that he did so.

The rain did not cease. Clarke and the reporter left the mills; the others, comfortably seated near the furnace, lingered, smoking and talking in a desultory way. Greek would not have been more unintelligible to the furnace-tenders, whose presence they soon forgot entirely. Kirby drew out a newspaper from his pocket and read aloud some article, which they discussed eagerly. At every sentence, Wolfe listened and more like a dumb, hopeless animal, with a duller, more stolid look creeping over his face, glancing now and then at Mitchell, marking acutely every smallest sign of refinement, then back to himself, seeing as in a mirror his filthy body, his more stained soul.

Never! He had no words for such a thought, but he knew now, in all the sharpness of the bitter certainty, that between them there was a great gulf never to be passed. Never!

The bell of the mills rang for midnight. Sunday morning had dawned. Whatever hidden message lay in the tolling bells floated past these men unknown. Yet it was there. Veiled in the solemn music ushering the risen Savior was a key-note to solve the darkest secrets of a world gone wrong,—even this social riddle which the brain of the grimy puddler grappled with madly to-night.

The men began to withdraw the metal from the caldrons. The mills were deserted on Sundays, except by the hands who fed the fires, and those who had no lodgings and slept usually on the ash-heaps. The three

strangers sat still during the next hour, watching the men cover the furnaces, laughing now and then at some jest of Kirby's.

"Do you know," said Mitchell, "I like this view of the works better than when the glare was fiercest? These heavy shadows and the amphitheatre of smothered fires are ghostly, unreal. One could fancy these red smouldering lights to be the half-shut eyes of wild beasts, and the spectral figures their victims in the den."

Kirby laughed. "You are fanciful. Come, let us get out of the den. The spectral figures, as you call them, are a little too real for me to fancy a close proximity in the darkness,—unarmed, too."

The others rose, buttoning their overcoats, and lighting cigars.

"Raining, still," said Doctor May, "and hard. Where did we leave the coach, Mitchell?"

"At the other side of the works,—Kirby, what's that?"

Mitchell started back, half-frightened, as, suddenly turning a corner, the white figure of a woman faced him in the darkness,—a woman, white, of giant proportions, crouching on the ground, her arms flung out in some wild gesture of warning.

"Stop! Make that fire burn there." cried Kirby, stopping short.

The flame burst out, flashing the gaunt figure into bold relief. Mitchell drew a long breath.

"I thought it was alive, he said, going up curiously. The others followed.

"Not marble, eh?" asked Kirby, touching it.

One of the lower overseers stopped.

"Korl, Sir."

"Who did it?"

"Can't say. Some of the hands; chipped it out in off-hours."

"Chipped to some purpose, I should say. What a

flesh-tint the stuff has! Do you see, Mitchell?"

"I see."

He had stepped aside where the light fell boldest on the figure, looking at it in silence. There was not one line of beauty or grace in it: a nude woman's form, muscular, grown coarse with labor, the powerful limbs instinct with some one poignant longing. One idea: there it was in the tense, rigid muscles, the clutching hands, the wild, eager face, like that of a starving wolf's. Kirby and Doctor May walked around it, critical, curious. Mitchell stood aloof, silent. The figure touched him strangely.

"Not badly done," said Doctor May. "Where did the fellow learn that sweep of the muscles in the arm and hand? Look at them! they are groping,—do you see?—clutching: the peculiar action of a man dying of thirst."

"They have ample facilities for studying anatomy," sneered Kirby, glancing at the half-naked figures.

"Look," continued the Doctor, "at this bony wrist, and the strained sinews of the instep! A working-woman,—the very type of her class."

"God forbid!" muttered Mitchell.

"Why?" demanded May. "What does the fellow intend by the figure? I cannot catch the meaning."

"Ask him," said the other, dryly. "There he stands,"—pointing to Wolfe, who stood with a group of men, leaning on his ash-rake.

The Doctor beckoned him with the affable smile which kind-hearted men put on, when talking to these people.

"Mr. Mitchell has picked you out as the man who did this,—I'm sure I don't know why. But what did you mean by it?"

"She be hungry."

Wolfe's eyes answered Mitchell, not the doctor.

"Oh-h! But what a mistake you have made, my fine fellow! You have given no sign of starvation to the body. It is strong, terribly strong. It has the mad,

half-despairing gesture of the drowning.”

Wolfe, stammered, glanced appealingly at Mitchell, who saw the soul of the thing, he knew. But the cool, probing eyes were turned on himself now,—mocking, cruel, relentless.

“Not hungry for meat,” the furnace-tender said at last.

“What then? Whiskey?” jeered Kirby, with a coarse laugh.

Wolfe was silent a moment, thinking.

“I dunno,” he said, with a bewildered look. “It mebbe. Summat to make her live, I think,—like you. Whiskey ull do it, in a way.”

The young man laughed again. Mitchell flashed a look of disgust somewhere,—not at Wolfe.

“May,” he broke out impatiently, “are you blind? Look at that woman’s face! It asks questions of God, and says, ‘I have a right to know.’ Good God, how hungry it is!”

They looked a moment, then May turned to the mill-owner:—

“Have you many such hands as this? What are you going to do with them? Keep them at puddling iron?”

Kirby shrugged his shoulders. Mitchell’s look had irritated him.

“*Ce n’est pas mon affaire.* I have no fancy for nursing infant geniuses. I suppose there are some stray gleams of mind and soul among these wretches. The Lord will take care of his own; or else they can work out their own salvation. I have heard you call our American system a ladder which any man can scale. Do you doubt it? Or perhaps you want to banish all social ladders, and put us all on a flat table-land,—eh May?”

The doctor looked vexed, puzzled. Some terrible problem lay hid in this woman’s face, and troubled these men. Kirby waited for an answer, and, receiving none, went on, warming with his subject.

“I tell you there’s something wrong that no talk of ‘Liberte’ or ‘Egalite’ will do away. If I had the making of men, these men who do the lowest part of the world’s work should be machines,—nothing more,—hands. It would be kindness. God help them! What are taste, reason, to creatures who must live such lives as that?” He pointed to Deborah, sleeping on the ash-heap. “So many nerves to sting them to pain. What if God had put your brain, with all its agony of touch, into your fingers, and bid you work and strike with that?”

“You think you could govern the world better?” laughed the Doctor.

“I do not think at all.”

“That is true philosophy. Drift with the stream, because you cannot dive deep enough to find bottom, eh?”

“Exactly,” rejoined Kirby. “I do not think: I wash my hands of all social problems,—slavery, caste, white or black. My duty to my operatives has a narrow limit,—the pay-hour on Saturday night. Outside of that, if they cut korl, or cut each other’s throats, (the more popular amusement of the two,) I am not responsible.”

The Doctor sighed,—a good honest sigh, from the depths of his stomach.

“God help us! Who is responsible?”

“Not I, I tell you,” said Kirby, testily. “What has the man who pays them money to do with their soul’s concerns, more than the grocer or butcher who takes it?”

“And yet,” said Mitchell’s cynical voice, “look at her! How hungry she is ”

Kirby tapped his boot with his cane. No one spoke. Only the dumb face of the rough image looking into their faces with the awful question, “What shall we do to be saved?” Only Wolfe’s face, with its heavy weight of brain, its weak, uncertain mouth, its desperate eyes, out of which looked the soul of his class,—only Wolfe’s face turned toward Kirby’s. Mitchell laughed,—a cool, musical laugh.

"Money has spoken!" he said, seating himself lightly on a stone with the air of an amused spectator at a play. "Are you answered?"—turning to Wolfe, his clear, magnetic face.

Bright and deep and cold as Arctic air, the soul of the man lay tranquil beneath. He looked at the furnace-tender as he had looked at a rare mosaic in the morning; only the man was the more amusing study of the two.

"Are you answered? Why, May, look at him! '*De profundis clamavi.*' Or to quote in English, 'Hungry and thirsty, his soul faints in him.' And so Money sends back its answer into the depths through you, Kirby! Very clear the answer, too!—I think I remember reading the same words somewhere:—washing your hands in Eau de Cologne, and saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this man. See ye to it!'"

• Kirby flushed angrily.

"You quote scripture freely."

"Do I not quote correctly? I think I remember another line, which may amend my meaning: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.' Deist? Bless you, man, I was raised on the milk of the Word."

"Now, Doctor, the pocket of the world having uttered its voice, what has the heart to say? You are a philanthropist, in a small way,—*n'est ce pas?* Here, boy, this gentleman can show you how to cut korl better,—or your destiny. Go on, May!"

"I think a mocking devil possesses you tonight," rejoined the Doctor, seriously.

He went to Wolfe and put his hand kindly on his arm. Something of a vague idea possessed the Doctor's brain that much good was to be done here by a friendly word or two: a latent genius to be warmed into life by a waited-for sunbeam. Here it was; he had brought it. So he went on so complacently:—

"Do you know boy, you have it in you to be a great sculptor, a great man?—do you understand?" (talking down to a capacity of his hearer: it is a way people have

with children, and men like Wolfe,)—"to live a better, stronger life than I, or Mr. Kirby here? A man may make himself anything he chooses. God has given you stronger powers than many men,—me for instance."

May stopped, heated, glowing with his own magnanimity. And it was magnanimous. The puddler had drunk in every word, looking through the Doctor's flurry, and generous heat, and self-approval, into his will, with those slow, absorbing eyes of his.

"Make yourself what you will. It is your right."

"I know," quietly. "Will you help me?"

Mitchell laughed again. The Doctor turned now, in a passion,—

"You know Mitchell, I have not the means. You know, if I had, it is in my heart to take this boy and educate him for—"

"The glory of God, and the glory of John May."

May did not speak for a moment; then, controlled, he said,—

"Why should one be raised when myriads are left?—I have not the money, boy," to Wolfe, shortly.

"Money?" He said it over slowly, as one repeats the guessed answer to a riddle, doubtfully. "That is it? Money?"

"Yes, money,—that is it," said Mitchell, rising, and drawing his furred coat about him. "You've found the cure for all the world's diseases,—Come May, find your good-humor and come home. This damp wind chills my very bones. Come and preach your Saint-Simonian doctrines to-morrow to Kirby's hands. Let them have a clear idea of the rights of the soul, and I'll venture next week they'll strike for higher wages. That will be the end of it."

"Will you send the coach driver to this side of the mills?" asked Kirby, turning to Wolfe.

He spoke kindly; it was his habit to do so. Deborah, seeing the puddler go, crept after him. The three men waited outside. Doctor May walked up and down, chafed. Suddenly he stopped.

"Go back Mitchell! You say the pocket and the heart of the world speak without meaning to these people. What has its head to say? Taste, culture, refinement? Go!"

Mitchell was leaning against a brick wall. He turned his head indolently, and looked into the mills. There hung about the place a thick, unclean odor. The slightest motion of his hand marked that he perceived it, and his insufferable disgust. That was all. May said nothing, only quickened his angry tramp.

"Besides," added Mitchell, giving a corollary to his answer, "it would be of no use. I am not one of them."

"You do not mean"—said May, facing him.

"Yes, I mean just that. Reform is born of need, not pity. No vital movement of the people's has worked down, for good or evil; fermented, instead, carried up the heaving, cloggy mass. Think back through history, and you will know it. What will this lowest deep—thieves, Magdalens, negroes—do with the light filtered through ponderous Church creeds, Baconian theories, Goethe schemes? Some day, out of their bitter need will be thrown up their own light-bringer,—their Jean Paul, their Cromwell, their Messiah."

"Bah!" was the Doctor's inward criticism. However, in practice, he adopted the theory; for, when, night and morning, afterwards, he prayed that power might be given these degraded souls to rise, he glowed at heart, recognizing an accomplished duty.

Wolfe and the woman had stood in the shadow of the works as the coach drove off. The doctor had held out his hand in a frank, generous way, telling him to take care of himself, and to remember it was his right to rise. Mitchell had simply touched his hat, as to an equal, with a quiet look of thorough recognition. Kirby had thrown Deborah some money, which she found, and clutched eagerly enough. They were gone now, all of them. The man sat down on the cinder road, looking up into the murky sky.

"'T be late, Hugh. Wunnot hur come?"

He shook his head doggedly, and the woman crouched out of his sight against the wall. Do you remember rare moments when a sudden light flashed over yourself, your world, God? when you stood on a mountain-peak, seeing your life as it might have been, as it is? one quick instant, when custom lost its force and every-day usage? when your friend, wife, brother, stood in a new light? your soul was bared, and the grave,—a foretaste of the nakedness of the Judgment-Day? So it came before him, his life, that night. The slow tides of pain he had borne gathered themselves up and surged against his soul. His squalid daily life, the brutal coarseness eating into his brain, as the ashes into his skin: before, these things had been a dull aching into his consciousness; to-night, they were reality. He gripped the filthy red shirt that clung, stiff with soot, about him, and tore it savagely from his arm. The flesh beneath was muddy with grease and ashes,—and the heart beneath that! And the soul? God knows.

Then flashed before his vivid poetic sense the man who had left him,—the pure face, the delicate, sinewy limbs, in harmony with all he knew of beauty or truth. In his cloudy fancy he had pictured a Something like this. He had found it in this Mitchell, even when he idly scoffed at his pain: a Man all-knowing, all-seeing, crowned by Nature, reigning,—the keen glance of his eye falling like a sceptre on other men. And yet his instinct taught him that he too— He! He looked at himself with sudden loathing, sick, wrung his hands with a cry, and then was silent. With all the phantoms of his heated ignorant fancy, Wolfe had not been vague in his ambitions. They were practical, slowly built up before him out of his knowledge of what he could do. Through years he had day by day made this hope a real thing to himself,—a clear, projected figure of himself, as he might become.

Able to speak, to know what was best, to raise these men and women working at his side up with him: sometimes he forgot this defined hope in the frantic anguish

to escape,—only to escape,—out of the wet, the pain, the ashes, somewhere, anywhere,—only for one moment of free air on a hillside, to lie down and let his sick soul throb itself out in the sunshine. But to-night he panted for life. The savage strength of his nature was roused; his cry was fierce to God for justice.

“Look at me!” he said to Deborah, with a low, bitter laugh, striking his puny chest savagely. “What am I worth, Deb? Is it my fault that I am no better? My fault? My fault?”

He stopped, stung with a sudden remorse, seeing her hunchback shape withering with sobs. For Deborah was crying thankless tears, according to the fashion of women.

“God gorgi’ me, woman! things go harder wi’ you nor me. It’s a worse share.”

He got up and helped her to rise; and they went doggedly down the muddy street, side by side.

“It’s all wrong,” he muttered, slowly,—“all wrong! I dunnot understand. But it’ll end some day.”

“Come home, Hugh!” she said, coaxingly; for he had stopped, looking around bewildered.

“Home,—and back to the mill!” He went on saying this over to himself, as if he would mutter down every pain in this dull despair.

She followed him through the fog, her blue lips chattering with cold. They reached the cellar at last. Old Wolfe had been drinking since she went out, and had crept nearer the door. The girl Janey slept heavily in the corner. He went up to her, touching softly the worn white arm with his fingers. Some bitterer thought stung him, as he stood there. He wiped the drops from his forehead, and went into the room beyond, livid, trembling. A hope, trifling, perhaps, but very dear, had died just then out of the poor puddler’s life, as he looked at the sleeping, innocent girl,—some plan for the future, in which she had borne a part. He gave it up that moment, then and forever. Only a trifle, perhaps, to us: his face grew a shade paler,—that was all. But, somehow, the man’s soul, as God and the angels looked down on it,

never was the same afterwards.

Deborah followed him into the inner room. She carried a candle, which she placed on the floor, closing the door after her. She had seen the look on his face, as he turned away: her own grew deadly. Yet, as she came up to him, her eyes glowed. He was seated on an old chest, quiet, holding his face in his hands.

“Hugh!” she said, softly.

He did not speak.

“Hugh, did hur hear what the man said,—him with the clear voice? Did hur hear? Money, money,—that it wud do all?”

He pushed her away,—gently, but he was worn out; her rasping tone fretted him.

“Hugh!”

The candle flared a pale yellow light over the cobwebbed brick walls, and the woman standing there. He looked at her. She was young, in deadly earnest; her faded eyes, and wet, ragged figure caught from their frantic eagerness a power akin to beauty.

“Hugh, it is true! Money ull do it! Oh, Hugh, boy, listen till me! He said it true! It is money!”

“I know. Go back! I do not want you here.”

“Hugh, it is t’ last time. I’ll never worrit hur again.”

There were tears in her voice now, but she choked them back.

“Hear till me only to-night! If one of t’ witch people wud come, then we heard of t’ home, and gif hur all hur wants, what then? Say, Hugh!”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean money.”

Her whisper shrilled through his brain.

“If one of t’ witch dwarfs wud come from t’ land moors to-night, and gif hur money, to go out,—out, I say,—out, lad, where t’ sun shines, and t’ heath grows, and t’ ladies walk in silken gownds, and God stays all t’ time,—where t’ man lives that talked to us to-night,—Hugh knows,—Hugh could walk there like a king!”

He thought the woman mad, tried to check her, but she went on, fierce in her eager haste.

"If *I* were t' witch dwarf, if I had t' money, wud hur thank me? Wud hur take me out o' this place wid hur and Janey? I wud not come into the gran' house hur wud build, to vex hur wid t' hunch,—only at night, when t' shadows were dark, stand far off to see hur."

Mad? Yes! Are many of us mad in this way?

"Poor Deb! poor Deb!" he said, soothingly.

"It is here," she said, suddenly jerking into his hand a small roll. "I took it! I did it! Me, me!—not hur! I shall be hanged, I shall be burnt in hell, if anybody knows I took it! Out of his pocket, as he leaned against t' bricks. Hur knows?"

She thrust it into his hand, and then, her errand done, began to gather chips together to make a fire, choking down hysteric sobs.

"Has it come to this?"

That was all he said. The Welsh Wolfe blood was honest. The roll was a small green pocket-book containing one or two gold pieces, and a check for an incredible amount, as it seemed to the poor puddler. He laid it down, hiding his face again in his hands.

"Hugh, don't be angry wud me! It's only poor Deb,—hur knows?"

He took the long skinny fingers kindly in his.

"Angry? God help me, no! Let me sleep. I am tired."

He threw himself heavily down on the wooden bench, stunned with pain and weariness. She brought some old rags to cover him.

It was late on Sunday evening before he awoke. I tell God's truth, when I say he had then no thought of keeping this money. Deborah had hid it in his pocket. He found it there. She watched him eagerly, as he took it out.

"I must gif it to him," he said, reading her face.

"Hur knows," she said with a bitter sigh of disappointment. "But it is hur right to keep it."

His right! The word struck him. Doctor May had used the same. He washed himself, and went out to find this man Mitchell. His right! Why did this chance word cling to him so obstinately? Do you hear the fierce devils whisper in his ear, as he went slowly down the darkening street?

The evening came on, slow and calm. He seated himself at the end of an alley leading into one of the larger streets. His brain was clear to-night, keen, intent, mastering. It would not start back, cowardly, from any hellish temptation, but meet it face to face. Therefore the great temptation of his life came to him veiled by no sophistry, but bold, defiant, owning its own vile name, trusting to one bold blow for victory.

He did not deceive himself. Theft! That was it. At first the word sickened him; then he grappled with it. Sitting there on a broken cart wheel, the fading day, the noisy groups, the church-bells' tolling passed before him like a panorama, while the sharp struggle went on within. This money! He took it out, and looked at it. If he gave it back, what then? He was going to be cool about it.

People going to church saw only a sickly mill-boy watching them quietly at the alley's mouth. They did not know that he was mad, or they would not have gone by so quietly: mad with hunger; stretching out his hands to the world, that had given so much to them, for leave to live the life God meant him to live. His soul within him was smothering to death; he wanted so much, thought so much, and *knew*—nothing. There was nothing of which he was certain, except the mill and things there. Of God and heaven he had heard so little, that they were to him what fairy-land is to a child: something real, but not here; very far off. His brain, greedy, dwarfed, full of thwarted energy and unusual powers, questioned these men and women going by, coldly, bitterly, that night. Was it not his right to live as they,—a pure life, a good, true-hearted life, full of beauty and kind words? He only wanted to know how to use the

strength within him. His heart warmed, as he thought of it. He suffered himself to think of it longer. If he took the money?

Then he saw himself as he might be, strong, helpful, kindly. The night crept on, as this one image slowly evolved itself from the crowd of other thoughts and stood triumphant. He looked at it. As he might be! What wonder, if it blinded him to delirium,—the madness that underlies all revolutions, all progress, and all fall?

You laugh at the shallow temptation? You see the error underlying its argument so clearly,—that to him a true life was one of full development rather than self-restraint? that he was deaf to the higher tone in a cry of voluntary suffering for truth's sake than in the fullest flow of spontaneous harmony? I do not plead his cause. I only want to show you the mote in my brother's eye: then you can see clearly to take it out.

The money,—there it lay on his knee, a little blotted slip of paper, nothing in itself; used to raise him out of the pit; something straight from God's hand. A thief! Well, what was it to be a thief? He met the question at last, face to face, wiping the clammy drops of sweat from his forehead. God made this money—the fresh air, too—for his children's use. He never made the difference between the poor and rich. The Something who looked down on him that moment through the cool gray sky had a kindly face, he knew,—loved his children alike. Oh, he knew that!

There were times when the soft floods of color in the crimson and purple flames, or the clear depth of amber in the water below the bridge, had somehow given him a glimpse of another world than this,—of an infinite depth of beauty and of quiet somewhere,—somewhere,—a depth of quiet and rest and love. Looking up now, it became strangely real. The sun had sunk quite below the hills, but his last rays struck upward, touching the zenith. The fog had risen, and the town and river were steeped in its thick, gray damp; but overhead, the sun-touched smoke-clouds opened like a cleft ocean,—shifting, rolling

seas of crimson mist, waves of billowy silver veined with blood-scarlet, inner depths unfathomable of glancing light. Wolfe's artist-eye grew drunk with color. The gates of that other world! Fading, flashing before him now! What, in that world of Beauty, Content, and Right, were the petty laws, the mine and thine, of mill-owners and mill-hands?

A consciousness of power stirred within him. He stood up. A man,—he thought, stretching out his hands,—free to work, to live, to love! Free! His right! He folded the scrap of paper in his hand. As his nervous fingers took it up, limp and blotted, so his soul took in the mean temptation, lapped it in fancied rights, in dreams of improved existences, drifting and endless as the cloud-seas of color. Clutching it, as if the tightness of his hold would strengthen his sense of possession, he went aimlessly down the street. It was his watch at the mill. He need not go, need never go again, thank God!—shaking off the thought with unspeakable loathing.

Shall I go over the history of the hours of that night? how the man wandered from one to another of his old haunts, with a half-consciousness of bidding them farewell,—lanes and alleys and back-yards where the mill-hands lodged,—noting, with a new eagerness, the filth and drunkenness, the pig-pens, the ash-heaps covered with potato-skins, the bloated, pimpled women at the doors,—with a new disgust, a new sense of sudden triumph, and, under all, a new, vague dread, unknown before, smothered down, kept under, but still there? It left him but once during the night, when, for the second time in his life, he entered a church. It was a sombre Gothic pile, where the stained light lost itself in far-retreating arches; built to meet the requirements and sympathies of a far other class than Wolfe's. Yet it touched, moved him uncontrollably. The distances, the shadows, the still, marble figures, the mass of silent kneeling worshippers, the mysterious music, thrilled, lifted his soul with a wonderful pain. Wolfe forgot himself, forgot the new life he was going to live, the mean terror

gnawing underneath. The voice of the speaker strengthened the charm; it was clear, feeling, full, strong. An old man, who had lived much, suffered much; whose brain was keenly alive, dominant; whose heart was summer-warm with charity. He taught it to-night. He held up Humanity in its grand total; showed the great world cancer to his people. Who could show it better? He was a Christian reformer; he had studied the age thoroughly; his outlook at man had been free, world-wide, over all time. His faith stood sublime upon the Rock of Ages; his fiery zeal guided vast schemes by which the gospel was to be preached to all nations. How did he preach it to-night? In burning, light-laden words, he painted the incarnate Life, Love, the universal Man: words that became reality in the lives of these people,—that lived again in beautiful words and actions, trifling, but heroic. Sin, as he defined it, was a real foe to them; their trials, temptations, were his. His words passed far over the furnace-tender's grasp, toned to suit another class of culture; they sounded in his ears a very pleasant song in an unknown tongue. He meant to cure this world-cancer with a steady eye that had never glared with hunger, and a hand that neither poverty nor strychnine-whiskey had taught to shake. In this morbid, distorted heart of the Welsh puddler he had failed.

Wolfe rose at last, and turned from the church down the street. He looked up; the night had come on foggy, damp; the golden mists had vanished, and the sky lay dull and ash-colored. He wandered again aimlessly down the street, idly wondering what had become of the cloud-sea of crimson and scarlet. The trial-day of this man's life was over, and he had lost the victory. What followed was mere drifting circumstance,—a quicker walking over the path,—that was all. Do you want to hear the end of it? You wish me to make a tragic story out of it? Why, in the police-reports of the morning paper you can find a dozen such tragedies: hints of ship-wrecks unlike any that ever befell on the high seas; hints that here a power was lost to heaven,—that there a soul went down

where no tide can ebb or flow. Commonplace enough the hints are,—jocose sometimes, done up in rhyme.

Doctor May, a month after the night I have told you of, was reading to his wife at breakfast from this fourth column of the morning-paper: an unusual thing,—these police-reports not being, in general, choice reading for ladies; but it was only one item he read.

“Oh, my dear! You remember that man I told you of, that we saw at Kirby’s mill?—that was arrested for robbing Mitchell? Here he is; just listen:—‘Circuit Court. Judge Day. Hugh Wolfe, operative in Kirby & John’s Loudon Mills. Charge, grand larceny. Sentence, nineteen years hard labor in penitentiary.’—Scoundrel! Serves him right! After all our kindness that night! Picking Mitchell’s pocket at the very time!”

His wife said something about the ingratitude of that kind of people, and then they began to talk of something else.

Nineteen years! How easy that was to read! What a simple word for Judge Day to utter. Nineteen years! Half a lifetime!

Hugh Wolfe sat on the window-ledge of his cell, looking out. His ankles were ironed. Not usual in such cases; but he had made two desperate efforts to escape, “Well,” as Haley, the jailer, said, “small blame to him! Nineteen years’ imprisonment was not a pleasant thing to look forward to.” Haley was very good-natured about it, though Wolfe had fought him savagely.

“When he was first caught,” the jailer said afterwards, in telling the story, “before the trial, the fellow was cut down at once,—laid there on that pallet like a dead man, with his hands over his eyes. Never saw a man so cut down in my life. Time of the trial, too, came the queerest dodge of any customer I ever had. Would choose no lawyer. Judge gave him one, of course. Gibson it was. He tried to prove the fellow crazy; but it wouldn’t go. Thing was plain as daylight: money found on him. ’T was a hard sentence,—all the law allows; but it was for ’xample’s sake. These mill-hands are gettin’

onbearable. When the sentence was read, he just looked up, and said the money was his by rights, and that all the world had gone wrong. That night, after the trial, a gentleman came to see him here, name of Mitchell,—him as he stole from. Talked to him for an hour. Thought he came for curiosity, like. After he had gone, thought Wolfe was remarkable quiet, and went into his cell. Found him very low; bed all bloody. Doctor said he had been bleeding at the lungs. He was weak as a cat; yet; if ye'll b'lieve me, he tried to get a-past me and get out. I just carried him like a baby, and threw him on the pallet. Three days after, he tried it again: that time reached the wall. Lord help you! he fought like a tiger,—giv' some terrible blows. Fightin' for life, you see; for he can't live long, shut up in the stone crib down yonder. Got a death-cough now. 'T took two of us to bring him down that day; so I just put the irons on his feet. There he sits, in there. Goin' to-morrow, with a batch more of 'em. That woman, hunchback, tried with him,—you remember?—she's only got three years. 'Complice. But *she's* a woman, you know. He's been quiet ever since I put on irons: giv' up, I suppose. Looks white, sick-lookin'. It acts different on 'em, bein' sentenced. Most of 'em gets reckless, devilish-like. Some prays awful, and sings them vile songs of the mills, all in a breath. That woman, now, she's desper't'. Been beggin' to see Hugh, as she calls him, for three days. I'm a-goin' to let her in. She don't go with him. Here she is in this next cell. I'm a-goin' now to let her in."

He let her in. Wolfe did not see her. She crept into a corner of the cell, and stood watching him. He was scratching the iron bars of the window with a piece of tin which he had picked up, with an idle, uncertain vacant stare, just as a child or idiot would do.

"Tryin' to get out, old boy?" laughed Haley. "Them irons will need a crowbar beside your tin, before you can open 'em."

Wolfe laughed, too, in a senseless way.

"I think I'll get out," he said.

“I believe his brain’s touched,” said Haley, when he came out.

The puddler scraped away with the tin for half an hour. Still Deborah did not speak. At last she ventured nearer, and touched his arm.

“Blood?” she said, looking at some spots on his coat with a shudder.

He looked up at her. “Why, Deb!” he said, smiling,—such a bright, boyish smile, that it went to poor Deborah’s heart directly, and she sobbed and cried out loud.

“Oh, Hugh, lad! Hugh! dunnot look at me, when it wur my fault! To think I brought hur to it! And I loved hur so! Oh, lad, I dud!”

The confession, even in this wretch, came with the woman’s blush through the sharp cry.

He did not seem to hear her,—scraping away diligently at the bars with the bit of tin.

Was he going mad? She peered closely into his face. Something she saw there made her draw suddenly back,—something which Haley had not seen, that lay beneath the pinched, vacant look it had caught since the trial, or the curious gray shadow that rested on it. That gray shadow,—yes, she knew what that meant. She had often seen it creeping over women’s faces for months, who died at last of slow hunger or consumption. That meant death, distant, lingering: but this — Whatever it was the woman saw, or thought she saw, used as she was to crime and misery, seemed to make her sick with a new horror. Forgetting her fear of him, she caught his shoulders, and looked keenly, steadily, into his eyes.

“Hugh!” she cried, in a desperate whisper,—“oh, boy, not that! for God’s sake, not *that*!”

The vacant laugh went off his face, and he answered her in a muttered word or two that drove her away. Yet the words were kindly enough. Sitting there on his pallet, she cried silently a hopeless sort of tears, but did not speak again. The man looked up furtively at her now and then. Whatever his own trouble was, her distress

vexed him with a momentary sting.

It was market-day. The narrow window of the jail looked down directly on the carts and wagons drawn up in a long line, where they had unloaded. He could see, too, and hear distinctly the clink of money as it changed hands, the busy crowd of whites and blacks shoving, pushing one another, and the chaffering and swearing at the stalls. Somehow, the sound, more than anything else had done, wakened him up,—made the whole real to him. He was done with the world and the business of it. He let the tin fall, and looked out, pressing his face close to the rusty bars. How they crowded and pushed! And he,—he should never walk that pavement again! There came Neff Sanders, one of the feeders at the mill, with a basket on his arm. Sure enough, Neff was married the other week. He whistled, hoping he would look up; but he did not. He wondered if Neff remembered he was there,—if any of the boys thought of him up there, and thought that he never was to go down that old cinder-road again. Never again! He had not quite understood it before; but now he did. Not for days or years, but never!—that was it.

How clear the light fell on that stall in front of the market! and how like a picture it was, the dark-green heaps of corn, and the crimson beets, and golden melons! There was another with game: how the light flickered on that pheasant's breast, with the purplish blood dripping over the brown feathers! He could see the red shining of the drops, it was so near. In one minute he could be down there. It was just a step. So easy, as it seemed, so natural to go! Yet it could never be—not in all the thousands of years to come—that he should put his foot on that street again! He thought of himself with a sorrowful pity, as of some one else. There was a dog down in the market, walking after his master with such a stately, grave look!—only a dog, yet he could go backwards and forwards just as he pleased: he had good luck! Why, the very vilest cur, yelping there in the gutter, had not lived his life, had been free to act out

whatever thought God had put into his brain; while he—No, he would not think of that! He tried to put the thought away, and to listen to a dispute between a countryman and a woman about some meat; but it would come back. He, what had he done to bear this?

Then came the sudden picture of what might have been, and now. He knew what it was to be in the penitentiary,—how it went with men there. He knew how in these long years he should slowly die, but not until soul and body had become corrupt and rotten,—how, when he came out, if he lived to come, even the lowest of the mill-hands would jeer him,—how his hands would be weak, and his brain senseless and stupid. He believed he was almost that now. He put his hand to his head, with a puzzled, weary look. It ached, his head, with thinking. He tried to quiet himself. It was only right, perhaps; he had done wrong. But was there right or wrong for such as he? What was right? And who had ever taught him? He thrust the whole matter away. A dark, cold quiet crept through his brain. It was all wrong; but let it be! It was nothing to him more than the others. Let it be!

The door grated, as Haley opened it.

“Come, my woman! Must lock up for t’ night. Come, stir yerself!”

She went up and took Hugh’s hand.

“Good-night, Deb,” he said, carelessly.

She had not hoped he would say more; but the tired pain on her mouth just then was bitterer than death. She took his passive hand and kissed it.

“Hur’ll never see Deb again!” she ventured, her lips growing colder and more bloodless.

What did she say that for? Did he not know it? Yet he would not be impatient with poor old Deb. She had trouble of her own, as well as he.

“No, never again,” he said, trying to be cheerful.

She stood just a moment, looking at him. Do you laugh at her, standing there, with her hunchback, her rags, her bleared, withered face, and the great despised

love tugging at her heart?

"Come, you!" called Haley, impatiently.

She did not move.

"Hugh!" she whispered.

It was to be her last word. What was it?

"Hugh, boy, not THAT!"

He did not answer. She wrung her hands, trying to be silent, looking in his face in an agony of entreaty. He smiled again, kindly.

"It is best, Deb. I cannot bear to be hurted any more."

"Hur knows," she said, humbly.

"Tell my father good-bye; and—and kiss little Janey."

She nodded, saying nothing, looked in his face again, and went out of the door. As she went, she staggered.

"Drinkin' to-day?" broke out Haley, pushing her before him. "Where the Devil did you get it? Here, in with ye!" and he shoved her into her cell, next to Wolfe's, and shut the door.

Along the wall of her cell there was a crack low down by the floor, through which she could see the light from Wolfe's. She had discovered it days before. She hurried in now, and, kneeling down by it, listened, hoping to hear some sound. Nothing but the rasping of the tin on the bars. He was at his old amusement again. Something in the noise jarred on her ear, for she shivered as she heard it. Hugh rasped away at the bars. A dull old bit of tin, not fit to cut kornl with.

He looked out of the window again. People were leaving the market now. A tall mulatto girl, following her mistress, her basket on her head, crossed the street just below, and looked up. She was laughing; but, when she caught sight of the haggard face peering out through the bars, suddenly grew grave, and hurried by. A free, firm step, a clear-cut olive face, with a scarlet turban tied on one side, dark, shining eyes, and on the head the basket poised, filled with fruit and flowers, under which the scarlet turban and bright eyes looked out half-

shadowed. The picture caught his eye. It was good to see a face like that. He would try to-morrow, and cut one like it. *To-morrow!* He threw down the tin trembling, and covered his face with his hands. When he looked up again, the daylight was gone.

Deborah, crouching near by on the other side of the wall, heard no noise. He sat on the side of the low pallet, thinking. Whatever was the mystery which the woman had seen on his face, it came out now slowly, in the dark there, and became fixed,—a something never seen on his face before. The evening was darkening fast. The market had been over for an hour; the rumbling of the carts over the pavement grew more infrequent: he listened to each, as it passed, because he thought it was to be for the last time. For the same reason, it was, I suppose, that he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of each passer-by, wondering who they were, what kind of homes they were going to, if they had children,—listening eagerly to every chance word in the street, as if—(God be merciful to the man! what strange fancy was this?)—as if he never should hear human voices again.

It was quite dark at last. The street was a lonely one. The last passenger, he thought, was gone. No,—there was a quick step: Joe Hill, lighting the lamps. Joe was a good old chap; never passed a fellow without some joke or other. He remembered once seeing the place where he lived with his wife. “Granny Hill” the boys called her. Bedridden she was; but so kind as Joe was to her! kept the room so clean!—and the old woman, when he was there, was laughing at “some of t’ lad’s foolishness.” The step was far down the street; but he could see him place the ladder, run up, and light the gas. A longing seized him to be spoken to once more.

“Joe!” he called, out of the grating. “Good-bye, Joe!”

. The old man stopped a moment, listening uncertainly; then hurried on. The prisoner thrust his hand out of the window, and called again, louder; but Joe was too far down the street. It was a little thing, but it hurt him,—

this disappointment.

"Good-bye, Joe!" he called, sorrowfully enough.

"Be quiet!" said one of the jailers, passing the door, striking on it with his club.

Oh, that was the last, was it?

There was an inexpressible bitterness on his face, as he lay down on the bed, taking the bit of tin, which he had rasped to a tolerable degree of sharpness, in his hand,—to play with, it may be. He bared his arms, looking intently at their corded veins and sinews. Deborah, listening in the next cell, heard a slight clicking sound, often repeated. She shut her lips tightly that she might not scream; the cold drops of sweat broke over her, in her dumb agony.

"Hur knows best," she muttered at last, fiercely clutching the boards where she lay.

If she could have seen Wolfe, there was nothing about him to frighten her. He lay quite still, his arms outstretched, looking at the pearly stream of moonlight coming into the window. I think in that one hour that came then he lived back over all the years that had gone before. I think that all the low, vile life, all his wrongs, all his starved hopes, came then, and stung him with a farewell poison that made him sick unto death. He made neither moan nor cry, only turned his worn face now and then to the pure light, that seemed so far off, as one that said, "How long, O Lord? how long?"

The hour was over at last. The moon, passing over her nightly path, slowly came nearer, and threw her light across his bed on his feet. He watched it steadily, as it crept up, inch by inch, slowly. It seemed to him to carry with it a great silence. He had been so hot and tired there always in the mills! The years had been so fierce and cruel! There was coming now quiet and coolness and sleep. His tense limbs relaxed and settled in a calm languor. The blood ran fainter and slow from his heart. He did not think now with a savage anger of what might be and was not; he was conscious only of deep stillness creeping over him. At first he saw a sea

of faces: the mill-men,—women he had known, drunken and bloated,—Janey's timid and pitiful,—poor old Deb's: then they floated together, like a mist, and faded away, leaving only the clear, pearly moonlight.

Whether, as the pure light crept up the stretched-out figure, it brought with it calm and peace, who shall say? His dumb soul was alone with God in judgment. A voice may have spoken for it from far-off Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Who dare say? Fainter and fainter the heart rose and fell, slower and slower the moon floated from behind a cloud, until, when at last its full tide of white splendor swept over the cell, it seemed to wrap and fold into a deeper stillness the dead figure that never should move again. Silence deeper than night! Nothing that moved, save the black, nauseous stream of blood dripping slowly from the pallet to the floor!

There was outcry and crowd enough in the cell the next day. The coroner and his jury, the local editors, Kirby himself, and boys with their hands thrust knowingly into their pockets and heads on one side, jammed into the corners. Coming and going all day. Only one woman. She came late and outstayed them all. A Quaker, or Friend, as they called themselves. I think this woman was known by that name in heaven. A homely body, coarsely dressed in gray and white. Deborah (for Haley had let her in) took notice of her. She watched them all—sitting on the end of the pallet, holding his head in her arms—with the ferocity of a watchdog, if any of them touched the body. There was no meekness, no sorrow, in her face; the stuff out of which murderers are made, instead. All the time Haley and the woman were laying straight the limbs and cleaning the cell, Deborah sat still, keenly watching the Quaker's face. Of all the crowd there that day, this woman alone had not spoken to her,—only once or twice had put some cordial to her lips. After they all were gone, this woman, in the same still, gentle way, brought a vase of wood-leaves and berries, and placed it by the pallet, then open-

ed the narrow window. The fresh air blew in, and swept the woody fragrance over the dead face. Deborah looked up with a quick wonder.

“Did hur know my boy wud like it? Did hur know Hugh?”

“I know Hugh now.”

The white fingers passed in a slow, pitiful way over the dead, worn face. There was a heavy shadow in the quiet eyes.

“Did hur know where they’ll bury Hugh?” said Deborah in a shrill tone, catching her arm.

This had been the question hanging on her lips all day.

“In t’ town-yard? Under t’ mud and ash? T’ lad’ll smother, woman! He wur born on t’ lane moor, where t’ air is frick and strong. Take hur out, for God’s sake, take hur out where t’ air blows!”

The Quaker hesitated, but only for a moment. She put her strong arms around Deborah and led her to the window.

“Thee sees the hills, friend, over the river? Thee sees how the light lies warm there, and the winds of God blow all the day? I live there,—where the blue smoke is, by the trees. Look at me.” She turned Deborah’s face to her own, clear and earnest. “Thee will believe me? I will take Hugh and bury him there to-morrow.”

Deborah did not doubt her. As the evening wore on, she leaned against the iron bars, looking at the hills that rose far off, through the thick sodden clouds, like a bright, unattainable calm. As she looked, a shadow of their solemn repose fell on her face: its fierce discontent faded into a pitiful, humble quiet. Slow, solemn tears gathered in her eyes: the poor weak eyes turned so hopelessly to the place where Hugh was to rest, the grave heights looking higher and brighter and more solemn than ever before. The Quaker watched her keenly. She came to her at last, and touched her arm.

“When thee comes back,” she said, in a low, sorrowful tone, like one who speaks from a strong heart.

deeply moved with remorse or pity, "thee shall begin thy life again.—there on the hills. I came too late; but not for thee,—by God's help, it may be."

Not too late. Three years after, the Quaker began her work. I end my story here. At evening-time it was light. There is no need to tire you with the long years of sunshine, and fresh air, and slow, patient Christ-love, needed to make healthy and hopeful this impure body and soul. There is a homely pine house, on one of these hills, whose windows overlook broad, wooded slopes and clover-crimsoned meadows,—nched into the very place where the light is warmest, the air free. It is the Friends' meeting-house. Once a week they sit there, in their grave, earnest way, waiting for the Spirit of Love to speak, opening their simple hearts to receive His words. There is a woman, old, deformed, who takes a humble place among them: waiting like them: in her gray dress, her worn face, pure and meek, turned now and then to the sky. A woman much loved by these silent, restful people; more silent than they, more humble, more loving. Waiting: with her eyes turned to hills higher and purer than these on which she lives,—dim and far off now, but to be reached some day. There may be in her heart some latent hope to meet there the love denied her here,—that she shall find him whom she lost, and that then she will not be all-unworthy. Who blames her? Something is lost in the passage of every soul from one eternity to the other,—something pure and beautiful, which might have been and was not: a hope, a talent, a love, over which the soul mourns, like Esau deprived of his birthright. What blame to the meek Quaker, if she took her lost hope to make the hills of heaven more fair?

Nothing remains to tell that the poor Welsh puddler once lived, but this figure of the mill-woman cut in korl. I have it here in a corner of my library. I keep it hid behind a curtain,—it is such a rough, ungainly thing. Yet there are about it touches, grand sweeps of outline, that show a master's hand. Sometimes,—tonight, for instance—the curtain is accidentally drawn back, and I

see a bare arm stretched out imploringly in the darkness, and an eager, wolfish face watching mine: a wan, woful face, through which the spirit of the dead korl-cutter looks out, with its thwarted life, its mighty hunger, its unfinished work. Its pale, vague lips seem to tremble with a terrible question. "Is this the end?" they say,— "nothing beyond?—no more?" Why, you tell me you have seen that look in the eyes of dumb brutes,—horses dying under the lash. I know.

The deep of the night is passing while I write. The gas-light wakens from the shadows here and there the objects which lie scattered through the room: only faintly, though; for they belong to the open sunlight. As I glance at them, they each recall some task or pleasure of the coming day. A half-moulded child's head; Aphrodite; a bough of forest-leaves; music; work; homely fragments, in which lie the secrets of all eternal truth and beauty. Prophetic all! Only this dumb, woful face seems to belong to and end with the night. I turn to look at it. Has the power of its desperate need commanded the darkness away? While the room is yet steeped in heavy shadow, a cool, gray light suddenly touches its head like a blessing hand, and its groping arm points through the broken cloud to the far East, wherein the flickering, nebulous crimson, God has set the promise of the Dawn.

—*The Atlantic Monthly*, 1861.

BEUHRING H. JONES

BEUHRING H. JONES was born May 12, 1823, at Clifton, West Virginia. He was carefully educated, and was a teacher, a lawyer, an editor, and a legislator of ability.

At the beginning of the Civil War, he was living in Missouri. Though he had opposed secession, when President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers for the preservation of the Union, he decided to take up the cause of the South. Two days after the secession of Virginia, he hastened to return to his native State, where he raised a company of infantry called the "Dixie Rifles," and on June 23, 1861, he entered the service of the Confederacy. Colonel Jones was actively engaged in the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond, at Mechanicsville, at Cedar Run, and in the Kanawha Valley Campaign and won the commendation of his superior officers for his bravery. In the battle of New Hope, or Piedmont, in which the Confederates were routed by superior numbers, Colonel Jones was captured, and was sent to Johnson's Island where he remained a prisoner until June 19, 1865, when he was released by order of President Johnson. Broken in health and financially ruined, he went to Lewisburg, where he spent some time in compiling a volume of prose and poetry entitled "The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose and Poetry," in which he included his own verse, as well as the poems and stories of well known Southerners. Colonel Jones died on March 18, 1872, while serving as Second Assistant Secretary of the Constitutional Convention which assembled in Charleston, January 16, 1872.

MY SOUTHERN HOME

*“By the ruins of Babylon, there we sat down; yea,
we wept when we remembered Zion.”—Psalms cxxxvii.*

If Judean captives sat and wept, by Babel's river's sides,
As memories of Zion far came flowing as the tides;
If on the willows hung their harps, when asked to wake
 a strain
Of Zion's plaintive melody, on Chaldea's distant plain.

If they a fearful curse invoked upon each cunning hand,
Prayed that each traitor-tongue benumbed might para-
 lytic stand,
If they allowed disloyalty old memories to destroy,
If they held not Jerusalem above their chiefest joy;

Shall I not weep, Virginia's hills, her slopes and grassy
 plains,
Her cities and her villages; her cottages and fanes;
Her sons so gallant, chivalrous; her bracing mountain air;
Her daughters pure and beautiful, and true as they
 are fair?

Shall not my harp remain unstrung, the captive sing
 no more?
How can I wake the minstrelsy of “Old Virginia's
 Shore?”
The Swiss may pine for glaciers wild, The Scot for glen
 and lake,
The Sciote for his Island home, where maids the vint-
 age make:

I pine for grand old mountains far, where the free
eagle's form
Floats dimly in the upper sky, fierce monarch of the
storm;
The scenes of happy boyhood's years, of vigorous man-
hood's prime,
Of memories that shall e'en survive the with'ring hand
of Time.

For there a sainted mother sleeps beneath the grassy sod,
And there my darling brother's form, red with his young
life's blood,
And there a fond and gentle wife weeps in her widow-
hood,
And there a gray-haired father mourns the loved ones
gone to God.

A curse, then, on my good right hand, a curse upon my
tongue,
If I forget my Southern home—the loins of which I
sprung;
There let me go; my heart is there—there may I calmly
die;
Virginia's turf must wrap my clay, her winds my
requiem sigh!

Johnson's Island, September, 1864.

VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS

VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS, frequently called the Pastoral Poet of the Valley, was born at the family home, Rion Hall, in Jefferson County, West Virginia, in 1838. Having lost her mother in infancy, she was adopted by a widowed cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, nee Ransom, who later married Mr. Bedinger and moved to Kentucky, taking her little adopted daughter with her. There Virginia Lucas, surrounded by everything that love and tenderness could suggest, spent her girlhood days. About 1856, she was sent to Staunton, Virginia, to a school for girls. She never went back to her Kentucky home for, at the urgent request of her father, she dutifully though reluctantly returned to Rion Hall, where she spent the remainder of her brief life. Here amid flowers and trees and other beauties of nature, she found not only companionship but inspiration for her poems. Her life was not without its romance. Her cousin George Washington, of Cold Stream, was her suitor, but because of their relationship her family opposed a marriage between the two, and the disappointed lover went to Missouri never to return.

Virginia Bedinger Lucas was the author of a number of poems which she published in Southern journals under the pen name, Eglantine. "Disappointment in love, the death of her brother, William Lucas, in the Southland, the desolating years of war, and its accompanying loneliness and anxious sorrow may well account for the minor strain in her poetry."

When in her twenty-seventh year, she passed out of life, it was her poet brother, Daniel Bedinger Lucas, who felt her death most keenly; for between the two there had been a rare and beautiful comradeship such as that which blessed the lives of William and Dorothy Words-

worth. Shortly after her death, as a loving memorial to her, Daniel Lucas collected her poems and published them with some of his own works in a volume entitled "The Wreath of Eglantine," in the preface to which he says: "It seems to me in comparing the earlier and later pieces of Eglantine that she had attained to a knowledge of what constitutes Poetry, as distinguished from the mere spontaneous and uncultured outflow of poetic emotion and that, at her death, she was treading closely upon that enchanted domain to breathe whose atmosphere is inspiration indeed."

MEETING OF THE SHENANDOAH AND POTOMAC AT HARPER'S FERRY

How brightly glows yon azure summit's sun-crowned
crest,

Serene amid the vapors gathering there!
Along its misty crags the eagle seeks her nest,
High soaring through the golden-tinted air;
While far below forever rolls the restless stream
Whose origin of old the Indian thought divine,
And deemed its glancing waters caught their starry gleam
From those eternal orbs in night's dark vault that shine.

Thou beautiful, wild River! thy fountains have their
source

'Mong far-off heights; and through Virginia's fertile
vale,
As loth to leave the Blue Ridge side, still winds thy
course,

O'er swept by many a murmuring mountain-gale:
The wild deer quits the lonely steep thy wave to drink,
As twines thy jewel-threaded chain the hills around,

Blithe chirp the birds among the shrubs that line thy
brink,
And sweet is heard the distant sheep-bell's tinkling
sound.

All gently sway the quivering pines that fringe thy flow,
'Mid blossoms gay, and bees thy waters wend,
While in the grassy meads beside, the grazing cattle low,
The rustling corn, and yellow wheat-fields bend:
Ah! listing to thy dear, familiar sound again,
Soft as the shade of summer-clouds upon thy shore,
Borne by the light breeze into the waving grain,
Come back sweet mem'ries of the days that are no more.

Losing thyself, at last, beneath the storm-swept height,
Merged in the deep Potomac evermore,
The rifted rocks are rent asunder by thy might,
As loud resounds the tameless torrent's roar;
A thousand echoes wake from cliff to cliff beyond,
A thousand ripples break from rock to rock beneath,
A thousand breezes bear on high the swelling sound,
And far the white foam, flashing, flings its crystal wreath.

Rush on, forever on, ye River, wildly grand!
Tearing your pathway through the mountain's heart,
Whose pinnacles sublime seemed formed by nature's hand
To mock the puny works of human art!
And here will stand these mountains blue from age to
age—
The eagle ne'er will lack her rock to build upon;
Forever roaring here, these stormy tides will rage—
Forever flow beside the tomb of Washington.

Rear your firm forms, ye Mountain-summits dark with shade!

As calmly o'er your height the sun goes down,
As when our great immortal dead beneath you strayed—

The torrent thunders still as fiercely on!
For here the youthful Washington o'ertrod the shore,
And Jackson saw yon fringe-tree deck the margin green,
The Sage of Monticello wandered here of yore,
And from yon self-poised rock surveyed the glorious
 scene!

The Sun, whose golden strands across the ripples gleam,
Shines on our homes destroyed, our lands laid waste;
While in our lovely valley ruin reigns supreme—

A blackening record, ne'er to be effaced!
But free as are the skies above, these streams below!
Nor war, nor ruin stays their wildly-rolling wave;
Their waters ripple on the same, although they flow
By many a wasted home, and many a hero's grave.

So rolled their current when the Indian's shadow dim
Fell on their breast two hundred years ago,
And so will roll, perchance, when his last requiem
Is chaunted by the vast Pacific's flow;
A thousand echoes will from cliff to cliff respond,
A thousand ripples break from shore to shore beneath,
A thousand breezes bear on high the rushing sound,
As far the white foam, flashing, flings its crystal wreath!

INDIAN SUMMER

The crimson Sun is slowly sinking in the West;
The mournful wind is sighing through the vale;
Soft twilight shadows tremble o'er the streamlet's breast,
And autumn leaves are lifted by the gale.
Nature smiles in all the wondrous beauty of decay;
The verdant meads—the woods, with brilliant hue,
Reflecting the rich glory of the dying day—
Are painted on a field of boundless blue.

The green, sparse grain is peering out from its rich mold,
Not in the dense luxuriance of May,
Nor waves it in the breeze, with harvest's gleam of gold,
But every blade, in velvet-green array,
Assumes a yellow tinge, as streams of orange light
Are pouring gently on the soft, moist clod,
And teaching that the Sun, who paints in glory bright
The curtained East, stoops to the humblest sod.

The far-off mountain-tops, agleam with rosy light,
While shadows lie between of softest blue,
Are changing with the day's departing beams: their
height
Now glows in purple splendor; now its hue
Still takes a deeper dye, as gum with maple blends,
While poplars intertwine their golden boughs;
And many a silver-sparkling streamlet softly wends
His rippling pathway where the linden grows.

Beyond the birch, mixed with the oak-leaf's crimson dye,
The drooping willow, verdant still, is seen;
And o'er each rocky cliff that lifts its head on high
The lordly pine and laurel-leaf are green:
The barking squirrel stores his hollow tree within
Shell-barks and dusky walnuts for his hoard,
And burs ajar, disclosing ripe, brown nuts between,
With rock-oak acorns, full supplies afford.

Round many a rocky brink is hung a scarlet vine,
Whose tempting clusters dangle in the air,
Where sassafras and grape-vine lovingly entwine,
And thorny boughs their purple berries wear;
The timid rabbit hides him in the stones beneath,
And slyly nestles in the withered grass,
Secure, nor hears nor heeds the hound upon the heath,
Unless my step should scare him as I pass.

The coral berries of the bitter-sweet are ripe,
That long ago its light-green leaves has shed:
Within the forest's depths the fragile Indian pipe
Lifts up its waxen stalk, and pale, pure head—
Up-springing in the wildwood's now deserted bowers,
In pearly clusters from its leafy bed,
The loveliest and last of all cold autumn's flowers,
It blooms in lonely beauty round the dead!

As some fair girl doth tremble at her lover's tone,
Ash and shumac leaves, of blushing dye,
Now quiver as the zephyr claims them for his own,
And to his soft caresses gently sigh:—
Oh! wild and melancholy-sweet the wind's low noise!
These fading leaves are spirits fleeting by
Upon the breath of Heaven, and a sweet, sad voice
Of Nature plains that they should early die!

For beauty born of swift decay is gleaming there;
Each shining leaf but brightens as it dies,
Like the feverish flush Death's human victims wear,
Too richly bright for these dim earthly skies;
Alas! ye lovely, soulless things, 'tis not for you
My fainting spirit mourns, although ephemeral—
Ye are but leaves that spring will soon or late renew—
To me the West wind breathes a sadder tale!

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS, known as the Poet of Shenandoah Valley, was born in Charles Town, West Virginia, March 16, 1836. He was the son of William Lucas and Virginia Bedinger Lucas, both of whom were members of distinguished Virginia families. After attending several private academies, he entered the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1856



after four years of brilliant achievement as a student and as an orator. He then entered the well known law school of Judge John W. Brockenbrough, at Lexington, Virginia, and after his graduation in 1859, he began the practice of law in Charles Town.

At the beginning of the Civil War, he promptly offered his services to the Confederacy, and became a member of the staff of General Henry A. Wise. Shortly

before the close of the war, came one of the most thrilling as well as one of the most tragic experiences of his life, when he, amid great difficulty and danger, ran the blockade to New York in a vain effort to save the life of his college friend, John Yates Beall, who had been captured and tried as a spy, and who was executed on Governor's Island, February 24, 1865. Being unable to return to the South, Mr. Lucas went to Canada, where he remained until the close of the war. It was here that he wrote and first published his famous poem, "The

Land Where We Were Dreaming'' which ranks among the greatest war lyrics of the South.

When Mr. Lucas returned to his home shortly after the close of the Civil War, he found himself no longer a resident of Virginia, but of West Virginia, and because of the requirements of the Test Oath he did not resume the practice of law until 1870.

In 1869-70, he was co-editor with J. Fairfax McLaughlen, L L. D., of *The Southern Metropolis*, a weekly published in Baltimore. Alexander H. Stephens said of this paper: "I have read *The Southern Metropolis* from the first number, and have often said, and now repeat, that it comes nearer filling the place of the London *Saturday Review* than any other paper on the continent."

Judge Lucas attained great distinction in his profession, because of his wonderful grasp of intricate legal questions and his eloquent and convincing oratory. Among the honors that came to him were his election to the State Legislature, and his appointment as judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of his State, of which he was president at the time of his death. On account of his extensive law practice, he declined to accept a position as professor of law in West Virginia University, and also an appointment as circuit judge of his district.

In spite of his busy life as a lawyer and judge, he found time to devote to literary work. Shortly after the publication of "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," he published a "Memoir of John Yates Beall." In 1869, he published "The Wreath of Eglantine," which contained the poems of his gifted sister, Virginia, and a number of his own poems, among which was his long poem "St. Agnes of Guienne," which was favorably received throughout the South. In 1869, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston writes: "Whether 'St. Agnes of Guienne' is an old legend, as we suppose, or an invention of the poet, its handling is original and striking. The style has a well chosen quaintness in fine keeping with the mediaeval period in which the story has place. There is sometimes

a rich sensuousness of description which suggests Keats' 'Eve of St. Agnes,' Very delicate, cameo-like chiseling, betraying, we think, the mallet hand As critics, we might pour out a vial or two of wrath on the head of some of Mr. Lucas' riotous metaphors, but we forbear, mollified and subdued by the abounding beauties of the poem"

Of this volume, a critic writes in *The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin*, of January 18, 1869: "These graceful poems possess so much of real merit and are marked by so many evidences of positive poetic beauty, that they might be left to introduce themselves Mr. Lucas is not unknown in the periodical literature of the day, and there are many, both North and South, who will recognize in the pages of this volume old and highly prized favorites Among them will be particularly remembered "The Land Where We Were Dreaming" than which, with the exception of several of Father Ryan's lyrics, we recall nothing more exquisite in the War poetry of the South 'Patriotic and National Poems' repeat the pathos and beauty of the above. These are followed by some twenty 'Tintographic Melodies' some of which even a stern critic might declare to be almost faultless in conception, and melody, and rhythm, etc."

Among his most charming poems, are a number of love lyrics addressed to Miss Lena T. Brooke of Richmond, Virginia, who became his wife in 1869. "The Wreath of Eglantine" was followed by a war drama, "The Maid of Northumberland," in 1879 and by "Ballads and Madrigals," in 1884, in which are found a number of occasional poems of merit. He contributed a number of notable papers to *The Southern Metropolis*. Among them were his orations on Jackson, John Randolph, Henry Clay, and Daniel O'Connell, all of which received high commendation.

Since the death of Judge Lucas, in 1909, a collection of his poems entitled "The Land Where We Were Dreaming" and a volume of his dramatic works includ-

ing "The Maid of Northumberland," "Hildebrand," and "Kate McDonald" have been edited by his daughter, Virginia, and Professor Charles W. Kent. In the introduction to Judge Lucas's "Dramatic Works," Doctor Tucker Brooke of Yale University says: "Though Judge Lucas's most permanent contribution as a poet will doubtless be found, where he himself would have indicated it, in his lyrics of patriotism and sentiment, the poetic distinction of his plays is quite indisputable. The use of blank verse is never with him, as it has so often been with closet dramatists, a mere presumptuous affectation or a garish cloak to cover the writer's incapacity for realistic dialogue."

MY HEART IS IN THE MOUNTAINS

Right nobly flows the River James
From Richmond to the Sea,
And many a hollowed mem'ry claims,
And tribute of love from me;
But Western Tempe farther on—
Mother of limestone fountains!
My heart goes back with the setting sun—
My heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

There where the fringe-tree nods his plume,
Beneath the white pine's shade—
There where the laurel drops his bloom
O'er many a wild cascade—
There where the eagle seeks his nest—
Mother of limestone fountains!
List to an exile's prayer for rest—
My heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

From the Gap where the Daughter of the Stars
Down like a maiden coy
Her dowry to Potomac bears,
Who leaps to her arms with joy,
Far back to Hampshire's cloud-capped hills
And Page's limestone fountains,
There's not a spot, but my bosom thrills—
My heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

The wide expanse of the boundless sea
Is a sight to stir the soul,
And there is a breadth of majesty
In the Western prairie's roll—
But give me the heights that milk the clouds,
And gather the dew in fountains!
Give me the peaks, with their misty shrouds—
My heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

There's something blank in the landscape here
And tame in the water's flow—
I pine for a mountain atmosphere,
And a crag in the sunset's glow!
King of the Hills! Blue Ridge that I love!
Feed still the Vale with fountains,
From rock and dale, and mountain-cove—
My heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

Down at thy feet from the River's crest
I've seen the rainbow rise
And stretch along on thy rockbound breast
Like a jewel from the skies:
Symbol of peace! Oh, not in vain
Come down from the heavenly fountains,
Let the exile return to his home again
For my heart, my heart is in the Mountains!

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land;
 Children were we in simple faith,
 But god-like children, whom nor death,
Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
 In the land where we were dreaming!

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender;
 And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
 At evening hushed the whip-poor-will,
At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

And we had graves that covered more of glory,
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
 And in our dream we wove the thread
 Of principles for which had bled,
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

Tho' in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be;
 Till Northern glances, slanting down,
 With envy viewed our harvest sun—
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;
 Crimson the Moon; between the Twins
 Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
Of light; red Comets tossed their fiery manes
 O'er the land where we were dreaming!

Down from her eagle height smiled Liberty,
And waved her hand in sign of victory;
 The world approved, and everywhere,
 Except where growled the Russian bear,
The brave, the good, the just gave us their prayer,
 For the land where we were dreaming!

High o'er our heads a starry flag was seen,
Whose field was blanced, and spotless in its sheen;
 Chivalry's cross its union bears,
 And by his scars each vet'ran swears
To bear it on in triumph through the wars,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

We fondly thought a Government was ours—
We challenged place among world's great powers;
 We talked in sleep of rank, commission,
 Until so life-like grew the vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he lowly knelt, then rose and wept;
 Then gathering up a thousand spears,
 He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
 From the land where were dreaming!

We looked again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
 Erect he stood, as clothed with power;
 Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour,
With firm, majestic sway,—of strength a tower,
 In the land where we were dreaming!

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free,
So Richmond, we, on guard for thee,
Beheld a bronzed hero, god-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls,—
As wakes the mother when her infant falls,—
As starts the traveler when around
His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound,—
So woke our nation with a single bound
In the land where we were dreaming!

Woe! Woe! is us, the startled mothers cried,
While we have slept, our noble sons have died!
Woe! woe! is us, how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled,
Have left us nothing real but our dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No, Dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again;
From every plain,—from every height,—
On which they seemed to die for right,
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming!

EDWIN GRAY LEE

EDWIN GRAY LEE, the second son of Edmund Jennings Lee and Henrietta Bedinger Lee, was born at Lee-land, Jefferson County, West Virginia, May 25, 1835. He received his academic training at Hallowell's School at Alexandria, Virginia, and at William and Mary College. He studied law under the late Judge John Brockenbrough at Lexington. Shortly after he had begun the practice of law, the Civil War broke out and he entered the service of the Confederacy as a second lieutenant in the Second Virginia Infantry. He performed his duties with such fidelity and ability that he received one promotion after another. In May, 1861, he was appointed first-lieutenant and aide to General Thomas J. Jackson. He was then made major of the Thirty-third Regiment and later lieutenant-colonel. In August, 1862, he was promoted to colonel. Early in 1863, he was forced by ill health to resign from the army, but in the fall he was assigned to active duty, and in May 1864 served on the staff of General Robert Ransom on the south side of the James River. The following June, he was sent to Staunton, Virginia, and, when the enemy advanced, he succeeded in saving all the government property and all the prisoners. In October 1864, he was appointed a brigadier-general and later was sent to Canada on a secret mission for the Confederacy.

On November 17, 1859, General Lee was married to Susan Pendleton, daughter of Rev. William Nelson Pendleton, D.D., and Anzolette Elizabeth Page Pendleton, of Lexington, Virginia.

The close of the Civil War found General Lee broken in health and on August 24, 1870, he died at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, Montgomery County, Virginia.

On hearing of his death, his kinsman, General Robert E. Lee, wrote: "I am truly sorry to hear of Edwin

Lee's death. He was a true man, and if his health had permitted would have been a benefit as well as an ornament to his race. He was certainly a great credit to the name."

General Lee was the author of a number of poems remarkable for their melody and their beauty of diction. Much of his verse was published in Southern magazines and other periodicals and was thought by critics to possess high merit. "To a Mocking Bird," which is regarded as one of his most beautiful poems, was written in 1869, while he was in Florida on a vain quest for health.

THE ROSE OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

Beautiful jewels on velvet of green,
That peer from yon casket so high;
Beautiful starlets of daintiest sheen,
That peep from an emerald sky;
Beautiful golden buds, lulling to sleep
The sprites that must nestle them there;
Beautiful gems that the May-Queen will keep
To twine in her beautiful hair;
Gems for the Spring-Queen to clasp on her breast;
Gems that have borrowed their tinge from the west;
Or lent of their delicate hue to the crest
Of the cloud that entices the sun to his rest;
Your rich, bursting petals fresh beauties unfold,
Beautiful, beautiful Roses of Gold!

Such odor diffusing above and beneath,
That tremulous breezes delay,
Clinging in lassitude soft to each wreath,
Unwilling to flutter away!
So subtly distilling the exquisite breath,
From crucibles hid in your bloom,
The surfeited zephyrs are sighing for death,
In an ecstasy—drunk with perfume!
Palace of beauty, where fairies should throng,
Throne of the mocking-bird—monarch of song—
Mate for the jessamine—bower of love—

Home for the humming-bird, gift from above,
Concentrate loveliness, sweetness untold,
Beautiful, Beautiful Roses of Gold!

Hath each topaz flower, low down in its heart,
A voice that it cannot control?
What is it ye tell us, what lesson impart,
That appeals from the sense to the soul?
Ye tell of the bountiful love of the hand
That scattered the wealth of the spring;
Ye tell of beneficent spirits that stand
By the throne where THE GIVER is King!
Ye lift up the heart from the world ye adorn,
To the world where your heaven-lent beauties were
born,
To the world where the incense of love should ascend,
Its fragrance with songs of the angels to blend!
Ye tell of the glories that there we'll behold,
Beautiful, beautiful Roses of Gold.

—*Home Monthly*, June 1868.

TO A MOCKING BIRD

Hast ever heard the skylark's deathless note,
As, with ambitious wing,
And more ambitious song, he seemed to float
Almost where angels sing;
As tho' he sought to steal some Heavenly strain
To swell the measure of his own refrain?

Hast thou had teaching from the nightingale
Hymning the list'ning moon?
Or, slyly covert in some secret vale,
Conned o'er the thrush's tune;
And caught the rich, full-throated gush he flings
Into the orchestra that April brings?

To learn the bul-bul's note, o'er Persia's sands
Hast thou unwearied flown?
Or snatched thee from the fair Australian strands

The bell-bird's vibrate tone,
That thou canst blend its lingering, silver thrill
With parodies of jay and whippoorwill?

Do orioles from verdant Chesapeake,
And crested cardinal,
With linnets from the Severn come to seek,
Obedient to thy call?
If they can give thee one new music thought,
Who ev'ry note from ev'ry land has caught?

Or hast thou been where music's fountains start
'Neath mystic, mythic skies,
And drunk too deeply, that from out thy heart
Such glorious melodies
Leap gushing, gargling, in tumultuous throng
Until the quivering tree-top drips with song?

Methinks the rarest choirs of Fairyland
Attuned each choicest chord;
Then sent the master songsters from each band
And bade them teach thee, bird!
Who, having taught, bewildered, gathered round
And marveled where such wondrous song was found!

God bless thee, Southland bird! God bless thy lay!
Like music in a dream,
It floats from old Potomac's cliffs away
To Colorado's stream;
From where Virginia's mountain torrents roar,
To where the warm Gulf laps the Texan shore.

Where Creole maids their loved and lost ones weep
Among the cypress glades;
Or Carolina's blue-eyed daughters keep
Beneath magnolia's shades
The darling graves where rest their darling dead,
And lay camelias o'er the sleeper's head!

And everywhere thy joyous medleys ring,
The weary mourners smile,
And saddest hearts grow bright to hear thee sing,
Sweet music—king, the while
They breathe, “God bless thee,” thou that dost belong
To us, O bird of universal song.

—*The Southern Metropolis*, 1869.

Period of the
Development of the State
under the
New Constitution
(1872 - 1922)

DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON

DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON, one of West Virginia's most distinguished educators, was born near Rowlesburg, Preston County, West Virginia, February 15, 1850. He is the son of Rev. Jesse M. Purinton and Nancy (Alden) Purinton. He comes from a long line of ancestors who were distinguished Baptist clergymen. His early education was obtained in Georges Creek Academy at Smithfield, Pennsylvania. He was graduated from West Virginia University with an A. B. degree in 1873 and received an A. M. degree from that institution in 1876. In 1889, Denison University conferred upon him an LL. D. degree and in 1892 the University of Nashville gave him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Doctor Purinton has spent over forty years in the service of his Alma Mater. From 1873 until 1878 he taught in the University Preparatory School. He was then successively professor of logic, 1878-80; of mathematics, 1880-84; and of metaphysics, 1885-89. In 1881-82, he was vice-president and acting president of West Virginia University. In 1889, he accepted a position as president of Denison University. He resigned in 1901 to become president of West Virginia University. After an efficient and successful administration of twelve years, Doctor Purinton resigned in 1912. As president emeritus he retains his deep interest in everything that pertains to the welfare of the University, in the service of which he has spent the greater part of his life.

Doctor Purinton is a member of the National Education Association, the American Association of State University Presidents, the Ohio Educational Association and the Southern Association of College Sunday Schools. He is one of the most prominent Baptists of the State and has for years been a member of the executive committee of the Northern Baptist Convention. He is also a member of the executive committee of the International Sunday School Association.

Doctor Purinton married Florence Alden Lyon who is a descendent of John and Priscilla Alden. Doctor and Mrs. Purinton have four children: Edward Earl, who is inter-nationally recognized as an authority on subjects of efficiency; Mary Lyon, now Mrs. Robert R. Green of New York City; John Alden, a prominent lawyer of Washington, D. C., and Helen Elizabeth, now Mrs. Harry Alford Pettigrew of Morgantown.

Doctor Purinton is the author of "Christian Theism." In 1875, he published "College Songs for West Virginia University." He has written a number of songs, the best known of which is "West Virginia Hills." The music and words of this song were written in 1877, for his class in music at West Virginia University. "West Virginia Hills" is regarded by many persons as the most beautiful of our State songs.

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Oh! the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
That 'round my childhood home forever stand;
How I love the lofty crags, the rocks and gentle rills,
That tell me of my native land.

Chorus.—

Oh! the hills, beautiful hills,
Oh! the hills, beautiful hills,
That stand around my childhood home;
Oh! the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
I love them still where'er I roam.

Oh! the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
With wealth and beauty, truth and grandeur crowned,
Where the fruit of honest toil, the grateful garner fills,
And wisdom holds her seat profound.

Chorus.

Oh! the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
Tho' other scenes and other joys may come,
I can ne'er forget the love that now my bosom thrills,
Within my humble mountain home.

Chorus.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON

WILLIAM LEIGHTON was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 22, 1833. His father was of English parentage, and his mother of Puritan ancestry. When he was about five years of age, his family moved to Concord, Massachusetts, where he spent his boyhood.

After his graduation from the scientific department of Harvard, he was engaged in the manufacture of glass

in his native state, and later in Wheeling, West Virginia, where he owned and managed an extensive glass factory. After having been a resident of Wheeling for about twenty-five years, Mr. Leighton retired from business, and went abroad with his family where he spent the last years of his life in travel, study, and literary work.



Mr. Leighton was a writer whose charm and ability were widely recognized. It is a noteworthy coincidence that

his "Sons of Godwin," an historical dramatic poem, and Tennyson's "Harold," both dealing with the same interesting period of history, and with the same historical characters, were published, the one in America, the other in England, in 1876, practically simultaneously. "The Sons of Godwin" attracted a great deal of attention, and many critics were of the opinion that it compared very favorably with Tennyson's work. A year later, Mr.

Leighton published "At the Court of King Edwin," a poem of intense historic and dramatic interest. In 1878, he published "Change, the Whisper of the Sphinx," a philosophical poem, upon which he was engaged during a large part of his life, and which he was invited to read, when it was in its early form, at Ralph Waldo Emerson's home to Mr. Emerson and to a distinguished literary circle of Concord, where later the famous Concord School of Philosophy was founded.

Mr. Leighton was a careful student of Shakespeare, and wrote several notable works on the great dramatist and his writings. Among these are "A Sketch of Shakespeare," "The Subjection of Hamlet," and "Shakespeare's Dream." Two other works of this scholarly author are his "Translation of the Merry Tales of Hans Sachs" and "The History of Oliver and Arthur," a translation in verse of a quaint mediaeval French romance. The latter was published in an edition de luxe by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The "Soldiers' Monument Poem" or "The Price of the Present Paid by the Past" which was written for and recited at the dedication of the monument erected in Wheeling in memory of the soldiers who gave their lives in the defense of the Union, shows that the author was without prejudice or bias. One of Mr. Leighton's latest works, "A Scrapbook of Pictures and Fancies," is a collection of short poems including a number of exquisite sonnets, which "sprang from hours of thought in several lands." This book, which is dedicated to the author's wife, daughter, and sister, "who" he says, "made for me the poetry of my life," contains poems of such beauty of thought and expression that no student of literature can afford to be unacquainted with his verse.

Mr. Leighton greatly enjoyed writing, and wrote almost constantly until within three days of his death which occurred in Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1911. Two months before he passed away he and his wife cele-

brated their golden wedding in honor of which he wrote two lovely sonnets. His cinerary urn was placed in the beautiful and peaceful Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord where his early youth had been spent.

THE FOUNTAIN

In mad career
Are dancing here
The spirits of the water:
Quaint shapes appear, to laugh and jeer,
As down the bright drops patter.
In hollow way
Beneath the clay
Their tinkling feet have run,
To greet the day with frolic play,
Upleaping to the sun.
These elves have fled
Their native bed,
And here most cunningly
They have been led, with fairy tread
To caper airily.
Hark, how they cry,
As forth they fly,
And shout their glad huzzas:
“This stairway high, to mount the sky,
Will toss us to the stars!”
As pure and white
The waters bright
In crystal streams outpour,
Their sparkles write, in words of light,
This legend evermore:
“Who stops to drink
Upon the brink
Of our o’erflowing brim
Need never think his lips should shrink
From what we pour for him:
“No poison foul
Is in our bowl

To madden heart and brain;
No wicked bane to give him pain,
Or noble manhood stain.
Fly from the charms
And baleful harms,
Round madding cups that cling,
To soothing calms and healing balms
That our pure waters bring!"

1878.

THE PRICE OF THE PRESENT
PAID BY THE PAST

Peace and content—

Far other were those fiercer days
When all the nation was ablaze,
And our dear land by inward ravage rent.
Ah, not yet wholly healed,
The painful, gaping wounds that then were made
When brother 'gainst his brother stood arrayed
On many a bloody field,
And War unloosed his iron-throated dogs to tear
With angry strife;
Nor Pity's voice could make the cruel cannon spare
One human life!

War cried unceasingly,
Like the fierce Aztec deity,
"Heap up for me,
High on my bloody shrine, the promise of the land—
The bravest and the best the country hath;
Send forth a chosen band
Each day to feed my burning wrath!"

And they went forth—
Alas, full dearly did we pay
For the prosperity that smiles to-day!—
And North and South,
With the best blood in all the land, made red
The battle-fields where their brave soldiers bled,
And heaped the earth with dead.

Hark to each heavy peal
As cannon shots resound;
Even the strong hills reel
And tremble with the sound!—
Now through the rifts of smoke-clouds see
The gleaming lines go by,
And battle-flags that o'er them fly,
Torn by sharp rifle-shots and the death-winged artillery.
Disordered by that dreadful rain
Are all the glittering lines;
But o'er them sweeps the smoke again,
On which the sunlight shines,
Painting the veil that hides the dead
With beauty to the eye;
But, ah! beneath, the earth is red
With tint of deeper dye.

Stretched on his hospital cot
When fever racked each wasted limb,—
O hapless lot!—
Weary were days and nights with him;
Or, far away
From his lone bed of woe and pain,
Remembrance led him home again,
Guiding the weary soldier's wandering
Where memory had a magic charm to bring
Again the day
When, from his friends and home departing,
A mother's tears fell on his cheek,
Telling the love she could not speak
For sobbing;
Or loving lips were pressed to his
In tender farewell of a kiss
That memory
Had treasured from that hour to this
How fondly!

That home he never more may see,
Save in hot fever's phantasy;

But in his cot of pain alone
Must yield up life with dying moan;
No friendly ear to hear the sighs,
 His last of earthly sorrowing,
 Ere, rising on its heavenly wing,
Homeward at last his spirit flies.

And shall I tell
Of all the hardships that befell,—
The cruel tortures of the heart and brain,
Famine, and pain,—
 Him whose sad fate
Bade him a prisoner long remain,
 Sadly to wait
The turning of his prison key,
To wait and sigh for liberty!

So suffered they
Whose monument we dedicate to-day.
 War's iron rain,
 Fever, and pain,
 The weary waiting, and the galling chain
Of dull imprisonment,
With sundered ties of home, and banishment—
All these did they endure that we
More fortunate might be;
 And broad o'er all the land,
 From east to western strand,
Our country might be blessed with glad prosperity.

Then let no niggard meed
Of honor grace each deed
 So bravely done
On every battle-field whose name,
Engraven here, records the fame
 Our countrymen have won;
That patriots yet to be,—
 While still within the land
 Such monuments shall stand,—

May bless the memory
Of those who freely gave
Their blood and lives to save
And keep our nation great and glorious still,
And free, and indivisible.

So may the future days
Come nobly to our State:
When, prosperous and great,
Her citizens shall praise
Those who gave life and all to consecrate
Their land to liberty;
And bade their watchword be
These words in granite here,
To freemen ever dear,
Montani semper Liberi.
From *Soldiers' Monument Poem.*

CHRISTMAS

Their galleys hauled upon the shore,
Huge Norsemen, in their chiefain's hall,
Feasted while Yule-logs flashed and lit
Axes and swords upon the wall:
Half-roasted meat the tables piled
Barbaric feast for warriors wild.

Seen in that lurid, smoky light,
How brutal every Northman's face!
How vast each hero's bulky form,
From sire to son, a giant race!
Round each fierce face, that feasted there,
Hung tangles wild of flaxen hair.

They drained the mead from oaken pails;
They shouted, sang, in savage glee;
They drank to heroes and their gods
In rude, tumultuous revelry:
The timbers rough, that roofed them o'er,
Shook with their huge throat's deafening roar.

That feast, at winter's solstice kept
By heathen of an elder day,
The Christian world has still preserved,
Though milder honors now we pay;
Of Yule, our Christmas takes the place—
We, children of that northern race.

When, nineteen hundred years ago,
In Bethlehem a babe was born,
The holy Mary with him lay
In lowly stable on that morn
When overhead shone down the star
That led the Magi from afar;

And Bethlehem's shepherds, tending flocks,
Heard a sweet choir of angels sing,
Beneath that star's benignant light,
An anthem to their new-born king;
And knelt to bless morn's dawning ray
That ushered in the Christmas day.

A sacred message, sent to tell
Of universal brotherhood,
Of purer faith, of larger life,
Of the ennobling power of Good,
Shone, like a holy diadem,
In the fair star of Bethlehem:

A Savior born to bless the world;
From fables, myths, and gods of Greece,
To free the hearts and souls of men—
A Savior and a God of Peace.
Celestial light from Heaven above
Was shining o'er the birth of Love:

O wondrous birth so long ago!
O glory of a Christmas day!
And if the world must still be blind,
With nineteen centuries passed away,

Yet ever Love, with deathless light,
Is shining through the darkest night.

Now round our fathers' hearths we meet
When Christmas comes with waning year,
Renewing those domestic ties
Though sundered oft, yet ever dear—
Brothers and sisters, children, all,
The grandsire old, the grandchild small:

Around the table happy faces
Are lighted by a sweet content;
The hearty laughter, joyous chatting,
Fill up the time with merriment;
And toasts are drunk with speech and song
While love and joy the feast prolong.

And later, when the feast is o'er,
The evening hours are bright and gay,
And music lends its witching power,
With joyous strains to crown the day,
While dancing forms flit to and fro
'Neath holly branch and mistletoe.

Dear recollections of those days
Return to us in after years
When now, perchance, we meet no more;
Nor Christmas brings its wonted cheers,
As colder comes the festal day,
Brothers and sisters far away:

Death may have thinned the joyous band,
The hearth now cold where once we met,
Scattered the children of one sire.
But those dear ties we ne'er forget:
Round Christmas cluster memories dear,
The hallowed time of all the year:

The Christmas days of earlier life
Come back to memory with their throng
Of recollections of our youth:
Bright scenes, dear friends, to them belong—
Those halcyon days when griefs were few,
And life more sweet than then we knew.

Though smaller now the number be
Of those dear ones who greet the day,
The closer grow the ties of love
To those death spares to cheer our way;
And Hope suggests, another land
At length will reunite our band.

A SONNET IS A JEWEL

A sonnet is a jewel that should shine
With lustre like a diamond; its light,
Refracted by each facet, gleaming bright
From a clear central fire; its every line
Wrought by the poet's art in fashion fine;
But if he shape its brilliance not aright,
Although the gem be precious, ruined quite
Is all its beauty and its fair design.

Whether it hath the diamond's purity,
The ruby's depth of passion, or express
Hope like the emerald, it yet must glow
With poet inspiration, and must be
A thing of beauty, truth, or daintiness,
Fashioned by art, its preciousness to show.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

Though life be tranquil here, yet, after this,
Is there a life of more tranquility
Within each quiet grave's small boundary?
Can Death our hopes and passions then dismiss
With the cold touch of his dissolving kiss?
Ah! who may gauge this deepest mystery,
Momentous secret of the life to be?—
Eternal sleep or waking?—pain or bliss?
But restful seems the last abiding place
In Sleepy Hollow of the village dead.
Here lieth Emerson; the Alcotts here;
Hawthorne and Thoreau. Genius, virtue, grace,
And reach of thought were in the lives they led;
But larger thought now theirs, and sight more clear.

TIME, BREAK THY GLASS!

Time, break thy glass, and stay thy flight!
Why should the days so quickly pass?
Rest thee, and learn sweet rest's delight!—
Time, break thy glass!

Time, drop thy cruel scythe of might,
That kills so many hopes, alas!
O spare the world thy ancient spite!—
Time, break thy glass!

Time, clear thy brow of gloom and fright!
Let smiles, within thy heart, amass
The soul's glad sunshine, warm and white!—
Time, break thy glass!

AMANDA ELLEN KING

(Mrs. David H. King)

AMANDA ELLEN KING, nee Ruddell, was born in April, 1846. In February, 1879, she was married to Rev. David H. King, who was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. Mrs. King lived at Lonaconing, Maryland, from 1880 until 1887. For the following thirty-five years she resided in Vineland, New Jersey, where for twenty-five years her husband was pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Since May, 1921, she has been living in Hollywood, California, where Mr. King died October, 1921. Mrs. King has three children; Vera and Mrs. Zeta Schreckengost of Hollywood, and Arthur Raymond of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She has four brothers all of whom live in West Virginia.

Mrs. King is widely known as the author of one of our most popular State songs, "The West Virginia Hills," which was written in 1879 while she was on her wedding trip from Glenville, West Virginia to her new home in Punxsutawney. In 1885, Mr. H. E. Engle of Lloydsville, West Virginia composed the melody to which the words of "The West Virginia Hills" are now sung.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Oh! the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills?

Chorus.—O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia
hills.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
Where my girlhood's hours were passed;
Where I often wandered lonely,
And the future tried to cast;
Many are our visions bright
Which the future ne'er fulfills;
But how sunny were my day-dreams
On those West Virginia hills!

—Chorus.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How unchanged they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed sky-ward
To the Great Almighty's Land!
Many changes I can see,
Which my heart with sadness fills,
But no changes can be noticed
In those West Virginia hills!

—Chorus.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
I must bid you now adieu;
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever dream of you;
In the evening time of life,
If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision
Of those West Virginia hills!

—Chorus.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

DANSKE DANDRIDGE was the daughter of Hon. Henry Bedinger and Caroline (Lawrence) Bedinger, both of whom were members of distinguished families. She was born in Copenhagen, November 19, 1854, while her father was United States Minister to Denmark. She was called Danske, little Dane, in the language of her birthplace. When she was three years old, her parents



returned to America, where they shortly died. Their daughter was reared by her grandfather, Hon. John W. Lawrence of Flushing, Long Island. She was educated privately and was graduated with the highest honors from a well known school in Staunton, Virginia. On May 3, 1877 she married Hon. A. S. Dandridge and came to Rose Brake, near Shepherdstown, West Virginia, which remained her home until her death on June 4, 1914. Here

she wrote poems that appeared in *The Independent*, *Harpers*, *The Century* and other magazines, and that won for her recognition in the literary world. Her verse received the commendation of Lowell and Holmes and also Whittier who used an example of her work in his "Songs of Three Centuries." Edmund Clarence

Stedman also appreciated her poems and included "The Dead Moon" and "The Spirit of the Fall" in his "American Anthology."

Mrs. Dandridge's collected poems first appeared in two volumes, "Joy and Other Poems" and "Rose Brake," both of which are now out of print. Most of these poems were included in an enlarged edition of "Joy and Other Poems" which was published in 1900.

Mrs. Dandridge is a nature poet whose delicacy of fancy and charm of expression have won the admiration of her readers. She excels in the gift of fitting nature to human moods and feelings.

Doctor Waitman Barbe says of Mrs. Dandridge: "But she is not a nature poet at all in the sense which that word has carried since the time of Wordsworth; she is the poet rather of nature's blossoms and birds and moonlight mysteries. To be the laureate of elf-land and of rose-land requires a delicate touch, and hers is both delicate and sure. She is master of her art as well as of her elves, and her verses are, metrically considered, almost faultless. Such exquisite workmanship is a delight. If a rose is her theme, the poem embodying it is as perfect as a rose. Her song sparrows and her thrushes never sing out of rhyme."

Douglas Sladen in his introduction to "Younger American Poets (1891) says: "To my mind almost the most poetical among young poetesses are Danske Dandridge and Helen Gray Cone. Their style and choice of subjects are quite different but both have the genuine note—are really songbirds. . . . Both are happy and ingenious in their metre and fresh in their feeling."

From 1904 until 1909, Mrs. Dandridge devoted most of her time to writing for garden magazines. "Spireas for Foliage Effects," "Old Monarch of Tulip Trees," "American Viburnums," and "My Garden from Day to Day," a serial, were published in *Country Life in America* and in *The Country Calendar*.

She was also the author of valuable historical works including "George Michael Bedinger, a Kentucky Pion-



ROSE BRAKE, THE HOME OF DANSKE DANDRIDGE

eer," "Historic Shepherdstown," and "American Prisoners of the Revolution," all of which show painstaking and scholarly research on the part of the author and are distinguished for their clear and interesting style.

TO MY COMRADE TREE

"The tree is grown that shall yield to each.....
his last 'narrow house and dark.' "—*Country Parson*.

Remote in woods where thrushes chant;
Or on some lonely mountain slope;
Or in a copse, the cuckoo's haunt—
With fingers pointing to the cope,
There stands a tree, there stands a tree,
Must fall before they bury me.

O waiting heart, where'er thou art,
At last thy dust with mine shall blend;
For though we spend our days apart,
We come together at the end;
And thou with me, and I with thee,
Must lie in perfect unity.

Within a cramped confine of space,
And owning naught of earth beside,
That heart must be my dwelling-place
For whom the world was not too wide.
A new-time Dryad, mine must be
The shape that shall inhabit thee.

Perchance in some lone wandering
On thine old roots I may have lain,
And heard above the wood-birds sing,
While God looked down upon us twain;
And did I feel no thrill, with thee,
Of fellowship and sympathy?

Is thy strong heart ne'er wearied out
With standing 'neath the overfreight
Of boughs that compass thee about,
With mass of green, or white, a-weight?
O patient tree, O patient tree!
Dost never long for rest, like me?

I know thou spreadest grateful shade
When fierce the noontide sun doth beat;
And birds their nests in thee have made,
And cattle rested at thy feet:
Heaven grant I make this life of mine
As beautiful and brave as thine!

And when thy circling cloak is doffed
Thou standest on the storm-swept sod
And liftest thy long arms aloft
In mute appealing to thy God:
Appeal for me, appeal for me,
That I may stand as steadfastly.

Let me fulfil my destiny
And calmly wait for thee, O friend!
For thou must fall, and I must die,
And come together at the end—
To quiet slumbering addressed;
Shut off from storm; shut in for rest.

Thus lying in God's mighty hand
While His great purposes unfold,
We'll feel, as was from Chaos planned,
His breath inform our formless mould:
New shape for thee, new life for me,
For both, a vast eternity.

TO MEMORY

Ah! lovely lady with the stillest eyes;
As calm as Death's; deep as the summer sea;
Just shaded by a downy cloud that lies,

White as a swan, between blue heaven and thee:
Thou lookest backward still, Mnemosyne.

Thy reveries are dear as poets' dreams;
On childhood's innocence thou lov'st to dwell;
On homely pleasures, and the simple themes
And tender tales that youthful mothers tell
To little children for a slumber-spell.

Yet I have known thee when thy mood was black;
When wild Regret had clutched thee, as a prey;
And I have marked thee shudder, looking back,
And turn thy strained and startled eyes away
From some grim, muffled shape of cloudy gray.

Sometimes I meet thee when the night is clear,
For thou art gossip to our Lady Moon,
Who liketh well thy plaintive voice to hear
Chanting low music of an ancient rune
She sang before the worlds were out of tune.

All things are softened through thy filmy veil:
In misty light a lovely landscape lies;
Vistas of 'passing beauty, fading, frail;
Tinted with hues of Youth, and Love's surprise,
And rainbowed with the tear-drops in thine eyes.

I know thou makest many a holy hour
For those who look their lives of patience o'er:
They love thee most who least have feared thy power,
From whom thou dost inherit richest store
Of pleasant days and deeds that are no more.

Oft have I sought thee, pensive Memory, where,
With Melancholy for thy handmaid meek,
Thou dost discourse with such a moving air
That I may only pray when I would speak,
For prayers are strength, though all my words are weak.

THE YUCCA

The glamour flower doth bloom again:
The flower of which the Moon is fain.

Down the long border, in the night,
Glides the Moon-maiden, faintly white.

Under the Yuccas I saw her stand,
Resting a cheek on a slender hand.

The great white blossoms shone and shone:
A moment more—the dream had flown.

O Yucca! Flower of mystery!
How the Moon-maiden loveth thee!

Long, long ago, e'er the world was old,
When the sad Moon felt she was turning cold,

Down to the earth her flower she sent;
Pearl-bloom and tear-drop lustre blent:

And now, when they bloom in the border there,
The Moon-maid floats from her home so bare,

In the lone garden a space to weep
While yearning fancies invest our sleep.

'Tis the saddest, the sweetest day o' the year,
For in every cup I have found a tear,—

A tear that smiles with a tender light:
And I know who shed them, yesternight.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD-SPARROW

'Twas long ago:
The place was very fair;
And from a cloud of snow

A spirit of the air
Dropped to the earth below.
It was a spot by man untrod,—
Just where
I think is only known to God.

The spirit for a while,
Because of beauty freshly made,
Could only smile:
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole,
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
Or far or near
Save one small sparrow of the wood
That song to hear.
This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.

'Twas a fair sight—
That morn of spring
When, on the lonely height,
The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight,
Still lilting on the wing.
And the shy bird,
Who all had heard,
Straightway began
To practice o'er the lovely strain,
Again, again;
Though indistinct and blurred,
He tried each word,
Until he caught the last far sounds that fell,
Like the faint tinkle of a fairy bell.

Now, when I hear that song,
Which has no earthly tone,
My soul is carried with the strain along
To the everlasting Throne,
To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
And gain fresh love, and faith, and patience there.

DE S I R E
(An April Idyl)

Come, dear Desire, and walk with me;
We'll gather sweets and rob the bee;
Come, leave the dimness of your room;
We'll watch how since the morning rain
The spider sitteth at her loom,
To weave her silken nets again.
I know a field where bluets blow
Like frost from fingers of the night,
And in a sheltered coppice grow
Arbutus trailers, blush and white.

She leaves the room and walks with me
Where dance the leaflets fairily;
Across the stile and o'er the grass,
And down the shaded copse we pass.
What sweeter bliss beneath the sun
Than through the wooded ways to go
With her whose heart is almost won,
And let the fulness overflow!

Her voice is ringing clear and blithe:
I mark her motions free and lithe:
Sometimes the briars that lift her dress
Reveal the ankle's gracefulness.
The flowers on which she will not tread,
Pay homage with each nodding head,
As though the Lady May, their queen,
Were lightly pacing o'er the green.

The bluebird to my suit gives heed;
The wood-thrush wishes me good speed;

And every bird in every tree
That peeps at her and peers at me,
Sings loud encouragement and long
And bids us welcome in his song.

Kind stones, I thank you for your grace;
I bless each wet and marshy place;
Low piles of logs, and fallen fence,
I owe ye twain a recompense;
 With prostrate tree, and matted vine,
 Each bar that gives occasion sweet
To hold her supple hand in mine,
 And teach her where to place her feet.

See, my Desire, the mossy nook
 Where grows the pink anemone:
I'll kindly lift you o'er the brook,
 And 'neath the drooping dogwood tree
We'll sit and watch the mating birds
And put their wooing into words.

O downcast eyes! O tender glow!
O little hand that trembles so!
O throbbing heart and fluttering breast!
O timid passion, half-confessed!
We hear, and scarcely know we hear,
The redbird whistle bold and clear;
Beneath the blooming dogwood bough
The moments pass, we know not how,
Till day is on her burning pyre,
And I have won my heart's Desire.

THE SONG SPARROW

When, with her sandals green, the Spring
Steals on, with timid pattering,
And tearful lids and wind-blown hair
Half-veil the face we find so fair;
Into my window, morn by morn,

The sparrow's simple strain is borne,
With varied carols that express
His wild and happy carelessness.
And as I hear his roundelay,
Sometimes, with half a sigh, I say:
"O sparrow, were you caged like me
Would you exult so ringingly?
Or did you bear a broken wing,
My gentle neighbor, could you sing?"

B L O O D R O O T

A countless multitude they stand,
A Milky Way on either hand,
Ere yet the earliest Ferns unfold
Or meadow Cowslips count their gold.

White are my dreams, but whiter still
The Bloodroot on the lonely hill;
Lovely and pure my visions rise,
To fade before my yearning eyes;
But on that day I thought I trod
'Mid the embodied dreams of God.
Though frail those flowers, though brief their
 sway,
They sanctified one perfect day;
And, though the summer may forget,
In my rapt soul they blossom yet.

THE STRUGGLE

"Body, I pray you, let me go!"
 It is a Soul that struggles so.
"Body, I see on yonder height
Dim reflex of a solemn light;
A light that shineth from the place
Where Beauty walks with naked face:
It is a light you cannot see:—
Lie down, you clod, and set me free.

“Body, I pray you, let me go!”

It is a Soul that striveth so.

“Body, I hear dim sounds afar,

Dripping from some diviner star;

Dim sounds of holy revelry:

It is my mates that sing, and I

Must drink that song or break my heart:—

Body, I pray you, let us part.

“Comrade, your frame is worn and frail;

Your vital force begins to fail:

I long for life; but you for rest:

Then, Body, let us both be blest.

When you are lying 'neath the dew

I'll come, sometimes, and sing to you:

But you will feel nor pain nor woe:—

Body, I pray you, let me go!”

Thus strove a Being. Beauty-fain,

He broke his bonds and fled amain.

He fled: the Body lay bereft,

But on his lips a smile was left,

As if that spirit, looking back,

Shouted upon his upward track,

With joyous tone and hurried breath,

Some message that could comfort Death.

HU MAXWELL

FEW WEST VIRGINIANS have had more interesting or more varied experiences than has had Hu Maxwell, who was born in Tucker County, West Virginia, in 1860, of parents of English, German, and Irish ancestry.

He was taught at home by his mother until he was fifteen years of age. In 1876, he entered school at Weston and was graduated in 1880. He was appointed a cadet engineer to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, but he was forced to resign, because of ill health and impaired eyesight due to his close application to his studies.

After his return home he spent the following two years in teaching and in the lumbering business. For a large part of his life he has been an editor and printer.

Since 1882, Mr. Maxwell has lived or has spent some time in every one of the forty-eight states of the Union, and has been in every county in many of them. Much of his travel has been occasioned by his work as an expert in forestry for the United States Forest Service. He has taken part in the surveys of about twenty states.

He is the author of histories of Tucker, Hampshire, Randolph, Barbour and Monongalia Counties, a history of West Virginia, "Evans and Sontag," "Lost Beyond the Mountains," Idyls of the Golden Shore," and other books, as well as a number of bulletins written for the Government. "Idyls of the Golden Shore" is made up of poems relating to California. In the preface, he says, "They were written, for the most part; at night by my campfire, while on the Western plains and deserts, or during stormy days in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, when I could not leave shelter; frequently also, in the

noise and confusion of a camp full of frontiersmen or Indians with nothing to do but sing and talk.”

Mr. Maxwell's latest work is "American Tree History," a book regarding the trees of the United States. To collect the data for this volume of more than one thousand pages, he visited every State in the Union one or more times and saw and examined more than six hundred of the six hundred and eighty species of trees found in the United States.

At present, Mr. Maxwell is living in Evanston, Illinois.

THE GOLDEN GATE

Where the mountains break abruptly from their domes
 of mist and gloom,
Down to vernal vales and valleys, bright with flowers
 in their bloom,
Where the ocean's waves grow milder as they sink into
 their rest
In that harbor's placid stillness, at the Gateway of the
 West;
There a beauteous city rises, looking over all below,
O'er the images of mountains, pictured where the billows
 flow
Slowly, grandly, and unbroken through the rock-embat-
 tled strait,
From the wide and dreary ocean, landward through the
 Golden Gate.

City, resting in thy beauty on thy ocean-fretted hills,
Like an Oriental vision, vivid as when slumber fills
All the world with fairy phantoms; City on the shining
 shore
Of thy greenland occidental, thou art beauteous ever-
 more!
Thou art sitting at the portal of this summer-blooming
 land,
With its clear and crystal rivers rushing o'er the golden
 sand;

Thou art proud and regal, City, sitting on thy throne
of state,
Hailing ships from every ocean sailing through the
Golden Gate.

Guard them well, as thou hast guarded in the years
which are no more;
Hail them welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the
shining shore!
Smile across the waste of waters; let the mirror of the
deep
Limner thee in all thy beauty, till the waves are lulled
to sleep;
Till the billows cease their raging on the rocks and reefs
afar,
And are dreaming in the beaming of the gleaming ves-
per star.
Beckon gladsome words of welcome from thy queenly
throne of state
To the sails that come forever sweeping through the
Golden Gate.

O what thousand myriad thousand sails from earth's
remotest seas,
Driven long before the tempests, have come swelling with
the breeze
Gladly to the promised haven underneath the friendly
hill,
Safe at last from the tornadoes that the roaring ocean
fill!
O what hopes and what ambitions, and what longings
and unrest
Have come proudly up the harbor of this Venice of the
West!
O the hopes and disappointments—spirits crushed by
iron fate,
Bright a moment, hoping, longing, sweeping through
the Golden Gate!

Gate of Beauty, bid them welcome. Mock not hope that
 runneth wild;
Thou hast sheltered and protected many and many a
 truant child,
Kneeling down to thee in blindness, offering himself
 to thee;
For thee leaving home and country out beyond the
 stormy sea.
Shore of Brightness, thou hast bidden them to come from
 every clime,
Hast allured them with the vaguest dreams e'er told in
 prose or rhyme;
And they hearkened to thy whisper, and with boundless
 hope elate,
Came they, borne by sails of silver, sweeping through
 the Golden Gate.

There are histories unwritten, stories never to be told,
Dreams unrealized and fading like the fantasies of old;
There were hopes that are no longer, with their idols
 they have died,
On the desert and the mountain they have perished
 side by side;
Highest aims were those that counted least in summing
 at the last;
Schemes that wove the stars in garlands have to every
 wind been cast.
Vain! But ignorance had blessed them; burnished guilt
 concealed the fate
That was lurking in the very shadows of the Golden Gate.

Golden Gate, thou shining portal of the beauteous land
 and fair,
Thou the minion of the ocean, seas, and islands every-
 where!
Were it well to wish that ever thou mayst be as in the
 yore,
Isle-Calyпсо of the nations, weary dreamer's Lotus
 Shore!

Is the mystic spell yet broken? Has the vision vanished
yet?

Art thou still the sunlit haven, though a thousand suns
have set?

By the ocean art thou waiting, and ambitious still to
wait

For the Future's fleets and navies, O thou wondrous
Golden Gate!

CALIFORNIA

Fair western realm that borders on the sea,
Kissed by the sun's last ray at eventide,
Full many a true, true heart has beat for thee,
Adored and loved thee with devoted pride.

I too, although a stranger on thy shore,
Would claim thee for a season as my own;
Thou dreamlike country, radiant evermore,
No sun on fairer land has ever shone.

And I have loved thy valleys calm and still;
I've roamed at random o'er thy boundless plains;
I've lingered long on many and many a hill,
Where nature sleeps in peace and silence reigns.

Thy snow-white mountains rising to the sky
Have thronged my spirit with submissive dread,
Thrilled with the panorama wild and high,
Among creation's tombs of mighty dead.

And I have rested, there above the clouds,
On rocky crags wrapped in eternal snow,
While mists like sailing ships with silver shrouds
Swept white and wonderful afar below.

I've loved thy storms at times; for in the hour
Of tempests and tornadoes I can feel
A grandeur in the gloom of darkest power,
When thoughts rush forth too mighty to conceal.

Then, land of rapture, fairer and more bright
Than other realms of earth, I came to thee,
And loved thee, left thee, but thy summer light
Will beam in splendor evermore for me.

EMMA WITHERS

EMMMA WITHERS was born in Weston, West Virginia, in the early fifties. She is the daughter of Henry Howard Withers and Dorcas D. (Lorentz) Withers, and the granddaughter of Alexander Scott Withers, the well known author of "Chronicles of Border Warfare." In writing of her life, Miss Withers says: "Personally, I have been a chink-filler and a minder of the gaps of life—a pioneer school teacher in my girlhood, a settlement worker and mission teacher in later life—somewhat of an idler to-day; but always an idealist, a dreamer of dreams and a beholder of optimistic visions. The way has not always been smooth to my feet, but I know that life is a great gift or a great God would not have given it."

Miss Withers is the author of "Wildwood Chimes," a volume of verse which was highly commended by reviewers, and which found a large number of interested and appreciative readers. Doctor F. V. N. Painter says: "In the verse of Miss Withers there is a tender sympathy with nature that opens her eyes to its beauties, and her heart to its teachings. In its quiet retreats she finds a peace unknown among the noisy haunts of men. 'Wildwood Chimes' as a whole is inspired by nature, and is as poetic and pleasing as its name would indicate."

INDIAN PIPES

Beyond the fields of lowing kine,
Within a solitude divine,
Where drowsy summer deftly weaves
Her fancies into beechen leaves,

These spirit flowers softly shine
Like waxen tapers on a shrine;
Or vases filled with seeded wine
 That some Circean revel grieves,—
 In Camden Wood.

I drift across the shadow line
That lies between thy home and mine,
 And wrapped in Fancy's silken sleeves,
 I find within her charmed sheaves,
O, Fairyland, these elves of thine
 In Camden Wood.

HEPATIC A

Through changing time, year after year,
At the old tryst thou meet'st me here,
Sweetheart, thyself unchanged and fair
With brave true eyes and fringy hair,
And evanescent, strange perfume
Enwrapped within thy tinted bloom.

The kindly forests well did keep
The secret of thy winter sleep,
And russet coverlet it spread
With loving hand above thy head.
Through the long night this sturdy tree
A faithful watch kept over thee.

And ere the bluebird's glancing wing
Announcing the coming of the spring,
Again to fairer beauty born,
Thou art risen on this Easter morn
In the wild March, when, singing shrill,
The storm-winds break against the hill.

But yesterday I brought to thee
A child's heart beating high and free,
A footstep swift as swallow's flight,

A child's unquestioning delight,
And all the strange bright hopes that rise
Like singing birds 'neath April skies.

But yesterday the shining rill
Came laughing from the craggy hill;
So near, so clear its voices seem
The hollow years are but a dream
That slowly weaves its shadowy bands
About the springtime's flowery lands.

The weary brain, the heart of care
In thy grave clothes are buried there;
And in the chill March Easter morn
Again, within my bosom born,
The child-soul rises joyously,
Hepatica, to welcome thee.

AT SWITHIN'S RUN

I

THE WALK

The work-day life lies far away,
And in the dawning of the day
Along the pathway by the Run,
Whose course goes onward with the sun,
Is spread the web of fancy gay
Beneath the feet which pass that way.
Wild winds have swept the woodland clear
Of summer charms, yet life is here.
In beds of softest russet spread
The dry leaves rustle to the tread
Of shy, soft-footed things that love
The freedom of a mountain cove.
And close beside a hidden spring
Wherein the water-spirits sing,
All sheltered warm beneath the hill
The maiden-hair is waving still.
And the brown earth beneath the feet
Resounds with echoes low and sweet.

From throbbing heart of life sublime
The currents well with rhythmic chime;
They tune the wild bird's mellow glee,
And swell the veins of meanest tree.

And he who listens now may hear
The springtime whispers in his ear.
The work-day life lies far away,
And fancy rules the dawn of day.

II

THE VISITORS

The bell had rung; and up the criss-cross logs
Which duty did for steps, a scrambling host
Of urchins came whose variegated heads
Were busied soon o'er book and slate; and scarce
Had silence fallen when there came a rap
So deep, so loud, of such aggressive length
The very stones in the foundation heard.
And following it into the room there came
With heavy tread and features grimly set
With the importance of a mission high,
Three hardy followers of the plow, with locks
Unkempt and grizzly beard unshorn
And homespun "wamus" knotted at each waist,
With kindly greeting the schoolmistress bade
Them enter and be seated, wond'ring still
Why such scant courtesy her words repaid,
And what the purpose of the dismal three.
Too brief the problem long to vex her soul;
"Them's the trustees," the echo softly crept
Among the tilted benches, and a show
Of diligence fell on the knowing ones.
"Yes, Sir! I heard Bill Underly tell Pap,
Las' night, they wuz a-comin' down to give
The teacher Hail Columby somethin' 'bout
Wastin' such lots o' chalk, and sparkin' of"—
Here sharply called the recitation bell,
And the stage whispers of the "Primers" ceased.
The hours fled and still the men of fate

Took silent cognizance of all that passed,
Followed the shifting classes in their work,
And hung upon each question and reply
In silence, till the mighty hill had thrown
Its shadows vast and deep across the wastes
Of fragrant pennyroyal; then with brief
And grave-voiced conference among themselves,
Arose and still in silence gained the door
Where they a moment stood shuffling their feet
Uneasily, and then the eldest turned
And combing out his beard with nervous hand,
Like one whose conscience pricks him to a task
Unwelcome most, looked down into the eyes
Of questioning laughter raised to his and said:
“The law makes it our dooty to inspect
This school; an’ havin’ nothin’ else to do,
Pertickiler, today, we’ve come to see
Ef you wuz goin’ a’cordin’ to the law.
The gal that kept last winter give a sight
More time to sparkin’ than to spellin’, so
We had not ’lowed to hire a gal ag’in;
But all the boys who are high l’arnt enough
To teach in town have got too big to come
So fur up the Run; an’ so we done
The best we could by takin’ you. W-e-ll, n-o-,
There ain’t ben no complaint, pertickiler,
Agin’ the school, exceptin’ there wuz talk
Down at the mill about that young town chap
Hitchin’ his critter to the school-house steps
As much as twict sence Christmas. Brother, hey?
Now, Lizy Ann allowed you favored some.
So there’s an end o’ that. I’m pow’ful glad.
Sparkin’ ’ll ruin any school alive.
W-e-ll, y-e-s, some little talkin’ has ben done
Concernin’ your odd way o’ teachin’ chaps
To read an’ write before they’ve l’arnt to spell
In double sittables; an’ some do say
That you don’t teach the alphybet a-tall.
O’ course we don’t believe sech stuff as that,

For when I heard them little fellers there
A-readin' their Fu'st Readers right along—
An' po'try, too—an' never skip a word,
I reckoned that you know what you're about.
About that chalk? O, that was jest some word
We had from the young man in Johnses' store;
He thought you must be wastin' lots o' chalk.
An' Squire Moss—He's Pres'dent o' the Board—
Said how, as guardeens o' the school, that we
Had better jest step in an' let you know
The deestrick only furnishes one box.
The regeler amount last winter wuz
Two sticks a week; an' most of it wuz left
Kickin' about the house when school wuz out.
But when I see them little fellers go
Up to yan board an' chalk their lessons down
In real good writin' letters, sech as I
Wuz never l'arnt to make, as boy or man,
I see there is some good in usin' chalk;
An' ef the deestrick jumps the bill, I'll pay.
We're not a-findin' any fault of you,
You're doin' purty well, considerin';
An' we stand by the teacher when we kin.
But use the spellers jest a little more;
An' ef you should have any difficult
Enforcin' discerpline,—for there be some
Real heady chaps upon the Run—or want
Advice about the runnin' of the school,
You kin depend on us. Jest call on us."

AT NIGHT

The weary day was with the past—
Down from the hilltops swept the blast;
It whistled through the branches bare
And tossed the pine tree's fragrant hair.
But to the watcher by the fire
The triumph of a strong desire
Through all its choral changes rung,
And ever through the songs it sung

An old sweet glamour seemed to thrill.
This was the world of fancy still;
For gracious embers ne'er deny
The quest of wistful dreamer's eye,
Nor show the witching forms they raise
Unto another's mocking gaze.
And in the hollow land of flame
Uprose the royal towers of fame;
And gallant hosts came marching by
On the fair plains of reverie.
No knight e'er graced the Table Round
As brave as he whose bugle sound
Awoke those lists with challenge free
To deeds of noblest chivalry.
Lancelot was he, but without stain;
More courtly than the gay Gawain;
Than Galahad more pure and white
He stood, her dream-created knight;
And while the night winds wrought their will,
Her thoughts went on to Camelot still.
Unheeding all the jar and fret
In fancy's world she lingered yet.

WAITMAN BARBE

WAITMAN BARBE was born in Grant district, Monongalia County, November 19, 1864. His father, John Barbe, a native of Shenandoah County, Virginia, was of French descent. His mother, Margaret Esther (Robinson) Barbe, was of English ancestry.

Doctor Barbe, after completing the course of study of the rural schools and of the preparatory department of West Virginia University, took work in the University leading to an A. B. degree which was conferred upon him in 1884. He later entered the graduate school of his Alma Mater, and received an A. M. degree in 1887, and an M. S. degree in 1897. In 1900-01, he was a graduate student of Harvard, and in 1908-09 studied at Oxford. In 1904, Denison University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Letters.



From 1889 to 1895, he was city editor or managing editor of *The Daily State Journal* of Parkersburg. He was also editor of *The West Virginia School Journal* from 1904 to 1921, during which period he wrote many distinctive editorials as well as numerous articles on literature that were instructive and inspiring.

On June 6, 1894, Doctor Barbe, was united in marriage to Miss Clara Louise Gould, a member of a prominent Parkersburg family.

In 1895, he accepted a position in West Virginia University as assistant to the President and associate professor of English, and since 1910 has been professor of English in that institution. He is also director of the summer session of the University and under his capable management the summer school has largely increased in enrollment, and high standards of scholarship and instruction have been maintained. He is an inspiring teacher and, through his scholarly and sympathetic interpretation of literature, hundreds of men and women who have had the privilege of receiving his instruction have felt as did Keats, when he became acquainted with Chapman's "Homer:"

"Like some watcher of the skies,

When a new planet swims into his ken."

Doctor Barbe is known not only as an interpreter of literature, but as an author. His works have been read with appreciation and pleasure both in America and in England. In 1891, he published a volume of poems entitled "Ashes and Incense," which received high praise from reviewers and critics. *The Saturday Review* (London, England) said of this book: "In Mr. Waitman Barbe's volume of verse, 'Ashes and Incense,' we note a true singing capacity, and an unlabored strain like the song of the thrush of which the poet sings in 'An Old Love Song.'" *The Home Journal* (Boston) commented thus on his work: "There is a strength, a beauty, and originality in his singing that are exceedingly pleasing, and at times a depth of thought that is poetically expressed in a style of rare excellence." Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote: "There is real poetry in the book, a voice worth owning and exercising. I am struck with the beauty and feeling of the lyrics that I have read—such for example as the stanzas on Lanier and the 'The Comrade Hills.'" "

In 1896, Doctor Barbe published "In the Virginias," a volume of stories and sketches in which he presents with rare insight and sympathy practically every type of character to be found in West Virginia. This book has

been highly praised for its originality, its excellent characterization, and its charming style.

In "Going to College," the author has presented the advantages of higher education so convincingly that many a person who has attained success looks back to the reading of this book as a turning point in his life because it led to a decision to obtain a college education at all costs. Many thousands of copies of this book have been sold, and chapters of it have been translated into two or three foreign languages.

Doctor Barbe has published three other books, "The Study of Poetry," "Famous Poems Explained," and "Great Poems Interpreted," all of which have been most helpful to students of literature. The last two works have been widely used as texts in schools and colleges of the United States and are found on the shelves of many libraries in Europe.

Though in recent years Doctor Barbe has found little time for creative writing, during the World War he wrote several lyrics that rank among his best work. The finest of these, "Stars of Gold," was read by the author, March 6, 1919, at the services held in Commencement Hall, West Virginia University, in memory of the University men who gave their lives in the World War. This poem is regarded by many as the most exquisitely beautiful tribute paid to those who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. In this lyric the poetic inspiration occasioned by the World War reached its height. It was reprinted in France and was in great demand there among American soldiers.

SIDNEY LANIER

O spirit to a kingly holding born!

As beautiful as any southern morn

That wakes to woo the willing hills,

Thy life was hedged about by ills

As pitiless as any northern night;

Yet thou didst make it as thy "Sunrise" bright.

The seas were not too deep for thee; thine eye
Was comrade with the farthest star on high.

The marsh burst into bloom for thee,
And still abloom shall ever be!
Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear away
A charm it did not hold until thy day.

And Life walks out upon the slipping sands
With more of flowers in her trembling hands
Since thou didst suffer and didst sing!
And so to thy dear grave I bring
One little rose, in poor exchange for all
The flowers that from thy rich hand did fall.

AN OLD LOVE-SONG

The thrush doth pipe his mate
An old love-song,
And yet his love for her
Is new and strong,—

The song that fluttered hearts
In ancient wood
When God first saw the earth
And called it good.

No master's symphony
Hath lived so long
As this bird's plaintive, sweet,
And old love-song,—

A simple strain, without
A touch of art,
It lives because it comes
Straight from the heart.

SONG OF THE MONONGAHELA

Hey-ho! I leave my haunts in the woods,
I leave the land of snow;
Hey-ho! I leave my mountain friends
And away to the south I go;

Away to run through cotton-fields,
Away to swell the orange yields,
Away to be kissed by sun and breeze,
Away to be mixed with shoreless seas.
Hey-ho! to the wider world I run,
Hey-ho! to the land o' the sun.

I'll fill the Beautiful River's heart
 With joy as free as an elf;
I'll e'en become a very part
 Of the Father of Waters himself.
With wider purpose, larger sweep,
 My steadfast course I'll run,
Like one whose aims in life reach out
 Till all his work be done,
And he at last merged in the sea
 Whose farther shore no man
Has ever glimpsed with earth bound eyes
 Since first the world began.
The mighty, pulsing trade I'll serve
 And yield to man's behest;
His burdens bear from land to sea
 Adown the wondrous west.
And just as lovers sing to me here
 When the shades of the hills reach out
Across the water's crystal bed
 And the harvest moon is near,
E'en so beneath the southland shades,
 When the mocking bird sings low
And the breeze comes up from the restless sea,
 They'll sing to me there I know,
When the air is rich with the odor of May,
 Swept in from distant pines,
They'll sing to me then and vow their love
 Is measured by no confines.
But back I'll come to my mountain home
 To tell the woodland sprites
How maidens' sighs and thrushes' songs
 Fill all the southern nights.

Like one who loves his childhood home
That's set among the hills,
And oft returns from broader fields
To feel its mystic thrills,
So I shall come from the ocean's sweep
To hear the same old song,
And leap the rocks and kiss the boughs
That have waved for me so long.

Then away to my task for the sons of men,
Away through city and plain;
The voices of comrades bid me stay,
But all their tempting is vain.
Hey-ho! to the wider world I run,
Hey-ho! to the land o' the sun.

THE ROBIN'S CREED

Pure worshipper, this Easter morn,
Among the orchard aisles!
Brave anthem, thy creed shall win
The world in afterwhiles!

Thy creed,—'tis sweet as thine own song,
And as the apple-bloom
That cometh by and by to deck
These naked aisles of gloom.

Thy creed,—'tis simple as thy notes
That drop like beads of gold:
'Tis new this morn, and yet Old Time
Himself is not so old.

Within thy creed is room for all
The universe;—so great
Thy heart that it contains no place
That's small enough for hate!

THE PREACHER OF THE THREE CHURCHES

In a little old town, west of the Blue Ridge, there used to be a man who, the people said, worshipped the Lord and served the devil. He preached Calvinism and eternal damnation on Sundays, and drew a rosined bow across an old violin behind closed doors on week days.

The town also contained a brood of lawyers, an old doctor, and a young one, a school teacher, some forty experienced gossips, a hundred or so dogs, and about four hundred other inhabitants.

The preacher didn't really live in the village, but a mile out on the country road, and preached for two other congregations besides the one in the village.

He was a young bachelor whom the spinsters frequently invited to their tea parties, and he made his home with a family who loved him, and who faithfully kept the secret of his violin playing from the public.

The Reverend Balak Mather was a New Englander, and had accepted the call from the three churches in the south without making any inquiry as to the salary he was to receive or the amount of work he would be expected to do. He thought the call was a divine one, and, gathering up his fiddle and his Bible, he put the former in the bottom and the latter in the top of his trunk, and answered the call in person, just as he would have obeyed a command from President Lincoln to take a gun and go down and shoot these same brethren at the three churches. He never questioned a call from his God or his country.

Arriving at the three churches, he found a scattered membership of Presbyterians, hospitable and cordial, but as firm in the faith and as strict in the creed as the New Englander himself; and they would have been shocked beyond expression if they had known that their new pastor not only played a fiddle, but had actually brought it with him in the same box with his Holy Bible.

Nor did the conscience of the Reverend Balak Mather approve of his conduct. He felt that he was bartering

his soul away little by little for the string that intoxicates. All of his life he had prayed earnestly but hopelessly to be delivered from the temptation—prayed every morning that he might be able to live that day without touching the unclean thing. But every evening when the twilight came on and a loneliness came over him, such as only the choice spirits of the world are permitted to suffer, he would forget the vow of the morning, take the old violin out of its old green case, close the windows and the doors, get down in the darkest corner of the room, and, gently touching the strings, call forth the souls of all the old loved ones now dead and gone. All the sweet voices, all the childhood tears, and tales, and fancies, every kiss of his mother's lips, every form of speech that love had learned, seemed to him to come out of that old violin.

And when the night was stormy and the wind howled and moaned, he would close his Bible, take up the violin, and, with trembling hand and guilty conscience, strike the strings until all the sins that he had ever committed came up out of the past, and he could hear the wails and sobs of all those who had gone down, down into the place of everlasting torment; and the soul of the violin seemed to mingle with his own soul in an agony of unutterable misery and woe, for he felt that he loved the instrument with an unholy passion, as a man may love and be led to the depth of hell by a wicked and beautiful woman.

His congregations knew nothing of all this. Their pastor was a faithful shepherd, leading his little flocks by the pure waters of Calvinism and by the green meadows of righteous living.

The more he yielded to the temptations of the siren fiddle the more he atoned for it by preaching the doctrine of punishment and the law of retribution. And the more he fiddled the longer he preached to make up for it, so that sometimes his sermons would last an hour and a half or two hours. But his congregations were not made up of end-of-the-century churchgoers, who tire at a fifteen-minutes sermon, and who ask for a new pastor if the

sermon lasts over thirty minutes. The three little flocks of the Reverend Balak Mather's keeping believed in devoting the entire Sabbath—they never called it Sunday—to the worship of the Lord, and, as the preacher's sermons grew in length, he grew in popularity.

One day, about a year and a half after accepting the call to the three churches, the minister was sent for to go thirty miles or more into the mountains to conduct the funeral of an old man, who had once heard him preach in the village. Of course he went, for he never refused to go where he could render a service.

On his return he stopped for the night at a little log house in the mountain, where cracks in the walls were not more conspicuous than the love and cheer about the hearthstone.

One of the children was sawing away on a fiddle when the preacher entered the house, but immediately hid it when he saw the clerical coat of the stranger. The minister's trained and sympathetic ear had caught the singularly rich and sweet notes of the instrument, and he at once asked the lad to get it for him. Taking it lovingly in his hand, he pulled the bow across the strings, held it close to his ear, touched another cord or two, looked at it critically, saw a dim and blurred inscription on it, and read:

Antonius Stradivarius
Cremonen, 1697.

If Saul of Tarsus had appeared before him, he would not have been more surprised than he was to find there, in a hut in the mountain, an instrument bearing the name of the great Italian violin maker.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired of the boy.

"Don't know; guess we've always had it."

Then the preacher-fiddler ran out to the stable where the boy's father was feeding the horses—rushed out like an excited schoolboy—to ascertain, if he could, something about the wonderful instrument.

"That fiddle?" said the mountaineer. "That's the finest fiddle in this part of Virginy, I reckon. It's purty

old, but I guess it aint much worse for wear. Some feller has cut his name on it there, but I guess that don't hurt it none. Where did I git it? Oh, I got that fiddle down in New Orleans when I was down there with Ben Butler's crowd, but you mustn't ask me how I got it, for I don't want to tell a parson no lies."

"But, my good fellow," said the parson, "don't you know that it is worth a big sum of money?"

"How much'll ye give me fur it?"

"I haven't enough money to buy it, I'm afraid, but I'll give you all I have in the world, which is about three hundred dollars."

He could probably have bought it for less than twenty-five, but he was too honest to try to drive an unfair bargain, even for a Stradivarius.

It was now the mountaineer's turn to be amazed. He had never dreamed that any fiddle in the world could be worth half that much money. He thought the preacher had lost his senses.

"You may take the fiddle," he said, "but I ain't agoin' to skin you that way. You may know what hymn books and catechisms cost, but you're off on catgut, parson. I've played 'em all my life, and I never seen one that was wuth over twenty-five or thirty dollars. But if you want it, an' bein's it's you, an' you'll give me that there hoss of your'n in the stable, why I reckon you may take the fiddle. I won't take no three hundred dollars of any parson's money for an old fiddle. It ain't wuth it."

And so the bargain was made, the honest preacher telling the owner that if he ever sold the instrument for more than he gave for it, he would hunt him up and divide the profits with him.

That night this servant of the Lord forgot to ask the mountaineer's family to join with him in prayer, and yet his heart was full of thankfulness and love for all things in heaven and on earth. Out among the trees, under the lonesome sky, he put the old Italian violin to his shoulder, and tears of love and joy filled his eyes as he stroked its

graceful neck as a lover would stroke the tresses of his fair bride. And the music that was made that night in the mountain! The sweetness and the richness and the compass of it! And the woe and the terror of it! For the player was a true maestro, and this perfect Stradivarius seemed to hold in its keeping the tender love and the burning passion and the implacable hate of the Italian race—that Italy which made poets and painters and sculptors and murderers.

He understood how it was that when Paganini played they said he was in league with the devil, exchanging smiles with a ghastly figure beside him, and why the multitudes followed him in wild frenzy through the streets of Genoa; for the two centuries between Antonio Stradivarius, the fiddle-maker of Cremona, and Balak Mather, the preacher-fiddler of the three churches, had crowded that old violin with memories of all the victories and failures, all the glory and all the shame of the human race, and the preacher-fiddler evoked all of these memories and heard, with his own ears, that night, alone in the mountain, out under the everlasting stars, the story of the world's tragedy!

At least it seemed to him so, for he was a true musician to the tips of his long bony fingers.

To those who love not the divine instrument, all this will appear absurd and strained, but it is written for those who know what it is to be overcome by the mysterious and mighty power of an Ole Bull, a Sarasate, a Eugene Ysaye or a Cesar Thomson—an influence that has the power to intoxicate like wine, like the rare old wines which have in them the sunshine of heaven and the fine virtues of the soil.

But this has nothing to do with our preacher, who was taken to the village the next day by the mountaineer. The Stradivarius stayed at the preacher's boarding house, and the preacher's horse went back to the mountain.

Then came the fiercest battle of Balak Mather's life, and the turning point. Unconsciously and unwillingly, he yielded, little by little, to the softening appeals of his

musical nature, and his sermons to the three churches began to be more about love and less about the law—more religion and less theology. His congregation noticed it, and liked it—in spite of themselves. Some of the sisters said he must be in love, and they discussed it at their quilting parties. His actions, as well as his words, became more tender; he spent more time with the poor and the sick, and, wherever he went, he was a benediction.

Many of his flock followed the lead of their shepherd, and the gospel of love became the creed of the new propaganda at the three churches.

But the upheaval was bound to come sooner or later, and it was only strange that it had been delayed so long.

One day the report was started that the preacher played the fiddle. By the time it had reached the other end of the village, which was less than an hour, it said that he had lost his faith in the teachings of the Bible; that he had his rooms full of fiddles, and that he sometimes kept step to his own playing.

Many of his flock said they didn't believe a word of it, but they passed the story on, and one of the good sisters thought it her Christian duty to ride over to the other two churches and tell the news.

In the minds of these good men and women the fiddle was inseparably associated with the disreputable dance hall and wicked actor-people, and was, in short, the devil's own instrument. A member of the church found guilty of playing it would have been remonstrated with gently but firmly, and, if he persisted in his wicked ways, would have been expelled. The report, therefore, that their beloved pastor was a fiddle player shocked and scandalized them quite as much as if it had been said that he had been seen drunk in the public street. It was the sole topic of conversation, and, in the mouths of expert and long-experienced gossips, it took on many artistic embellishments.

Some of his friends, however, refused to believe the story, and defended him with such faithfulness that in a few days there began to appear indications of a serious

schism in the three churches.

One Saturday afternoon a committee of the elders waited upon the Rev. Balak Mather at his boarding house. They found him with his well-worn Bible open before him, at work upon the sermon for the morrow. The room was not filled with fiddles—there was not even one in sight—and the books about him were not such as a servant of the devil would revel in. Their courage began to fail them, and they began to wish that they had shouldered the unpleasant duty on a committee of the sisters. After talking about the weather, the finances of the church, the crop prospects, the approaching county election, and the weather some more, until the situation became painfully embarrassing, the brother who had been chosen previously as spokesman plunged into the subject by saying: “Ah—Brother Mather, I suppose you have heard the scandalous reports which have been started about you by evil tongues—about your indulging in the unholy practice of fiddle-playing. Of course none of us believe it for a moment—”

“Oh, of course, not for a moment!” put in the other members of the committee in chorus.

“But we wanted to be able to deny it officially before it gets any further. Brother Jones,” he said, turning to another of the elders, “suppose you draw up an official denial of the whole infamous business, and we will all sign it right here.”

Then the spokesman stroked his beard three times, and felt much relieved.

Brother Jones got ready to write.

“My good friends,” said the preacher, “I do not know what you have heard, but if it is that I play the violin, as well as pray and preach, and try to help the sick and poor, I must confess to my guilt. Up to within the past few weeks I yielded to it as to a besetting sin, and prayed against it every day of my life, but I no longer consider it such. Next to the service of my God and my fellowman, I love an old violin which I have yonder in that trunk.”

And he took out the instrument and laid it before them.

His boldness and earnestness completely overwhelmed them, and they sat speechless.

Then the preacher played as even he had never played before—played as though pleading his own cause before God and man—the tones now wailing and crying in despair, now glorious with triumphant hope and victory. The depths of his soul were broken up, and he wept, and the eyes of the elders were not dry.

When they left, they said one to another, “verily he hath a devil.”

The rest is soon set down.

Shortly after the committee of elders had presented to the three churches their formal report of what they had heard and seen, the preacher-fiddler put his Bible and his violin into his trunk—the latter accidentally getting uppermost this time—and after visiting every sheep of his three little flocks and saying to them he hoped they would, sometime, allow themselves to believe that music, even fiddle music, was not an unpardonable sin, he went away.

One night, a little while ago, the writer of this sat with one of the old elders of the old church of the little old village west of the Blue Ridge in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and, while the audience came in, and the fine ladies in the boxes on either side discussed the dresses of the fine ladies in the boxes on the other side, he related to me the main facts of the story which I have repeated here.

It was a great music-festival night, and the Boston Symphony Company was to give the first of a series of six concerts. The house was crowded, for it had been announced that with the company there was to appear Yriarte, a Belgian virtuoso, who had been turning the heads of the musical people on the other side of the waters—Paganini, they said, had come back to earth. Of

course Society, which always writes its name with a big S, was there, but there were others, also. There were pointed out to us in the audience the great composers Dvorak and DeKoven, Rafael Joseffy, the beautiful Emma Eames, Emma Juch, Lola Beeth, Melba, Jean de Reszke, and others.

The concert began. The orchestra played something which I had forgotten, but which made nearly as much noise as Berlioz's "Requiem Mass," and nearly took the breath away from the people near the stage.

Then there was a great flutter among the beautiful birds in the boxes, a craning of fair necks, a jabbering among the foreign-looking long-haired musical-appearing men near us, and, after what seemed an interminable wait, the Belgian came on with an old tobacco-colored fiddle in his hand. He had a face like the pictures of Saint-Saens, and he stood before the great audience like one who had a message to deliver of life or death. He held the violin and bow both under his left arm, and, before beginning to play, he reached out his right hand and held it there with his open palm down, as a preacher might have done in asking God's benediction on the human race. Then the violin came out from under his arm and the bow fell across it—and even the boxes were hushed.

Then a voice such as had never been heard on sea or land filled the hall, and all that was worth living for or dying for, seemed to sanctify the place—it was the voice of a Stradivarius in the hands of a maestro.

When he had finished, and had again held out his long thin hand in benediction, the audience broke into a wild frenzy, such as the young virtuoso of Genoa is said to have produced in the Italian towns and villages three quarters of a century ago. People rushed onto the stage in the wildest excitement, among them being hundreds of ladies. They snatched the flowers from their bosoms and threw them at him, and the excitement was so great that it was totally impossible to go on with the concert that night. Only once before had anything approaching it been seen in this country on a similar occasion, and

that was when New York went stark crazy over the wonderful Bulgarian pianist the winter before, when several women were badly hurt in the frenzied rush to touch the hem of his swallow-tail coat.

The two men from west of the Blue Ridge were among the last to leave the hall, and, as they did so, the old Presbyterian elder said to the young man by his side:

“That man was he whom we used to know at the three churches as the Rev. Balak Mather.” And then, after a long silence, “It is not a devil he hath, but something divine.”

AMONG ITS FLOCKS AND HERDS

The human race went forth one day
When all the world was young,
In homely garb, its flocks and herds
And savage beasts among.

But ill content with simple ways,
It longed to climb the height
Where progress led and knowledge shed
Its blazing, beck'ning light.

The height was climbed, the human race
Sits in the blazing light,
And all that art or science knows
Is done for its delight;

But still sometimes how sad its heart—
Too sad for poet's words—
It longs to be once more away
Among its flocks and herds.

ON THE POTOMAC

Upon thy banks, old river,
The feet of blood have trod,
In days when the heart of the valley
Was crushed in the wine-press of God.

And still thy waters are wailing
In wierd, unceasing cries—
I hear them low in the moonlight,
Out under the open skies.

And ever and still forever,
A dirge in a minor key
They sing to him who listens
As they carry their grief to the sea.

But not alone in battle
The wine-press of God is trod,
And hearts that are broken with sorrow
Do not all sleep under the sod;

And so I pray thee, old river,
Make moan for the living as well
As for those whose sorrows are buried
In graves where heroes fell.

And this I pray thee, old river,
(The birth-time of Christ is at hand)
Sing peace and love and contentment
To the hearts that dwell in the land.

AT THE WOOD'S EDGE

I have learned such lore in the woods today
From a bird in cap and gown of gray
That sang its lecture from a throat
Full worthy of a bishop's coat.

And yet I have no gift of tongues
To tell you what he said
Or why I stood with leaping heart
And with uncovered head.

I have read such books in the field today—
The scriptures of confessing May—
And found the hidden score and tune
Of all the arias of June.

And yet I left within the field
This ancient scripture-rune,
And left the score of all the songs
And all the psalms of June.

I have heard such tales in the copse today
From folk that gossip time away—
For every coppice-folk has had,
Its idylls and its Iliads.

And yet I cannot cramp those tales
Within my English lines
The idylls and the Iliads
They tell beneath the pines.

I have seen such graves on the hill today,
Where flowers fold their hands and pray
For all their million millions dead
Asleep within their narrow bed.

And yet I could not if I would
Tell how on spider thread
They count their dewy beads and pray
For all their million dead.

I have felt such holy fears today
Such sacred things did pass this way—
For, Gracious Master, surely I
Have felt thy blessed smile go by.

And yet so feeble is my speech
No one can hear me say
What fears I had or what it was
So holy passed this way.

STARS OF GOLD

I

With cheers for every star, we flung
Our flag a year ago and sung
 The songs of marching men;
 And all the season through
We proudly filled the flag with stars
Until they crowded field and bars,
 And still we cheer'd—for then
 Our stars were all of blue.

But now in silence do we raise
Another flag too dear for praise,
 And every head we bow
 And for awhile withhold
Our cheers for banners filled with blue:
Another color shineth through
 The field and bars—for now
 These stars have turned to gold.

The night brings out the stars we say:
And now behold a Milky Way
 The night of war hath blazed
 Across the heaven's gate—
A belt of glory made of names
That shine forever steady flames,
 Forever to be praised,
 Above our Mountain State.

DIRGE

*How the place has changed today
Since the hour they went away!
Changed the hopes of those they left,
Hopes of those that loved them best!
Broken is the golden bowl,
Broken too the mother-soul
Who despite her pride and trust
Waileth ever, "Dust to dust!"*

II

We call the roll, and every name
Says *Here!* from out the cloudless flame
 Where Glory's banner waves
 In folds that never fade.
Call out the roll, so long and fair,
It sounds like distant words of prayer
 Above their sacred graves
 Where'er their bones are laid.

Call out the roll: each name a star,
Each star a poem nobler far
 Than aught in my poor powers;
 And if unknown there be
Asleep in some far distant place
A lad whose name we cannot trace—
 Some unknown lad of ours—
 O lad, this line's for thee!

This flag in some far future day
With reverent hands we'll lay away,
 But still these stars shall beam
 Above our campus old
And in our hearts for evermore
Until upon some radiant shore
 All stars of blue shall gleam
 Beside them, turned to gold.

DIRGE

*How the campus lacks their feet,
For we nevermore shall meet
Them on the Circle, in the hall,
Greet them never more at all;
Woodburn waits for them to come.
Woodburn waits, her voice is dumb.
How the place is changed today
Since the hour they went away!*

III

These stars are all of equal size,
Made so by equal sacrifice:
 No less or greater light
 In the Brotherhood of Death.
The deeds by which they won the star
Recorded were by a Registrar
 Across the sky of night
 While angels held their breath.

Nor does their star at all depend
Upon the place that saw the end
 Of all they had to give,
 Of all they had to pay—
On fields of France, in cantonment,
In hospital, where'er was spent
 (That honor still might live)
 Their last, their last great day.

Some walked with us these college ways
For years and gained the scholar's praise;
 Some tarried but a space
 Until their finals came;
But who shall say when patriots fall
That place is not alike for all
 In God's eternal grace
 And time's eternal fame?

DIRGE

*How the hills shall miss their voice
When our lusty men rejoice
Singing songs of work or play
In the new and better day!
How the State shall miss them when
She shall need the strength of men!
How the heart of love shall wait
Long, so long, at the open gate!*

IV

A banner Blue and Gold, I ween,
Is dropped by spirit-hands unseen
 Tonight upon the mound
 Where each his rest doth keep;
Above each grave that spirit bends
And whispers, *Alma Mater sends*
 Me here to bless the ground
 Where son of hers doth sleep!

The grass shall grow and roses blow,
And time assuage the grief we know,
 But each returning year
 When March comes around anew
That spirit shall its visit keep
Above each grave to watch and weep
 And plant the banner there,
 And flag of Gold and Blue.

The grass shall fail, the rose shall fall,
The ancient wind shall o'er them call
 In Winters far away
 When we shall be forgot,
But Alma Mater still shall go
In spirits where her sons lie low,
 Till she herself decay
 And all that is is not

PAEAN

How the world has leapt to light
Into day from out the night!
How the world, redeemed anew,
Sees at last its dreams come true
Dreams of poets and of seers,
Dreamed through immemorial years!
How the Nations rise and sing
Praise to Jehovah, King,
Him Who rideth on the storm,
Who upholdeth with His arm!
God of earth and sky and sea,
These our men we leave with thee!

VIRGINIA LUCAS

VIRGINIA LUCAS, the daughter of Lena Tucker Brooke and Daniel Bedinger Lucas, was born at Rion Hall, Jefferson County, West Virginia. She received her education in schools in Charles Town, at the Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia, and at the Art Students' League, New York.

Miss Lucas is the author of "The Captain," a story; "Wild Flowers" (privately circulated), and a few occasional poems. She is a writer of considerable charm and shows in her verse the same love of nature that distinguished the work of her aunt, Virginia Bedinger Lucas, whose fancy could recall, it is said, the exact shades of coloring of almost every wild flower of the Shenandoah Valley.

The work of Miss Lucas during the World War in connection with the Red Cross and with the drives for various purposes was very efficient, and was the occasion of much favorable comment. She is also one of the most active club women of Jefferson County. She lives with her mother at her beautiful country home, Rion Hall, where she leads a very busy and happy life, for, as she herself says, she is "interested in pretty much everything."

RUE-ANEMONE

Love was so sweet, that brought thee forth—
I could not do thee wrong, my child,
That art so fair and frail and wild,
Whom some esteem of little worth.

Red-stemmed, and delicate: I draw
Too heavily thy fragile growth;
To touch thy leaves the air is loath—
Those shy, curled leaves, arranged by law.

The wind doth not disturb thee. Knave!
That with irreverence would tread
Those thought-like petals, skyward spread,
Looking to heaven, small and brave.

That faintly fragrant, lovely bloom,
Rose-colored, and its sisters white—
Are they the offspring of the light,
Earth-met, after long years of gloom?

White wings, a-weary grown: they droop:
They are inscrutable, strange dust,
Returning to its home—one gust
Of storm would shatter the whole troop.

I love them! Did the lilies grow
In Galilee, around His feet,
With trust and tenderness, more meet
Than these, today begotten, show?

One flower, from out its leafy nest
I lift; I bear thee hence, to dwell
For thy brief day with me, to tell
My human heart of Beauty's test.

I draw thee, speak of thee; no wrong
Can e'er befall thee, by God wrought:
Thou canst but purify my thought,
Returning to God's breast, ere long.

Art thou reluctant, little one?
Ah, no! in those meek, upturned eyes,
I read a joyous sacrifice—
God praised, man served, destiny won!

Exquisite bloom! My tears are now
Thy recompense—and God adored,
For thy rare beauty, and implored
For grace, to live and love, as thou.

C O L U M B I N E

There, clinging for thy life—thou little one?
And yet no fear is in thy slender grace:
Thou bloomest in the shelter of the rock,
 Dreading nor tempest shock,
 Nor garish light of sun,
Secure, in thine uplifted resting place.

The ferns droop near thee, cool and delicate,
With luxury of fine, unfolding frond.
The veined vines ascend thy cliff—they cling,
 Like bird, with unfledged wing,
 Having the faith to wait,
Till they shall mount up to the sky beyond.

I touch thee? Not for any price! So rare,
Dropped like a jewel, on the Summer's hem,
Scarlet and gold; of royal color thou,
 Fit for her queenly brow,
 Whose wondrous diadem
Of grace has lifted her beyond compare.

I would not stand between thee and the light,
Who art so free and fairylike and fair,
Too fine for mortal finger to deface—
 Born to thy lofty place
 On rocky height,
Shaking thy gold locks on the reverent air.

GEORGE M. FORD

GEORGE M. FORD was born in Kasson, Barbour County, West Virginia. He was educated in the rural schools, at Fairmont State Normal and at West Virginia University from which he received the degree of A. B. in 1892, and the degree of LL. B. in 1896. During his college days he gave promise of a successful literary career, but has since devoted his time to other work than writing.

Since his graduation, he has been engaged in educational work most of the time, and is regarded as an exceptionally efficient school man. He has served as head of the department of economics of Concord Normal School; as principal of the Terra Alta schools, the Grafton High School and Concord State Normal School; and as superintendent of Brown's Creek School District, McDowell County, the Dunbar schools; and of the Bluefield schools, including the rural schools of Beaver Pond District, Mercer County.

In 1897, Captain Ford married Miss Anna L. Linn of Keyser, West Virginia.

Captain Ford comes from a family that has had an active part in every war in which our country has engaged, including the French and Indian War. His father, Rev. F. G. W. Ford, served with distinction in defense of the Union in the Civil War. The beginning of Captain Ford's career as a military man was on May 12, 1911, when he received a commission as captain in the Second Infantry, West Virginia National Guard. "On December 1, 1914, he received a commission as major in the Adjutant General's Department, but resigned June 19, 1916 to accept a captaincy in the Second Infantry, West Virginia National Guard, answering the call of the President for Mexico border service. He was mustered out of the service March 24, 1917 and April 3, 1917, he answered the call of the President for World

War service. The designation of his regiment was changed to the One Hundred and Fiftieth U. S. Infantry and attached to the Thirty-eighth Division. He served six months over-seas during which time he was transferred to the command of Co. B, Three Hundred and Fifty-eighth Infantry, Ninetieth Division and reported to his command on the front line at Stenay. He accompanied this division to Berncastle, on the Moselle, as a part of the Army of Occupation, and was later transferred to the Thirty-seventh Division and assigned to the command of Company M, One Hundred and Forty-fifth Infantry, then under orders to embark for home. He was honorably discharged from the United States Army on the 25th day of April, 1919."

Captain Ford was elected State Superintendent of Free Schools, on the Republican ticket, in November, 1920, and entered upon the duties of his office the following March. During his administration West Virginia schools have greatly increased in efficiency. He served as President of the West Virginia State Education Association during the year 1921-22.

THE MARINER'S LOVE

"The continuous roar
Of the surf on the shore,
As it dashes its wild billows high,
Makes sweet music to me,
Born and bred by the sea,
Where the sea gull and storm petrels fly.

And if ever should I,
From the sea forced to fly,
Settle down in some far distant land;
Where the surf billow's roar
Came to me never more,
Or salt breeze my brow gently fanned;
Then I hope that e'er long
(Though the hope may be wrong),
That the God to whom we seamen pray,

Will look down from the sky
And permit me to die,"
Said a mariner bold from the bay.

Years had passed since the time
When the man in his prime
Had spoken these brave words to me;
And that mariner bold
Had grown gray and old,
And had left his old home by the sea.
For when storm witches rave
O'er the foam covered wave,
Naught but strength can their fury withstand;
And when muscle and brawn
Are with fleeting years gone
An old man is far better on land.

In a far inland town,
O'er which grim mountains frown,
On his death-bed our mariner lay;
Each laboring sigh
And his slow glazing eye
Told his life sands were ebbing away.
Spoke the mariner low:
"My lads, will you go
And carry me back to the sea,
And dig me a grave
Where the incoming wave
Will heap the salt sea-weed o'er me?"

And now there's a mound,
Where the murmuring sound
Of the breakers that play on the shore,
Make sweet music to him
Who was once wont to stem
E'en their wildest weird warring of yore.

* * * *

Years have passed since that time;
I have long passed my prime;
And I stand old and as feeble as he,
Before me the grave,
And beyond it the wave
That its occupant once loved to see.

What's the moral? Well, you,
Who have loved and are true,
Will scarce ask the moral of me.
Here a hero lies dead,
And over his head
Croons the voice of his life's love, the sea.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER, son of David W. and Mary Katherine (Bonnifield) Swisher, was born in Hampshire County, West Virginia, September 1, 1870. After attending the public school of that county, he entered Fairmont State Normal School where he was graduated in 1892. He then engaged in teaching in California for two years. Upon his return to his native State, he entered West Virginia University where he was graduated in 1897 with an A. B. degree.

Since his graduation, Mr. Swisher has been engaged in a number of important business enterprises in Morgantown. For a time, he conducted the Acme Book Store and, in 1898, he organized the Acme Publishing Company of which he was president for a number of years. In 1918, he organized and became general manager of the Morgantown Building Association. Mr. Swisher was married in 1898 to Miss Mary Deering of Morgantown.

He is the author of "Briar Blossoms," a book of verse, stories, and sketches, and the "Book of Harangues by the Chief of the Tribe of Ghourki."

IN WEST VIRGINIA

In West Virginia skies are blue,
The hills are green and hearts are true;
A joyous welcome waiteth you,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia skies are bright,
The twinkling stars make glad the night;
And noble hearts uphold the right,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia, happy beams
The sun that kisses crystal streams,
Enduring love is what it seems,
In West Virginia.

In West Virginia there is rest
For tempest-tossed and sore distressed,
Here loving hearts are ever blest,
 In West Virginia.

In West Virginia man is free;
He dwells beneath his own roof-tree;
Oh come, my love, and dwell with me,
 In West Virginia.

THE SPRING 'NEATH THE OLD GUM TREE

There's many a spot on the old home place,
 That I'm wishing and longing to see,
But the dearest of all is the meadow lot
 And the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
At the harvest noon when the wheat in the fields
 Waved a billowy, golden sea,
Round the clover heads the bumble bees croon
 By the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
Oh! the shade was sweet and the grass was green,
 While merry harvesters we,
Spent a happy noon hour when we used to meet
 Near the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
Then many a jest went 'round the group,
 Our hearts were happy and free.
There sang we the songs that we loved best
 By the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
The spring bubbled up with a laugh on its lips,
 And danced away to the sea;
While again and again we filled the cup
 From the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
But those days are fled in the din of life,
 And never more shall I be,
With the harvesters of then, who now are dead,
 By the spring 'neath the old gum tree.
So there's many a spot on the old home place
 That I'm wishing and longing to see,
But the dearest of all is the meadow lot
 And the spring 'neath the old gum tree.

MARSHALL S. CORNWELL

MARSHALL S. CORNWELL was born October 18, 1871, in Hampshire County, West Virginia. His early life was spent on a farm. He was educated in the public schools of his county, and though it was not his good fortune to have the advantages of a college education, his love for reading, his quick mind, and his keen power of observation made him one of the best informed men in West Virginia.

After reaching manhood, he left the farm and engaged in newspaper work, in which he was quite successful until compelled to abandon it because of ill health. He was the editor of *The Grant County Press* for two years and of *The Inter-Mountain* for three years.

He was a man of unusually bright and cheerful disposition, and won warm friends wherever he went. The vein of seriousness and sadness that runs through most of his poems may be accounted for by the fact that many of them were written while he was in quest of health on the eastern coast of Florida, and on the banks of the Rio Grande.

While in El Paso, Texas, he realized that his battle for health and life was a losing one, and he returned to his old home in Hampshire, where on May 26, 1898, surrounded by those dearest to him, he passed out of life to find the perfect peace for which he had wished in his "Dream of Rest."

Mr. Cornwell's poems appeared in newspapers and other publications, and occasioned many expressions of appreciation, among them a letter of commendation from James Whitcomb Riley. After his death, his brothers, Messrs. John J. and William Cornwell, collected his poems and published them in a volume, entitled "Wheat and Chaff."

SOME DAY

Some day, through the mists of the earthly night,
We shall catch the gleam of the harbor light,
That shines forever on the far off shore,
Where dwell the loved who have gone before;
We shall anchor safe from our stormy way,
In that haven of rest, some day, some day.

Some day our sorrows will all be o'er,
And we'll rest from trouble forevermore;
When over the river's rolling tide,
We shall "strike glad hands" on the other side;
In the City celestial, at last, we may
Rest in peace, some day, some day.

Some day we'll close these weary eyes,
That shall look no more on earthly skies,
And over the heart, that has ceased to beat,
Kind hands will place fresh flowers sweet;
But my soul shall hear the celestial lay,
Sweet paeans of praise, some day.

S U C C E S S

Two ships sail over the harbor bar
 With the flush of the morning breeze,
And both are bound for a haven far
 O'er the shimmering summer seas.

With sails all set, fair wind and tide,
 They steer for the open main;
But little they reck of the billows wide
 E'er they anchor safe again.

There is one perchance, e'er the summer is done
 That reaches the port afar,
She hears the sound of the welcoming gun
 As she crosses the harbor bar.

The haven she reaches, success, 'tis said
Is the end of a perilous trip,
Perchance e'en the bravest and best are dead
Who sailed in the fortunate ship.

The other bereft of shroud and sail,
At the mercy of wind and tide,
Is swept by the might of the pitiless gale
'Neath the billows dark and wide.

But 'tis only the one in the harbor there
That receiveth the meed of praise;
The other sailed when the morn was fair
And was lost in the stormy ways.

And so to the men who have won renown
In the weary battle of life,
There cometh at last the victor's crown;
Not to him who fell in the strife.

For the world recks not of those who fail,
Nor cares what their trials are.
Only praises the ship that with swelling sail
Comes in o'er the harbor bar.

FRANCES MOORE BLAND

FRANCES MOORE BLAND was born in the historic town of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, a daughter of Judge C. P. T. Moore and Urilla Kline Moore. She inherited literary talent from both parents. At an early age she removed with her family to River View, a large country estate in the Ohio Valley, ten miles south of the county-seat. Here her education was begun under private tutors and later continued at Mount De Chantal, near Wheeling, where she completed a four years' course at this old institution of learning. River View, with its serenity and its inspiring outlook, was an ideal spot to foster inborn tendencies of the child, whose heart was responsive to every call to nature and to the placid beauty of the scenery of hill and dale surrounding her rural home.

While still very young, she commenced to write short stories and bits of verse, many of which were published in the local papers at Gallipolis, Ohio, and Point Pleasant, West Virginia. These early efforts elicited quite favorable comment from competent judges.

In 1897, Miss Moore was united in marriage to Robert L. Bland, a young attorney of Weston, West Virginia. To this union four children have been born, a daughter and three sons.

In 1900, Mrs. Bland published a small volume of poems, "Twilight Reveries." She now has in contemplation the publication of a book of short stories at an early date.

Mrs. Bland is a member of the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Weston, and is active in the affairs of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman's Club and the Wednesday Club of Weston.

MOTHER'S EYES

Like the soft, melting rays of the starlight,
Beaming brightly afar in the skies,
Shines ever thro' memory's fond magic
The light of my Mother's dark eyes.

Dear eyes with their depths of affection,
Soft eyes with their unshed tears,
Hope borrowed of sorrow's dejection,
Shines in them thro' all the long years,

Illumed with the light of joys passing
Or with retrospect's tender recall—
The glow of their beautiful ardor
Sheds a dream of repose over all,

And I read in their depth's a sweet story
Of a girlhood so bright and so glad,
In the dew-laden flush of life's morning
Ere in shadows the day dawn was clad.

And the noontide of life's broad expansion
Is mirrored with lights and with shade,
But the evening's deep calm sheds a beacon,
And the brightness to twilight must fade.

So daily I learn a sweet lesson,
Not taught by the earth or the skies,
But a lesson of faith, hope, and duty
Beaming mild from my Mother's soft eyes.

* * * * *

Ah! beautiful eyes with the glimmer
Of faith's fondest trust beaming bright,
Methinks that the watchlight of angels
Must lessen to gloom in your sight.

The earth has her circlet of diamonds,
And gemmed is the blue of the skies,
But the quenchless fire of devotion
Burns only in Mother's loved eyes.

ANNA R. HENDERSON

ANNA R. HENDERSON (Mrs. J. B. Henderson) is a native of South Carolina, but was reared in Florida. She attended school in Philadelphia, and afterwards spent some time near Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Mrs. Henderson has been living in Williamstown, West Virginia, for a number of years, and considers herself a real West Virginian.

She has contributed frequently to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Woman's Home Companion* and other standard magazines, but in recent years lack of time has prevented her regularly engaging in literary work. Some of her best work consists of verse and stories for young people which appeared in *Wide Awake*, *Our Youth*, *Little Men and Women*, and other popular juvenile magazines.

In 1900, Mrs. Henderson published a volume of verse, entitled "Life and Song," which contains a number of poems which show that she underestimates her talent as a writer when she calls herself "A Gleaner in the Field of Song." She does not consider the charming verse in this volume representative of her best work, which is of later date, and which consists of "poems of length, narrations of human lives and vicissitudes." Some of these poems were written as contributions to programs given by the Woman's Club of Parkersburg, of which she is a prominent member. It is hoped that Mrs. Henderson may in the future have more time to devote to writing, and that she may publish a second volume of her verse.

FANCIES

I built a bridge of fancies,
When I was young and gay,
Of smiles and songs and dances,

And flowerets of the May,
With sparkling dewdrops gleaming,
With every beauty rife;
It seemed to my fond dreaming,
To span the stream of life.

I wove a web of fancies,
When youth and joy were mine,
The roses of romances,
Made gay the fair design.
I sang a song of pleasure,
At what I deemed would be
The riches of the measure
The fates would fill for me.

My glittering bridge of fancies,
Went down beneath a storm;
The web of fair romances
Has never decked my form.
But song shall still aspire,
To duty, love and truth,
And bear my spirit higher
Than all the dreams of youth.

RELIC DAY

Relics of the long ago,
How we gathered them together,
Searching attics dim and low,
In the stormy, eerie weather.
Relics of the early years,
Of the hardy pioneers;
Of the long ago.

Reel that never whirls and clacks,
Spinning wheels that never hum,
Hackles for the broken flax,
Clocks whose works are long since dumb.
Woolen hose and buckskin slippers,
Longnecked gourds they used as dippers,
In the long ago.

Snuff-box, pipe and powderhorn,
Dogskin shot-pouch, flintlock rusty;
Mortar made from pounding corn,
Hunting shirt, moth-eaten, musty,
Demijohn for home-made whiskey,
Some old pioneers got frisky
In the long ago.

Old andirons that lustre lack,
Pewter plates all dull and battered;
Kettles huge and gridirons black,
Big stone pitcher, glassware shattered.
Odd blue dishes, English make,
Board for baking johnny cake;
Good, so long ago.

Woolen coverlids so gay,
Knitting yarn and needles rusty;
Chests where homespun linen lay,
Candle moulds and snuffers dusty,
Patchwork quilts that made a show,
In the long ago.

Letters yellow, dim with age,
Words of grave advice and duty,
Prim precision marks each page,
Knew they romance, loved they beauty?
Folded with a poem rare
Lo, a tress of shining hair,—
Oh, the long ago.

Quilted skirts and gowns of crepe,
Samplers worked with tints so mellow;
Baby caps of quaintest shape,
Leghorn bonnet old and yellow,
Oh, they look so melancholy,
Did they shadow faces jolly,
In the long ago?

Hoard them up, though useless, old,
Talk of all those hardships often,
Let their memories be as gold;
They who toiled our lot to soften,
Cherish, aye, through all the years,
Memories of the pioneers,
Of the long ago.

THE FIELD OF SONG

Fair, fair, 'neath ever radiant skies,
Watched o'er by stars with tender eyes,
Ripened by sunlight, fed by rain;
Rarest of all earth's fields of grain;
Fanned by the breeze of minstrelsy,
It lies—the field of Poesy.

It smiles, it waves through countless hours,
Shut in by hedge of fragrant flowers,
Above it sounds the wild bird's note,
While o'er it sweetest breezes float:
And reapers good and glad and strong,
Go toiling in the field of Song.

But I, my task is not to wield
A scythe in such a heavenly field;
From stubbly hillsides all the day,
I clear the briars and stones away.
But when the pensive twilight falls,
I wander where my fancy calls,
And glean, where others passed along;
As reapers in the field of Song.

I have no blade to cut such wheat;
I tread with slow and clumsy feet.
And yet, content and glad am I
With scattered grains that shining lie,
I walk the ground which seems to me
The Eden land of earth to be.
I linger late, I tarry long;
A gleaner in the field of Song.

PAYING THEIR WAY

A wonderful thing is a baby,
 A king in the realm of hearts;
 The household judge and jury,
 And master of countless arts.
But the best thing about a baby,
 You may mark it any day
Is its power that has no rival,
 To fairly pay its way.

Cheeks that are softer than rose leaves,
 Hands that are swifter than birds;
Hair that is silken and sunny,
 Coos that are sweeter than words.
Smiles do they bring to the saddest,
 Sunshine and music are they;
Blessing and love do they carry,
 To always pay their way.

You may talk of the works of artists
 Of the treasures that wealth can buy,
Of fashion, and books, and jewels,
 With their power to satisfy;
A better wealth has the household,
 That is gladdened every day
By a laughing, rollicking baby,
 That always pays its way.

But oh, the interruptions,
 And the work that a baby will make;
And oh, the self denials,
 And the time that a baby can take.
A kiss makes up for the trouble,
 A smile cures all the bother;
There was never a baby that went to bed,
 The least in debt to its mother.

A rest of petting when tired
 A comfort when hearts are sad;
A perfect, flawless possession,
 When everything else seems bad.
And so we cuddle and kiss them,
 And love them all the day;
And are glad that the blessed babies
 Will always pay their way.

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON, son of Sylvanus E. and Martha A. Johnson, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, February 6, 1866. He makes an interesting comment in regard to Christian and family names in *Everybody's* for May, 1920: "A bookish and religiously inclined ancestry is evidenced by Christian names. I discovered in a family Bible seen for the first time not long ago: 'Palamon,' 'Jason,' 'Sylvanus,' 'Basilial,' familiarized as 'Uncle Baz,' 'Jesse,' 'Shuah,' and others of the kind. I regarded the name of 'Philander' as a sort of hereditary eccentricity. The old Bible revealed to me that my name is not really 'Johnson.' It is 'Janson.' The paternal great-grandfather's name was 'Diederich Janson.' I have my respectful suspicions that he was an honest Dutch peasant who wore wooden shoes and used a tack-hammer instead of a button-hook."

As a child Mr. Johnson loved to hear his mother sing. He says; "My love of rhythm was strong and the poems that floated through the newspapers were invariably read aloud to me in order that more important business might proceed. Sometimes the marriage licenses and the mortality lists had to be read for at least a few lines, in order to prove that they were only optical illusions."

Mr. Johnson inherited his inclination for literary work from his father, who was "police reporter, city editor, chief and, if need were, foreman of the composing room of the leading newspaper of the town." He has been engaged in newspaper work for a number of years, having conducted humorous and literary departments in *The Merchant Traveler*, Chicago, and the *Critic*, *Capital*, and *Post*, Washington. At present, he is editorial writer and dramatic critic of *The Washington Star*, and for over thirty years, he has written for the *Star* daily contributions of verse and dialogue under the caption

of *Shooting Stars*.

Of his long residence in Washington, he says: "I do not quite understand how I became for so long a fixture in Washington. I intended to remain on a personal errand only for a week or so. The fascination of the place, which so many feel, held me from day to day, then from year to year, until secure association came to mean more than chanceful opportunity."

Mr. Johnson is the author of two well known songs: one, "Old Fashioned Flowers," and the other, "Somewhere in France Is the Lily," which was one of the most popular songs of the recent World War.

He says: "There is an interest in contributing something, however slight, to the talk of the time.....I think that two widely circulated phrases were first used by me; both of them in conversation not in print. I never saw either of them until after I had used them; one the rather unfeeling invitation to end a hard luck story; 'Cheer up! The worst is yet to come' and the other, the admonition, 'Don't throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery.' "

Mr. Johnson has been twice married. His first wife was Louise Covert and his second wife was Mrs. Mary A. Hagman, daughter of the late Brigadier General Daniel W. Adams, C. S. A.

He is the author of "Sayings of Uncle Eben," "Senator Sorghum's Primer of Politics," and "Now-a-Day Poems."

ONCE IN A WHILE

Once in a while, like the sun that streams
Through the breaking clouds on a day of showers,
The light of happiness gaily gleams
On this wistful wearisome world of ours.
And the sands of the hour-glass turn to gold,
And the melodies faint and far unfold,
And they lightly clink and our thoughts beguile
With mystical music—once in a while.

Once in a while, through the battling crowd,
 The face of an honest friend will pass
 Or a voice will silence the tumult loud—
 The tender voice of a loving lass.
 But the throng grows fierce and the din grows high
 As hope and hatred renew the cry,
 And a frown effaces the careless smile
 That comes to cheer us—once in a while.

Once in a while comes the day that's "best,"
 After days of waiting through "worse" and "bad;"
 The day that is radiant and sweet with rest,
 The day that we long for when life is sad.
 How well 'twould be if the tide of years
 Could be, somehow, turned from the flood of tears;
 If the hours of darkness and doubt were drained
 And only the "Once-in-a-while's" remained!

A HUMBLE SERMON

Dar nebber wa'nt no one who couldn't fin' out
 Sumpin' clus to his home to git busy about.
 It may be de work doesn' pay as it should,
 But it's better dan loafin' an' bein' no good.
 So I mixes de whitewash or pushes de spade
 'Thout talkin' too much 'bout de money dat's paid.
 Don' was'e all yoh time countin' up de reward,
 Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trus' in de Lord.

When Moses, de prophet, led Israel's band,
 He didn't start axin' de price of de land
 He was leadin' 'em to. Ef dey followed de light
 He knowed dat de future wah boun' to come right.
 De onlies' way to succeed is to staht
 A-goin' yoh bes' wid yoh han's an' yoh heart.
 So don' git contrairy an' sing off de chord,
 Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trus' in de Lord.

THE GOD OF PROGRESS

“Behold the God of Progress!”

The trumpet of conquest brays,
And the banners shine o’er the battle line,
And the wondering nations gaze.

“Behold the god who triumphs”

In tumult and smoke and flame!
The god up-raised to be feared and praised
And called by a sacred name.

His creed is the creed of liars,
And wherever he sets a shrine,
The helpless kneel ’neath a yoke of steel,
While his ministers jest and dine;
Their vestments of tyrant purple
Are washed with the tears of need;
They spurn the poor from the temple door
And cringe at the call of Greed.

Look on the scenes of sorrow!
The fires of conquest show
The Afric slave, the red man’s grave,
And our own good sons laid low;
The Orient’s yellow giant
Lies drugged at the gates of Doom
Where souls were paid in the course of trade
As the price of a poppy bloom.

The simple faith of the savage
Is changed to a poisoned hate;
The wise and strong with a silken thong
Lie bound in the halls of State;
The truths which our fathers gave us
Are mouthed till we yield and trust;
They are warped anew till they seem to do
The bidding of shame and lust.

Who is this "God of Progress"

Who maddens the babbling throng,
And slakes his pride in a crimson tide

While we bellow a battle song;
Whose hymns are the cries of children—
Of children who seek the dead;
Whose voice is the roar from the cannon's bore
And whose heart is a heart of lead?

Like the faith of the tribes who journeyed

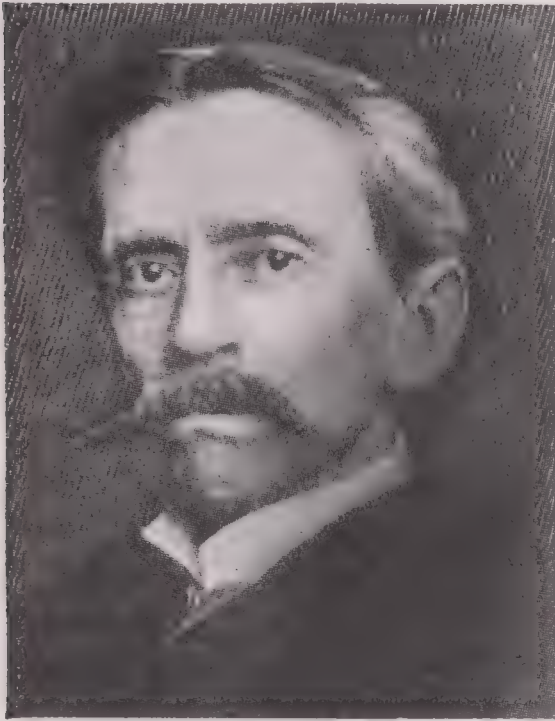
To freedom, from Egypt's king,
Our faith is slight and we shun the light
And we worship a Gilded Thing:
A thing to be smote and shattered
While the knaves and the fools atone
And forget their arts and incline their hearts
To the words that were writ in stone.

How long, "O God of Progress,"

Will you mask in a pleasant phrase
And bid men seek to destroy the weak
And to surfeit the proud with praise!
How long shall we grope and wander,
And gibber and dance and laugh,
And forget the Law as we bend in awe
To our idol—the Golden Calf!

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON, better known as Frank R. Stockton, was born in Philadelphia in 1834. On his mother's side, he was of English, French, and Irish ancestry; on his father's side, he was of pure English stock. His father was widely known as a writer on religious subjects.



He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, where he was graduated from the Central High School in his eighteenth year. He received a prize while in high school for a story that appeared in *The Boys' and Girls' Journal*.

As he showed decided artistic genius, he took up the work of steel engraving in which he was quite successful. While engaged in this work, however, he became interested in the writing of short stories, and within a few years he had won sufficient

recognition as a writer to cause him to decide to make literature his profession. He secured a position as assistant to Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of the juvenile department of *Hearth and Home*, and later served on the staff of *The Century*, and *St. Nicholas*, to the latter of which, he remained a constant contributor for many years after giving up his editorial work in 1882.

From boyhood, Mr. Stockton was a writer of

fairy tales, of which he write: "I caused the fanciful creatures who inhabited the world of fairy-land to act, as far as possible for them to do so, as if they were inhabitants of the real world. I did not dispense with monsters and enchanters, or talking beasts and birds, but I obliged these creatures to infuse into their extraordinary actions certain leaven of common sense." "In fairy tales," says Tassin, "Frank R. Stockton stands almost alone in having done considerable quantity of work possessing literary value."

After the publication of the "Ting-a-Ling Tales," Mr. Stockton wrote many other stories for the young which were first published in magazines and later in book form under titles, "Round-about Rambles," "Tales Out of School," "A Jolly Fellowship," "Personally Conducted," "The Story of Viteau," and "The Floating Prince." A series of stories, ostensibly for children but really intended for adults, because of their deep underlying meaning, and considered by Mr. Stockton and by his critics as among his best works, were published in *St. Nicholas*, and later reprinted in a volume entitled "The Bee-Man of Orn and Other Stories."

Shortly after Mr. Stockton's marriage to Miss Marian E. Tuttle of Georgetown, South Carolina, he and his wife set up house-keeping in Nutley, New Jersey. Here to relieve the elderly maid of all work of some of her duties, Mrs. Stockton procured from an orphans' home, a fourteen year old girl, described by her husband as a "middle sized orphan." "Her spare time was devoted to reading books of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them to herself aloud in the kitchen in a very disjointed fashion, which was at first amusing and then irritating" (Memorial Sketch, "The Captain's Toll-Gate"). Mr. Stockton called her Pomona, a name that later became well known all over the world through his stories, "Rudder Grange," "The Rudder Grangers Abroad," and "Pomona's Travels."

Mr. Stockton's best known story is "The Lady or the Tiger?" which presented a problem that has been

the subject of debate all over the world. The author received hundreds of letters asking for solution of the question, which was one that he never attempted to answer. Professor Pattee says that "The Lady or the Tiger?" caused even the uncritical to realize "that short story writing had become a subtle art and that the master of its subtleties had his reader at his mercy."

Though the writer of a large number of successful novels, Mr. Stockton was preeminently a writer of short stories. An editorial in *The Century* says: "The distinctly humorous stories of Stockton depend for their effect not so much upon the oddity of their situations—though his invention was delightfully playful and original—as upon their insight into the human heart, their truthfulness, their naturalness."

Most of Mr. Stockton's literary work was done at The Holt at Convent, New Jersey. In 1899, he decided to secure another home. This decision resulted in his buying Claymont Court in Jefferson County, West Virginia, where he spent the last years of his life. As this period is of special interest to West Virginians, Mrs. Stockton's account is reprinted in full:

"He had enjoyed The Holt, his New Jersey home, and was much interested in improving it. His neighbors and friends there were valued companions. But in his heart there had always been a longing for a home, not suburban—a place in the *real* country, and with more land. Finally, the time came when he felt that he could gratify this longing. He liked the Virginia climate, and decided to look for a place somewhere in that State, not far from the city of Washington. After a rather prolonged search, we one day lighted upon Claymont, in the Shenandoah Valley. It won our hearts, and ended our search. It had absolutely everything that Mr. Stockton coveted. He bought it at once, and we moved into it as speedily as possible.

"Claymont is a handsome colonial residence, 'with all modern improvements'—an unusual combination. It lies near the historic old town of Charles Town, in West

Virginia, near Harpers Ferry. Claymont is itself a historic place. The land was first owned by 'the Father of His Country.' This great personage designed the house, with its main buildings, two cottages (or lodges), and court yards, for his nephew Bushrod, to whom he had given the land. Through the wooded park runs the old road, now grass grown, over which Braddock marched to his celebrated defeat, guided by the youthful George Washington, who had surveyed the whole region for Lord Fairfax. During the Civil War the place twice escaped destruction because it had once been the property of Washington.

“But it was not for its historical associations, but for the place itself, that Mr. Stockton purchased it. From the main road to the house there is a drive of three-quarters of a mile through a park of great forest-trees and picturesque groups of rocks. On the opposite side of the house extends a wide, open lawn; and here, and from the piazzas, a noble view of the valley and the Blue Ridge Mountains is obtained. Besides the park and other grounds, there is a farm at Claymont of considerable size. Mr. Stockton, however, never cared for farming, except in so far as it enabled him to have horses and stock. But his soul delighted in the big, old terraced garden of his West Virginia home. Compared with other gardens he had had, the new one was like paradise to the common world. At Claymont several short stories were written. ‘John Gayther’s Garden’ was prepared for publication here by connecting stories previously published into a series, told in a garden, and suggested by the one at Claymont. John Gayther, however, was an invention. ‘Kate Bonnet’ and ‘The Captain’s Toll-Gate’ were both written at Claymont.

“Mr. Stockton was permitted to enjoy this beautiful place only three years. They were years of such rare pleasure, however, that we can rejoice that he had so much joy crowded into so short a space of his life, and that he had it at its close. Truly life was never sweeter to him than at its end, and the world was never

brighter to him than when he shut his eyes upon it. He was returning from a winter in New York to his beloved Claymont, in good health, and full of plans for the summer and for his garden, when he was taken suddenly ill in Washington, and died three days later, on April 20, 1902, a few weeks after 'Kate Bonnet' was published in book form.

"Mr. Stockton passed away at a ripe age—sixty-eight years. And yet his death was a surprise to us all. He had never been in better health, apparently; his brain was as active as ever; life was dear to him; he seemed much younger than he was. He had no wish to give up his work; no thought of old age; no mental decay. His last novels, his last short stories, showed no falling off. They were the equals of those written in younger years. Nor had he lost the public interest. He was always sure of an audience, and his work commanded a higher price at the last than ever before. His was truly a passing away. He gently glided from the homes he had loved to prepare here to one already prepared for him in heaven; unconscious that he was entering one more beautiful than even he had ever imagined."

William Dean Howells says of Frank R. Stockton: "His fine spirit is subtly with us in the far range of its numberless caprices and inventions, though eternity seems the richer and time the poorer in his going from us. If his fame seems in a momentary abeyance it is because this sort of eclipse must come to all. We must remember that it is the shadow of our little moon that now and again blots the sun, though I cannot specify personally any renown which has come between us and Stockton's beloved name."



CLAYMONT, THE HOME OF FRANK R. STOCKTON

BLACKGUM AG'IN' THUNDER

Abner Batterfield, forty-five years of age and tired, having finished hoeing his last row of corn, sat down on a bench at his front door, took off his wide and dilapidated straw hat, and wiped his brow. Presently his wife came out. She was rather more than forty-five years old and of phenomenal physical and mental endurance. She had lived seventeen years with Abner, and her natural vigor was not impaired.

"Supper's ready," said she.

Her husband heaved a long sigh and stretched out his weary legs in unison.

"Supper," he repeated; "it's allus eat or work or sleep!"

"Perhaps you'd like to leave out the eatin'," said Mrs. Batterfield; "that would save lots."

Her husband ignored this remark. He was a small farmer, but his farm was too big for him. He had no family but himself and wife, but the support of that family taxed his energies. There was a certain monotony connected with coming out short at the end of the year which was wearisome to his soul.

"Mrs. B," said he, "I've made up my mind to start over ag'in."

"Goin' back to the cornfield?" she asked. "You'd better have your supper first."

"No," said he; "it's different. I've been thinkin' about it all day, an' I'm goin' to begin life all over ag'in."

"At your age it would be more fit fer you to consider the proper endin' of it," said she.

"I knew you'd say that, Mrs. B; I knew you'd say that! You never do agree with me in any of my plans and undertakin's."

"Which accounts fer our still havin' a roof over our

From "John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein," copyright 1902 by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

heads," she said.

"But, I kin tell you, this time I'm goin' ahead. I don't care what people say; I don't care what they do or what they don't do; I'm goin' ahead. It'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder this time, and I'm blackgum. You've heard about the thunder an' lightnin' tacklin' a blackgum tree?"

"Ever since I was born," said she.

"Well, there's a awful scatterin' of dust an' chips when that sort of a fight is on; but nobody ever yet heard of thunder gettin' the better of a blackgum-tree. An' I'm goin' to be a blackgum!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said: "An I'm goin' to be thunder."

The next morning, Abner Batterfield put on his best clothes, and walked to the little town about two miles distant. He did not enter the business part of the place, but turned into a shady side street where stood a small one-story building, almost by itself. This was the village library, and the librarian was sitting in the door-way, reading a book. He was an elderly man of comfortable contour, and wore no glasses, even for the finest print.

"Mornin', Abner," said the librarian; "have you brought back that book?"

Abner seated himself on the door-step. "No, I haven't, Mr. Brownsill," said he; "I forgot it. But I remember some things that's in it, and I've come to talk about 'em."

"Very good," said the librarian, closing the volume of Salmon's Geographical Grammer with his finger at page 35, treating of paradoxes, and remarked: "Well, Abner, what is it?"

Then Abner Batterfield told his tale. He was going to make a fresh start; he was going to spend the rest of his life in some manner worthy of him. He had not read much of the book he had taken out of the library, for in his present way of spending his life, there did not seem to be any very good time for reading, but it was about success in life, and he had read enough of this to make

him feel that it was time for him to make a fresh start, and he was going to do it.

“An’ I may have a tough time,” said Abner; “but it’ll be blackgum ag’in’ thunder, an’ I’m blackgum!”

The librarian smiled. “What are you going to do?” said he.

“That’s a thing,” said Abner, “I’m not so certain about. I’ve been thinkin’ of enterin’ the ministry; but the bother about that is, I can’t make up my mind which particular denomination to enter. There’s such a difference in ’em.”

“That’s true,” said Mr. Brownsill; “that’s very true! But haven’t you a leaning for some one of them in particular?”

“In thinkin’ it over,” said Abner, “I’ve been drawn to the Quakers. So far as I kin’ find out, there’s nothin’ a Quaker preacher has to do if he don’t want to.”

“But then, on the other hand,” said the librarian, “there’s no pay.”

“Which won’t work at all,” said Abner, “so that’s got to be dropped. As to the Methodists, there’s too much work. A man might as well stick to hoein’ corn.”

“What do you think of the Catholics?” asked the librarian, meditatively. “I should think a monk in a cell might suit you. I don’t believe you’d be expected to do much work in a cell.”

Abner cogitated. “But there ain’t no pay in that, no more’n if I was a Quaker. An’ there’s Mrs. B. to be considered. I tell you, Mr. Brownsill, it’s awful hard makin’ a ch’ice.”

The librarian opened his book and took a good look at the number of the page on which paradoxes were treated, so that he might remember it; then he rose and put the old volume upon the table, and, turning to Abner, he looked at him steadfastly.

“Abner Batterfield,” said he, “I understand the state of your mind, and it is plain enough that it’s pretty hard for you to make a choice of a new path in life; but perhaps I can help you. How would you like to be a

librarian?"

"Me!" exclaimed Abner, amazed.

"I don't mean," said Mr. Brownsill, "that you should take up this business for life without knowing whether you like it or not, but I can offer you what might be called a sample situation. I want to go away for a couple of weeks to visit my relations, and if you will come and attend to the library while I'm gone, it might be a good thing for both of us. Then, if you don't like the business of a librarian, you might sample some other calling or profession."

Abner rose from the door-step, and entering the room, stood before Mr. Brownsill. "That's the most sensible thing," said he, "that I ever heard said in all my life. Sample first and go into afterwards: That's sound reason. Mr. Brownsill, I will do it."

"Good!" said the librarian. "And the duties are not difficult."

"An' the pay?" asked Abner.

"Just what I get," said Mr. Brownsill.

The bargain was made, and Abner immediately began taking lessons in the duties of a librarian.

When he went home he told his tale to Mrs. Batterfield. "I have hoed my last row of corn," said he, "an' when it's fit to cut an' shock we'll hire a man. There's librarians, Mrs. B, so Mr. Brownsill told me, that gets thousands a year. Think of that Mrs. B.—thousands a year!"

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply to this remark, but in her heart she said: "An' I am thunder."

Early the next morning, long before the ordinary time for opening the library, Abner was at his post. He took the key from the concealed nail where Mr. Brownsill was wont to hang it. He opened the door and windows, as the librarian had told him he must do; he swept the floor; he dusted the books; and then he took the water pail and proceeded to the pump hard by. He filled it, then he sat down and wiped his brow. He had done so much sitting down and brow-wiping in his life that it

had become a habit with him even when he was neither hot nor tired.

This little library was certainly a very pleasant place in which to earn one's living—ten thousand times more to his taste than the richest corn-field. Around the walls were book-shelves, some of them nearly filled with books, most of which, judging from their bindings, were of a sober—if not a somber turn of mind.

"Some of these days," said Abner, "I am goin' to read those books; I never did have time to read books."

From the ceiling there hung, too high to be conveniently dusted, a few stuffed birds, and one small alligator. "Some of these days," said Abner to himself, "I am goin' to get on a step-ladder an' look at them birds an' things. I never did properly know what they was."

Now footsteps were heard on the side-walk, and Abner jumped up quickly and redusted a book upon the table. There entered two little girls, the elder one with her hair plaited down her back. They looked in surprise at Abner, who smiled.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Brownsill," he said. "Well, I'm in his place now, and all you got to do is to tell me what book you want."

"Please, sir," said the one with plaits, "mother wants to know if you can change a quarter of a dollar."

This proposed transaction seemed to Abner to be a little outside of a librarian's business, but he put his hand in his pocket and said he would see. When he had extracted all the change that pocket contained he found that he was the owner of three nickels and five copper cents. He tried some other pockets, but there was no money in any of them. He was disappointed; he did not want to begin his intercourse with the townspeople by failing to do the first favor asked of him. He looked around the room; he rubbed his nose. In a moment an idea struck him.

"How much do you want to get out of this quarter?" said he.

"Ten cents, sir," said the girl with the plaits. "The

woman's waitin' fer it now."

"I'll tell you," said Abner, "what I kin do. All I have got is twenty cents. Two of these nickels will do fer the woman, and then fer the other five cents you kin take out a book fer a week. A duodecimo volume fer a week is five cents. Is there any duodecimo volume you would like?"

The girl with the plaits said she did not know, and that all she wanted was change fer a quarter.

"Which this will be," said Abner.

Asking the little girls to follow him, he approached the book shelves. "Now here's something," said he, presently, taking down a book. "It's Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' an' it's got a lot of different things in it. Some of them your mother might like to read to you. I once read one piece in that book myself. It is about the Inquisition, an' when I began it I couldn't stop until I got to the end of it. I guess your mother might like to read that, even if she don't read it to you."

The little girl said she did not know whether her mother would like it or not, but what she had been sent for was change for a quarter.

"This will be the same thing," said Abner; "twenty cents in money, an' five cents fer a duodecimo fer one week. So take the money and the book, my dear, an' tell your mother that if she keeps it out longer than one week there'll be a fine."

The child and the duodecimo departed, and Abner sat down again, and wiped his brow. "There's one customer," said he, "and that's the way to do business. They come to get you to do something fer them, and before they know it, they're doin' business with you, payin' cash in advance. But there's one thing I forgot. I oughter asked them young ones what their mother's name was. But I'll remember 'em, specially the one with the plaited hair, so it's all the same."

The little girls went home. "It's a new man at the library," said the one with the plaits, "an' he hadn't got no more'n twenty cents in money; but he sent you a

book for the other five cents."

The mother, with her baby in her lap, gave the ten cents to the woman who was waiting, and then took the book, which opened quite naturally at the article on the Inquisition, and began to read. And, although the baby grew restless and cried, she did not stop reading until she had finished that article. "The book's fully worth five cents," she said to herself, as she put it on the shelf for future perusal.

It was not long before the thought struck Abner that he was losing opportunities which spread themselves around him, so he jumped up and took down a book. The volume proved to be one of "Elegant Extracts;" but after reading certain reflections "Upon Seeing Mr. Pope's House at Binfield," he thought he would like something more in the nature of a story, and took up a thinner volume entitled "Dick's Future State." He turned over the leaves, hoping to meet with some of the adventures of Dick but his attention was arrested by a passage which asserted that arithmetic would be one of the occupations to be followed in heaven. He was about to put away the book in disgust—for to him there was no need of a man's being good in this world if he were to be condemned to arithmetic in the next,—when the light from the open door was darkened by a large body that approached in carpet slippers, making no noise. This proved to be a round and doleful negro woman, the greater part of her face wrapped up in a red and green handkerchief. Her attire was somewhat nondescript, and entirely unsuggestive of literary inclinations. She groaned as she entered the room.

"Whar Mr. Bro'nsill?" she asked, with one hand to her face.

Abner was amazed. Was it possible that this woman could read, and that she cared for books? He explained the situation, and assured her that he could attend to her as well as the regular librarian.

"I'se mighty glad to hear dat," said the woman—"I'se mighty glad to hear dat, fer I has n't slep' one

wink de whole night fer dis tooth. Mr. Bro'nsill he allus pulls my teeth, an' dey nebber has been one what ached as bad as dis."

With this she began to unwrap her swollen face.

"Yo need n't do that," cried Abner; "I can't pull teeth. You must go to the dentist."

"That'll be fifty cents," said the woman; "An' Mr. Bro'nsill he don't charge nothin'. I know whar he keeps his pinchers. Dey's in dat drawer in de table, an' you kin pull hit out jes as well as anudder pusson. I'd pull hit out ef I wuz anudder pusson."

Abner shook his head. "I never pulled a tooth," he said, "I don't know nothin' about it."

"Don' dey tell somethin' about pullin' teeth in dese here books?" said the woman.

Abner shook his head. "There may be," he said, "but I don't know where to find it."

"An' you's de librarian," said she, in a tone of supreme contempt, "an' don' know how to fin' what's in de books!" And with this she rewrapped her face and wobbled away.

"I hope the next one will want a book," said Abner to himself, "an' won't want nothin' else. If I'm to be librarian, I want to fork out books."

The morning passed, and no one else appeared. The forenoon was not the time when people generally came for books in that town.

After he had eaten the dinner he had brought, Abner sat down to meditate a little. He was not sure that the life of a librarian would suit him. It was almost as lonesome as hoeing corn.

Sometime after these reflections,—it might have been a minute, it might have been an hour,—he was awakened by a man's voice, and suddenly started up-right in his chair.

"Hello!" said the voice, "you keepin' library fer old Brownsill?"

"That's what I'm doin'," said Abner; "he's away fer his holiday."

The newcomer, Joe Pearson, who had been assistant to the town clerk, but was now out of a position, was a stout man with little eyes, and wore a shiny black coat and no collar.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "Mr. Brownsill's a little too sharp fer my fancy; I'd rather do business with you. Have you got any books on eggs?"

"I don't know," said Abner; "but I kin look. What kind of eggs?"

"I don't suppose there's a different book fer every kind of egg," said Joe; "I guess they're lumped."

"All right," said Abner; "step up to the shelves, an' we'll take a look. Now here's one that I've just been glancin' over myself. It seems to have a lot of different things in it. It's called 'Elegant Extracts.'"

"'Elegant Extracts' won't do," said Joe; "they ain't eggs."

"E-E-E-" said Abner, anxious to make a good show in the eyes of his acquaintance, who had the reputation of being a man of considerable learning—"Experimental Christianity"—but that won't do."

After fifteen or twenty minutes occupied in scrutiny of backs of books, Joe Pearson gave up the search. "I don't believe there's a book on eggs in the whole darned place," said he. "That's just like Brownsill; he hasn't got no fancy fer nothin' practical."

"What do you want to know about eggs?" said Abner.

Mr. Pearson did not immediately answer, but after a few moments of silent consideration he walked to the door and closed it. Then he sat down and invited Abner to sit near him. "Look here, Abner Batterfield," said he; "I've got a idee that's goin' to make my fortune. I want somebody to help me, an' I don't see why you couldn't do it as well as anybody else. Fer one thing, you've got a farm."

Abner started back. "Confound the farm!" he said. "I've given up farmin' an' I don't want nothin' more to do with it."

"Yes, you will want," said Pearson, "when I've told you what I'm goin' to do; but it won't be common farmin':—it'll be mighty different. There's money in this kind of farmin', an' no work to mention, nuther."

Abner now became interested.

"It concerns eggs," said Pearson. "Abner, did you ever hear about the eggs of the great auk?"

"Great hawk!" said Abner.

"Not hawk! Auk—a-u-k."

"Never seen the bird," said Abner.

"I reckon not," said the other; "they say they extincted sometime before the war, but I don't believe that. I've been readin' a piece about 'em, Abner; an' I tell you it it just roused me up, an' that's the reason I've come here, s'posin' I might find a book that might give me some new p'int. But I reckon I know enough to work on."

"Is there anything uncommon about 'em?" asked Abner.

"Uncommon!" exclaimed the other. "Do you know what a great auk's egg is wuth? It's wuth one thousand eight hundred dollars!"

"A car-load?" asked Abner.

"Stuff!" ejaculated Mr. Pearson; "it's that much fer *one*—an' that one blowed, nothin' but a shell, not a thing inside—eighteen hundred dollars!"

"By George!" exclaimed Abner; "eighteen hundred dollars!"

"An' that's the lowest figure. Great auk eggs is wuth twenty-one thousand an' six hundred dollars a dozen!"

Abner rose from his chair. "Joe Pearson," he said, "what are you talkin' about?"

"I'm talkin' about makin' the biggest kind of money; an' if you choose to go in with me, you kin make big money too. I'm all correct, an' I kin show you the figures."

Abner now sat down and leaned over toward Pearson. "Whar's it likely to find nests?" said he.

"Nests!" exclaimed Pearson, in disdain. "If I could find two eggs, fresh ones,—I'd call my fortune made."

"I should say so," said Abner, "sellin' 'em fer thirty-six hundred dollars. But what is there so all-fired good about 'em to make 'em sell like that?"

"Sceerceness," said Joe; "apart from sceerceness, they ain't no better'n any other egg. But there's mighty few of 'em in market now, an' all of them's blowed."

"An' no good?" said Abner.

"They say not," said the other. "Fer simple sceerceness they're better blowed than not."

"But what's your idee about 'em?" said Abner.

"That's what I'm goin' to tell you," replied Pearson. "There's a general notion that there ain't no more great auks, specially hen great auks, an' that's why their eggs are so sceerce. But I don't see the p'int of that; it don't stand to reason. Fer now an' then somebody finds a great auk egg, an' if you find 'em they've got to be laid; an' if they're laid there's got to be hen great auks somewhar. Now the p'int is to find out whar them hen great auks lay. It may be a awful job to do it, but if I kin do it, an' get just two eggs, my fortune's made, and yourn too."

"Would you divide the thirty-six hundred dollars even?" Abner was now interested.

"Divide!" sneered Pearson; "do you suppose I'd sell 'em? No, sir; *I'd set 'em*. Then, sir, I'd go into the great auk business. I'd sell eggs an' make my fortune—an' yourn too."

"An' young ones, if we get a lot?"

"No sir!" exclaimed Pearson; "nobody'd own no auks but me. You can't catch 'em alive, an' I wouldn't sell no eggs at all till they'd first been blowed. I'd keep the business all in my own hands. Abner, I've been thinkin' a great deal about this thing. You've heard about the lively sixpence an' the slow dollar? Well, sir, I'm goin' to sell them auk eggs fer sixteen hundred dollars apiece, an' two fer three thousand."

Abner sat and looked at his companion. "That would be better than 'most any other kind of business," he said. "Whar do you go to get them eggs?"

"Way up north," said Pearson; "an' the further north you go, the more likely you are to find 'em."

"I don't know about goin' north," said Abner, reflectively; "there's Mrs. B. to consider."

"But I don't want you to go," said Pearson; "I'm goin' north myself, an' when I've found a couple o' auk eggs, I'll pack 'em up nice an' warm in cotton an' send 'em down to you an' have 'em hatched. That's whar your farm'll come in. You've got to have a farm an' turkeys or big hens if you want to raise auks. Then I'll go on lookin', an', most likely, I'll get a couple more."

"That'll be a good thing," said Abner; "the more the merrier. I'll go in with you, Joe Pearson; that's the sort of business that'll just suit me. But I'll tell you one thing, Joe—I wouldn't put the price of them eggs down at first; I'd wait until a couple of dozen had been laid an' blowed, an' then, perhaps, I'd put the price down."

"No, sir," said Joe; "I'll put the price down at the very beginning. Sixteen hundred dollars apiece, or three thousand fer two, is enough fer any eggs, an' we oughter be satisfied with it."

"An' when are you goin' to start north?" asked Abner.

"That's the p'int," said Pearson—"that's the p'int. You see, Abner, I ain't got no family, an' I can start north whenever I please, as far as that's concerned. But there's obstacles. Fer one thing, I ain't got the right kind of clothes; and then there's other things. It's awful hard lines, startin' out on a business like this; an' the more money there is in it, the harder the lines."

"But you kin do it, Joe," said Abner; "I feel in my bones you kin do it. It'll be blackgum ag'in' thunder, but you'll be blackgum an' you'll come out all right."

"I can't be blackgum nor nothin' else," said Pearson, "if I don't get no help; specially if I don't get no

help from the party what's goin' to get a lot of the money."

Abner reflected. "There's some sense in that," he said.

Joe Pearson was a man of resourceful discretion. He rose. "Now, Abner," said he, "I've got to go; I've got a lot of things on my hands. But I want you to remember that what I've said to you, I said to *you*, an' I wouldn't have no other man know nothin' about it. If anybody else should hear of this thing an' go north an' get ahead of me, it would be—Well, I don't know what to say it would be, I've such feelin's about it. I've offered to take you in because you've got a farm, an' because I think you're a good man an' would know how to take care of auks when they was hatched. But there's a lot fer me to do; there's maps to look over, an' time-tables; an' I must be off. But I'll stop in to-morrer, Abner, an' we'll talk this over again."

When Pearson had gone, Abner sat and stared steadily at a knot-hole in the floor. "Mrs. B.," he said to himself, "has allus been a great one on eggs; she's the greatest one on eggs I ever knowed. If she'd go in now, the thing 'u'd be just as good as done. When she knows what's ahead of us she oughter go in. That's all I've got to say about it."

The significance of these reflections depended upon the fact that Mrs. Batterfield had a small income. It was upon this fact also that there depended the other fact that there were three meals a day in the Batterfield home. It was this fact, also, which was the cause of Mr. Joe Pearson's proposition. He was very well acquainted with Abner, although he knew Mrs. Batterfield but slightly. But he was aware of her income.

After reflecting for about twenty minutes upon the exciting proposition which had been made to him, Abner grew very impatient. "No use of my stayin' here," he said; "there's nobody goin' to get out books in this hot weather; so I'll just shut up shop an' go home. I never did want to see Mrs. B. as much as I want to see

her~now.”

“Libraries seem to shut up early,” said Mrs. Batterfield as her husband walked into the front yard.

“Yes, they do,” said Abner, “in summer-time.”

All the way from town he had been rehearsing to himself the story he was going to tell; but he had not finished it yet, and he wanted to get it all straight before he began, so he walked over to the barn and sat down on an inverted horse-bucket. When he got it all straight he concluded not to tell it until after supper, and when that meal was finished and everything had been cleared away, and Mrs. Batterfield had gone to sit on the front porch, as was her evening custom, he sat down by her and told his story.

He made the tale as attractive as he possibly could make it; he even omitted the fact that Joe Pearson intended to sell his first eggs for sixteen hundred dollars instead of eighteen hundred, and he diminished by very many hundred miles the length of his friend’s probable journey to the north.

Mrs. Batterfield listened with great attention. She was engaged with some sewing, upon which her eyes were fixed, but her ears drank in every word that Abner said. When he had finished, she laid down her work, for it was beginning to get a little dark for even her sharp eyes, and remarked; “An’ he wants some warm clothes? Furs, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Abner; “I expect they’d be furs.”

“An’ travelin’ expenses?” she asked.

“Yes, I suppose he’d want help in that way. Of course, since he’s makin’ me such a big offer, he’ll expect me to put in somethin’.”

Mrs. Batterfield made no reply, but folded up her sewing and went indoors. He waited until she had time to retire, then he closed the house and went up himself.

“She’ll want to sleep on that,” said he; “it’ll be a good thing fer her to sleep on it. She mayn’t like it at first, but I’ll go at her ag’in tomorrer, an’ I’m goin’ to stick to it. I reckon it’ll be the worst rassel we ever had,

but it's blackgum ag'in' thunder, an' I'm blackgum."

When Abner reached his chamber he found his wife sitting quietly by the table, on which burned a lamp.

"Hello!" said he; "I thought you'd be abed an' asleep."

"I didn't want to do my talkin' out front," said she; "fer there might be people passin' along the road. I think you said this was to be a case of blackgum ag'in' thunder?"

"Yes," said Abner, in a somewhat uncertain tone.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Batterfield, "I'm thunder."

It was very late when that couple went to bed, but it was very early the next morning when Abner rose. He split a great deal of fire-wood before breakfast, and very soon after that meal he put his hoe on his shoulder and went to his corn-field. He remembered that there were three rows of corn which he had hoed only upon one side.

The library was not opened that day, and it remained closed until Mr. Brownsill returned. The failure in the supply of books did not occasion very much comment in the town, for everybody agreed that the librarian was a good man and ought to have a holiday.

When his vacation had expired, Mr. Brownsill came home, and on the second morning after his arrival Abner Batterfield appeared before him. "I had to come in town," said Abner, "an' so I thought I'd step in here an' see about my pay."

The librarian looked at him. "How long were you here?" he asked. "I've been told that the library was shut up for two weeks."

"I was here fer three quarters of a day," said Abner. "That's about as near as I kin calculate."

The librarian took up a pencil and made a calculation.

"By the way," said he, "you must have done some business. I miss our copy of Buck's 'Theological Dictionary,' but I find no entry about it."

“That was took out as change,” said Abner; “five cents fer a duodecimo fer a week, an’ the rest in cash. If the woman hasn’t brought it back, she owes a week’s fine.”

“Who was the woman?” asked the librarian.

“I don’t know,” said Abner; “but she has a daughter with plaited hair an’ a small sister. While I’m in town I’ll try to look ’em up.”

“In the meantime,” said Mr. Brownsill, “I’ll have to charge you for that book; and deducting your pay for three quarters of a day, you now owe me seventy-five cents. I don’t suppose there’s any use talking about the fines I have got down against you?”

“I don’t believe there is,” said Abner.

The librarian could not help smiling, so dejected was the tone in which these last words were spoken.

“By the way,” said he, “how about your great fight you were talking about—blackgum ag’in’ thunder—how did that turn out?”

Abner in his turn smiled.

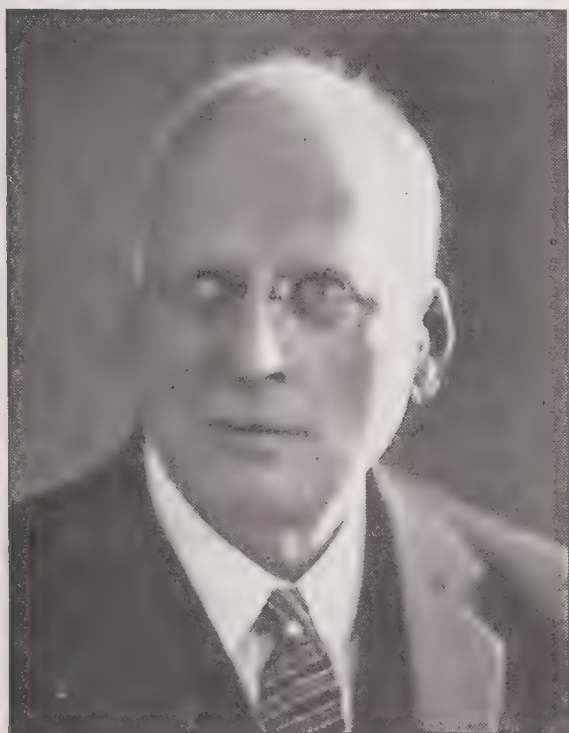
“Blackgum was split as fine as matches,” said he.

The Century, 1901.

HERBERT QUICK

JOHAN HERBERT QUICK, the son of Martin and Margaret (Coleman) Quick, was born near Steamboat Rock, Grundy County, Iowa, October 23, 1861. He was educated in the rural schools which he began to attend when he was four and a half years old. At the end of the first term of six months, he was reading in the fifth reader. In a recent article in *The American Magazine*,

Mr. Quick gives the following interesting account of his boyhood and its dreams and achievements:



“You would have smiled if you had seen me at ten and could have known that I was aiming at the goal of literary success. If you had seen me after the frost was on the ground, I should have been barefooted, my feet, afflicted with festered sores, from the stubs of burnt grass on the prairie. I should have either been going to

school, or sitting—my white Dutch hair hanging down over my face—on the old wooden forms in the poor little schoolhouse, reciting to a teacher who did not know so much about some of the common branches, all that were taught, as I did; or I should have been following the plow or harrow, limping along over the clods; or mounted on an old cream-colored mare, herding the cattle. Or I should have been seen armed with a loop of string, snar-

ing gophers to keep them from digging up the corn. Or perhaps, in a rare case, I should have been carrying a string of little fish caught in the pellucid brook which ran buried in the tall grass."

At the age of sixteen, realizing that he would not be able to go to college, Mr. Quick decided to take an examination for admission to West Point, with the intention of resigning from the Army as soon as he had been graduated. He had no trouble in passing the mental examination, but, greatly to his mother's relief, he failed to pass the physical examination.

From 1882 until 1890, Mr. Quick was engaged in teaching, and was at one time principal of a ward school in Mason City, Iowa. He has always retained his interest in the profession of teaching. In a recent letter to *The West Virginia School Journal and Educator*, he says:

"To the teachers, I have given my message in my book 'The Brown Mouse.' This is my thesis on rural education, the branch of education in which I am most interested."

That Mr. Quick has been a man of many occupations is evidenced by his own account of his activities: "I dabbled in music. I took roles in amateur opera. I was active in local politics. I nearly got myself nominated for clerk of the courts, so as to take my legal course in that way, as our law permitted. I got myself into local politics in the educational line. So I accumulated literary material in these fields. But I was always troubled by my stagnancy so far as progress in writing was concerned."

In 1889, he was admitted to the Iowa bar, and practiced law from 1890 until 1899 in Sioux City.

In 1890, Mr. Quick married Miss Ella D. Corey of Syracuse, New York.

His first book was written for his little son. "It was a tale of the Puk Wudjies," writes the author, "which I aspired to make the household American fairy. It wasn't very bad, I think; but it did not do for the Puk Wudjies what I had hoped—nor for me."

One spring day, in 1901, the smell of smoke brought back to Mr. Quick the old days spent on the prairies, and, instead of going to luncheon, he sat in his law office, and wrote "A Whiff of Smoke," a poem which won for him his first recognition as a writer. He received his accolade from Robert Underwood Johnson of *The Century* and a check. Since the appearance of this poem in *The Century*, Mr. Quick has been a frequent contributor to various publications, among them *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentlemen*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and a number of sociological journals.

In 1904, Mr. Quick published "Aladdin & Co." and in 1905 "Double Trouble," the success of which led him to give over his share of the law business to his partner. Shortly after the publication of "The Broken Lance," which is regarded by Mr. Quick as his best sociological novel and which added more to his reputation as a writer than to his income, he became the editor of *Farm and Fireside*. He was very successful in this work and, in 1916, he accepted a position on the Federal Farm Loan Bureau at a salary of \$10,000 a year. In 1919, he resigned in order to finish "Vandemark's Folly," a story which he had told to his publishers fifteen years before, and which he had partly written. Mr. Quick says: "But I was not through following squirrel tracks off into the woods. It seems to be an ingrained weakness in me to find too many things interesting. I headed a commission for the American Red Cross, to wind up their affairs in Siberia, and there I went down so low with an illness in Vladivostock that I was given up to die by the doctors—and by myself. My last message was to a friend of mine, to finish 'Vandemark's Folly' for me.

"But I lived to come home and finish it myself. Thus at sixty I reached what I had fixed as my goal at ten—but which now seems to me only a new point of departure."

"Vandemark's Folly" was first published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* and appeared in book form in the

spring of 1922. It was not only one of the most popular books of the year but is regarded by literary critics as one of the outstanding American novels. A review in *The Literary Digest* of May 13, 1922, says: "There ought to be more books like that of Mr. Quick's with its true epic quality, its great song of the making of our country. Here is a story that no lover of America can afford to miss, for it is filled with that wonderful spirit that has made America. You feel the growth of the nation as you read it, and the transmutation of the wilderness into a land of homes and farms. You struggle with those that fought for this transformation, you put yourself against the forces of disintegration, the selfish and the evil, and triumph with the sowers and reapers, and know that the work was good."

About ten years ago, Mr. Quick decided to make West Virginia his home, and bought Coolfont, a handsome estate near Berkeley Springs. It is a matter of pride to West Virginians that Mr. Quick should have reached the goal which he set for himself when a ten-year-old boy, while living in the State of his adoption.

A WHIFF OF SMOKE

Floating sprite-wise through the night,
 Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
 Whiff of smoke from burning grasses,
 Hashish-like, to visions passes,
 Into magic trances throws me;
 Scenes gone by forever shows me.

* * * * *

All the hills are tipped with red;
 Squadrons march with crackling tread,
 Through the swales make roaring charges,
 Die in smoke at oozy margins,
 Form in flickering hollow squares,
 Paint the sky with signal-flares,
 Throw their barred light 'cross my bed—
 Every hilltop tipped with red!



COOLFONT, THE HOME OF HERBERT QUICK

Or, perhaps, my April sky,
Wind-swept all day long and dry,
Glooms, until the westering sun
Glow, now red, now darkly dun.
Lower sinks the sun, but higher
Mounts the slant-blown fringe of fire.

Frightened, fluttering, scream the birds;
Blindly flee the fear-crazed herds;
Roaring, fanned by parching blast,
Sweeps the crimson whirlwind past.
Blackened monochrome behind;
Embers scenting all the wind;
Ghosts of smoke, in gauzy white,
Floating sprite-wise through the night.

Searching over each swart knoll,
Whistling, forth at morn I stroll,
Half her secrets, stripped of cover,
Nature lays before her lover.
See that tortoise, stolid loafer!
Yonder darts the wooing gopher.
Down from out the speckless sky
Falls the soaring crane's wild cry.
Hark! that cheery roundel, hark!
Always blithe, the meadow-lark!
From the peat-bed calls the drake;
Basking lies the glistering snake;
Like a hunter to his hound,
Pipes the curlew, circling round;
Clasping both her wings above her,
Whistling clear, alights the plover;
Unscorched cowslips gild the bog,
Bower of the prating frog;
Thoughtless, thankless, careless, I
Watch each shape of plain and sky;
See the prairie wild-folk, see
All, and feel his mystery.

Yet my quest is not for thrill
Running down from cloud and hill.
Where the prairie-hen has laid
Pearly treasures, now betrayed
By the white glints which attest
Burnt-up shelter, ruined nest,
Here I fill my basket up;
Cook my meal in tiny cup;
Singing, stray from knoll to knoll,
Nature speaking with my soul.

* * * * *

Pavement, street, and city pass,
At the whiff from burning grass,
Greeting nostril, baffling sight,
Sprite-wise floating through the night.

THE HEART OF GOLIATH

(The Story Told by the Groom)

I first saw him on the platform just before my train pulled out from Sioux City to Aberdeen. He was a perfect mountain—an Alp, a Himalaya—of man. He must have been well toward seven feet tall; and so vast were his proportions that as he stooped to the window to buy his ticket he reminded me of a mastiff peering into a mouse's hole. From a distance—one could scarcely take in the details at close range—I studied him as a remarkable specimen of the brawny western farmer, whose score in any exhibition would be lowered by one fact only: lofty as his height was, he was getting too heavy for it.

I had to go into the smoking-car to find a vacant

From "Yellowstone Nights," by Herbert Quick, copyright 1911. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

seat, and there I could see but one. I had but just slipped into it when in came the Gargantuan farmer and sat down all over me, in a seemingly ruthless exercise of his undoubted right to half the seat, and his unquestionable ability to appropriate as much more as his dimensions required. Falstaff with his page reminded himself of a sow that had overwhelmed all her litter save one: I felt like the last of the litter in process of smothering. And he was as ignorant of my existence, apparently, as could possibly be required by the comparison.

He wore with bucolic negligence clothes of excellent quality. His hat was broad as a prairie. I have no idea where such hats are bought. I am sure I never saw one of such amplitude of brim on sale anywhere. It was of the finest felt, and had a band of heavy leather pressed into a design in bas-relief. A few dried alfalfa leaves had lodged in the angle between the crown and the brim, and clung there, even when he took the hat off to wipe his brow, thus giving me a view of the plateau of felt, which I should never have obtained otherwise.

His face was enormous but not puffy; and the red veinlets on the cheek and nose had acquired their varicosity by weathering rather than by indulgence. His hair was clipped short, as though he had had a complete job done as a measure of economizing time. He had a high beak of a nose, with rugged promontories of bone at the bridge, like the shoulders of a hill; and his mouth was a huge but well-shaped feature, hard and inflexible like the mouth of a cave.

His shirt was of blue flannel, clean and fine, and its soft roll collar fell away from his great muscular neck unconfined and undecorated by any sort of cravat. His tun of a torso bulged roundly out in front of me like the sponson of a battleship. Stretched across the immense waistcoat was a round, spirally-fluted horsehair watchguard as big as a rope, with massive golden fastenings; and suspended from it was a golden steer made by some artificer who had followed Cellini afar off, if at all, and which gave the area (one must use geographical terms in

describing the man), an auriferous and opulent appearance.

His trousers were spotted with the stains of stables; and his huge boots, like barges, had similar discolorations overlaying a brilliant shine. He carried one of those heavy white sticks with which the drovers and dealers at the Sioux City stockyards poke the live stock and take the liberties accorded to prospective purchasers with pigs and bullocks. On the crook of this he rested his great hands, one piled upon the other, and stared, as if fascinated by them, at four soldiers returning from service in the Philippines, who had two seats turned together, and were making a gleeful function of their midday meal, startling the South Dakota atmosphere with the loud use of strange-sounding expressions in Tagalog and Spanish, and, with military brutality, laughing at the dying struggles of a fellow-man being slowly pressed to death under that human landslide. I resented their making light of such a subject.

My oppressor stared at them with a grim and unwavering gaze that finally seemed to put them out and set them ill at ease; for they became so quiet that we could hear noises other than theirs. Once in a while, however, they winked at me to show their appreciation of my agonies, and made remarks about the water-cure and the like, meant for my ears. My incubus seemed not to hear a word of this badinage. I wondered if he were not deaf, or a little wrong in his intellect. The train stopped at a little station just as I had become quite desperate, and two men sitting in front of us got off. With the superhuman strength of the last gasp I surged under my tormentor—and he noticed me. I verily believe that until that instant he had not known of my presence; he gave such a deliberate sort of start.

“Excuse me!” said he. “Forgot they was any one here—let me fix you!”

He had already almost done so; but he meant well. He rose to take the vacated seat; but with a glance at the soldiers he threw the back over, turned his back to

them and his face to me, and sat down. His ponderous feet like valises rested on each side of mine, his body filled the seat from arm to arm. For a while, even after discovering me, he stared past me as if I had been quite invisible. I saw a beady perspiration on his brow as if he were under some great stress of feeling. It was getting uncanny. I understood now how the soldiers, now breaking forth into riot again, had been suppressed by that stony regard. When he spoke, however, it was in commonplaces.

"They're lots of 'em comin' back," said he.

A slow thrust of the bulky thumb over his shoulder indicated that he meant soldiers. I nodded assent. A great many were returning just then.

"Jack's come back," said he; "quite a while."

His voice was in harmony with his physique—deep, heavy, rough. Raised in rage it might have matched the intonations of Stentor, and terrified a thousand foes; for it was a phenomenal voice. The rumble of the train was a piping treble compared with it.

"You don't know Jack, do yeh?" he asked.

"I think not," said I.

"Course not," he replied. "Fool question! An' yit, he used to know most of you fellers."

I wondered just what he might mean by "you fellows," but he was silent again.

"You don't live near here," he stated at last.

"No," said I. "I am just passing through."

"If you lived in these parts," said he, "you'd know him."

"I dare say," I replied. "Who is Jack?"

I was a little piqued at his rudeness; for he returned no reply. Then I saw that he was gazing into vacancy again so absently that I should have pronounced his case one of mental trouble if his appearance had not been so purely physical. He took from a cigar-case a big, dark, massive cigar, clubhouse shape like himself, gave it to me and lighted the twin of it. I thought myself entitled to reparation for his maltreatment of me, and, seeing that

it was a good cigar, I took it. As for any further converse, I had given that up, when there rumbled forth from him a soliloquy rather than a story. He appeared to have very little perception of me as an auditor. I think now that he must have been in great need of some one to whom he might talk, and that his relations to those about him forbade any outpouring of expression. He seemed all the time in the attitude of repelling attack. He did not move, save as he applied the cigar to his lips or took it away; and his great voice rolled forth in subdued thunder.

"I've got four sections of ground," said he, "right by the track. Show you the place when we go through. Of course I've got a lot of other truck scattered around. Land at the right figger you've got to buy—got to. But when I hadn't but the four sections—one section overruns so they's a little over twenty-six hundred acres—I thought 'twas about the checker f'r a man with three boys. One f'r each o' them, you understand, and' the home place f'r mother if anything happened. Mother done jest as much to help git the start as I did. Plumb as much—if not more.

"Tom an' Wallace is good boys—none better. I'd about as quick trust either of 'em to run the place as to trust myself."

There was a candid self-esteem in the word "about" and his emphasis on it.

"I sent Wallace," he resumed, "into a yard of feeders in Montana to pick out a trainload of tops with a brush and paint-pot, an' I couldn't 'a' got a hundred dollars better deal if I'd spotted 'em myself. ... That's goin' some f'r a kid not twenty-five. Wallace knows critters. f'r a boy. mighty well. An' Tom's got a way of handlin' land to get the last ten bushel of corn to the acre that beats me with all my experience. .. These colleges where they study them things do some good, I s'pose; but it's gumption, an' not schoolin', that makes boys like Tom an' Wallace. They're all right. They'd 'a' made good anyhow."

I could feel an invidious comparison between Tom and Wallace, of whom he spoke with such laudatory emphasis, and some one else whom I suspected to be the Jack who had come back from the Philippines; and his next utterance proved this instinctive estimate of the situation to be correct. He went on, slower than before, with long pauses in which he seemed lost in thought, and in some of which I gave up, without much regret, I confess, the idea of ever hearing more of Jack or his brothers.

“Jack was always mother’s boy,” said he. “Mother’s boy...you know how it is. ...Make beds, an’ dust, an’ play the pianah, an’ look after the flowers!..... Wasn’t bigger’n nothin’, either.Girl, I always thought, by good rights. I remember....mother wanted him to be a girl.She was on the square with the children....but if any boy got a shade the best of it anywhere along the line, it was Jack.I don’t guess Tom an’ Wallace ever noticed; but maybe Jack got a leetle the soft side of things from mother. ...Still, she’s al’ays been dumb square.....

“I seen as soon as he got old enough to take holt, an’ didn’t, that he wasn’t wuth a cuss. ..Never told mother, an’ never let on to the boys; but I could see he was no good, Jack wasn’t. ...Some never owns up when it’s their own folks....but what’s the use lyin’?....Hed to hev a swaller-tail coat, an’ joined a ‘country club’ down to town—an’ him a-livin’ in the middle of a strip o’ country a mile wide an’ four long, wuth a hundred dollars an acre....all our’n....goin’ out in short pants to knock them little balls around that cost six bits apiece. I didn’t let myself care much about it; but ‘country club’!—Hell!”

He had visualized for me the young fellow unfitted to his surroundings, designed on a scale smaller than the sons of Anak about him, deft in little things, finical in dress, fond of the leisure and culture of the club, oppressed with the roughnesses and vastnesses about his father’s farms, too tender for the wild winds and burn-

ing suns, with nerves attuned to music and art rather than to the crushing of obstacles and the defeat of tasks: and all the while the image of "mother" brooded over him. All this was vividly in the picture—very vividly, considering the unskilful brush with which it had been limned—but just as it began to appeal to me, Anak fell quiescent.

"I never thought he was anything wuss than wuthless," he went on, at last, "till he come to me to git some money he'd lost at this here club. Thirty-seven dollars an' fifty cents. . . . Gamblin'. . . . I told him not by a damned sight; an' he cried—cried like a baby. . . . I'd 'a' seen him jugged 'fore I'd 'a' give him thirty-seven fifty of my good money lost that way. . . . Not me. . . . Wallace give him the money f'r his shotgun. . . . An' mother—she al'ays knowed when Jack had one o' his girl-cryin' fits—she used to go up after Jack come in them nights, an' when he got asleep so he wouldn't know it she'd go in and kiss him. . . . Watched and ketched her at it, but never let on. . . . She run down bad—gittin' up before daylight an' broke of her rest like that. . . . I started in oncet to tell her he was no good, but I jest couldn't. Turned it off on a hoss by the name o' Jack we had, an' sold him to make good f'r twenty-five dollars less'n he was wuth, ruther'n tell her what I started to. . . . She loved that wuthless boy, neighbor—there ain't no use denyin' it, she did love him."

He paused a long while, either to ponder on the strange infatuation of "mother" for "Jack" or to allow me to digest his statement. A dog—one of the shaggy, brown enthusiasts that chase trains—ran along by the cars until distanced, and then went back wagging his tail as if he had expelled from the neighborhood some noxious trespasser—as he may have conceived himself to have done. Goliath watched him with great apparent interest.

"Collie," said he, at last. "Know anything about collies? Funny dogs! Lick one of 'em oncet an' he's

never no good any more. . . All kind o' shrivle up by lickin' they're that tender-hearted. . . Five year ago this fall Tom spiled a fifty-dollar pedigreed collie by jest slappin' his ears an' jawin' him. . . Some critters is like that. . . Jack . . . was!"

He faltered here, and then flamed out into pugnacity, squaring his huge jaw as if I had accused him—as I did in my heart, I suspect.

"But the dog," he rumbled, "was wuth somethin'—Jack never was. . . Cryin' around for thirty-seven fifty! . . . Talkin' o' debts o' honor! . . . That showed me plain enough he wasn't wuth botherin' with. . . Got his mother to come an' ask f'r an allowance o' money—so much a month. . . Ever hear of such a thing? An' him not turnin' his hand to a lick of work except around the house helpin' mother. . . Tom and Wallace had quite a little start in live stock by this time, an' money in bank. . . Jack hed the same lay, but he fooled his away—fooled it away. . . . Broke flat all the time, an' wantin' an allowance. . . Mother said the young sprouts at the club had allowances. . . . an' he read in books that laid around the house about fellers in England an' them places havin' allowances an' debts of honor. . . Mother seemed to think one while that we was well enough off so we could let Jack live like the fellers in the books. . . He lived more in them books than he did in South Dakoty, an' talked book lingo all the time. . . . Mother soon seen she was wrong.

"She was some hurt b'cause I talked to the neighbors about Jack bein' plumb no good. . . I don't know who told her. . . I didn't want the neighbors to think I was fooled by him. . . I never said nothin' to mother, though. . . She couldn't f'rgit thet he was her boy, an' she kep' on lovin' him. . . Nobody orto blame her much f'r that, no matter what he done. You know how it is with women.

"One time purty soon after the thirty-seven fifty deal a bad check f'r two hundred come into my bundle o' cancelled vouchers at the bank, an' I knowed in a min-

ute who'd done it. . . Jack had been walkin' the floor nights f'r quite a spell, an' his eyes looked like a heifer's that's lost her calf. . . He hed a sweetheart in town. . . Gal from the East . . big an' dark an' strong enough to take Jack up and spank him. . . It was her brother Jack had lost the money to. Jack jest wrote my name on a check—never tried to imitate my fist much—an' the bank paid it. . . When I come home a-lookin' the way a man does that's been done that way by a boy o' his'n, mother told me Jack was gone, an' handed me a letter he left f'r me. . . I never read it. . . . Went out to the barn so mother wouldn't see me, and tore it up. . . I'd 'a' been damned before I'd 'a' read it!"

He gloomed out over my head in an expressionless way that aroused all the curiosity I am capable of feeling as to the actual workings of another's mind. He seemed to be under the impression that he had said a great many things in the pause that ensued; or he regarded my understanding as of small importance; for he recommenced at a point far advanced in his narrative.

"—'N' finely," said he very calmly, "we thought she was goin' to die. I asked the doctor what we could do, an' he told me what. . . Knowed all the boys since he helped 'em into the world, you know—a friend more'n a doctor—an' he allowed it was Jack she was pin-in' f'r. So I goes to her, a-layin' in bed as white as a sheet, an' I says, 'Mother, if they's anything you want, you can hev it, if it's on earth, no matter how no-count I think it is!' . . . A feller makes a dumb fool of himself such times, neighbor; but mother was good goods when we was poor an' young—any one of the neighbors can swear to that . . . she looks up at me . . . an' whispers low. . . 'Go an' find him!'. . . An' I went.

"I knowed purty nigh where to look. I went to Chicago. He'd dropped clean down to the bottom, neighbor. . . Playin' a pianah . . . f'r his board

and lodgin' an' beer . . . in . . . in a beer hall."

I was quite sure, he paused so long, that he had told all he had to narrate of this history of the boy who could not stand punishment, and was so much like a collie; and I knew from the maner in which he had lapsed into silence, more than from what he had said, what a dark passage it was.

"Well," he resumed finally, "I hed my hands spread to strangle him right there. . . I could 'a' done it all right—he was that peaked an' little. . . He wouldn't 'a' weighed more'n a hundred an' fifty—and my son! . . . I could 'a' squushed the life out of him with my hands—an' it was all right ef I had. . . . You bet it was! . . . Not that I cared f'r the two hundred dollars. I could spare that all right. I'll lose that much on a fair proposition any time. . . But to take that thing back to mother from where I picked it from!

"I reckon I was ruther more gentle with Jack goin' home than I ever was before. . . I hed to be. They was no way out of it except to be easy with him—'r lam the life out of him an' take him home on a cot. . . an' mother needed him in runnin' order. So I got him clothes, an' had him bathed, an' he got shaved as he used to be—he had growed a beard—an' I rode in one car and him in another. . . When mother seed him, her an' him cried together f'r I suppose it might have been two hours'r two and a quarter, off an' on, an' whispered together, an' then she went to sleep holdin' his hand, an' begun to pick up, an' Jack went back to his own ways and the rest of us to our'n, an' it was wuss than ever. . . . An' when he sold a team o' mine and skipped ag'in, I was glad, I tell you, to be shet of him. . . . An' they could do the mile to the pole in twenty, slick as mice.

"Next time mother an' Wallace went and got him. . . . Mother found out some way that he was dyin' in a horsepittle in Minnapolis. . . . He claimed he'd been workin' f'r a real estate firm; but I had the

thing looked up. . . . an' I couldn't find where any of our name had done nothing. . . . An' it seemed as ef we'd never git shet of him. . . . That sounds hard; but he was a kind of a disease by this time—a chronic, awful painful, worryin' disease, like consumption. . . . An' we couldn't git cured o' him, an' we couldn't die. . . . It was kind o' tough. He moped around, an' mother had some kind o' promise out of him that he wouldn't leave her no more, an' he was pleadin' with her to let him go, an' Tom an' Wallace an' me never sayin' a word to him, when this here Philippine War broke out. . . . You know what it's about, I never did . . . an' Jack wanted to enlist.

“I can't let him go,” says mother.

“Let him go,” says I. “If he'll go, let him!”

“Mother looks at me whiter'n I ever expect to see her again but once, maybe; an' the next morning she an' Jack goes to the county seat an' Jack enlists. I went down when the rig'ment was all got together. Mother and me always hed a place where we kep' all the money that was in the house, as much her'n as mine, an' she took five twenty-dollar gold pieces out of the pile, an' sewed 'em in a chamois-skin bag all wet with her cryin' . . . an' never sayin' a word. . . . an' she hangs it round his neck an' hung to him an' kissed him till it sorto bothered the boss of the rig'ment—some kind of colonel—because he wanted the men to march, you know, an' didn't seem to like to make mother fall back. She seemed to see how it was finely an' fell back an' this colonel made the motion to her with his sword they do to their superiors, an' they marched. . . . Jack stood straighter than any one in the line, an' he had a new sort of look to him. He everidged up purty good, too, in hithe. . . . I don't see much to this soldier business. . . . Maybe that's why he looked the part so well. . . . I give the captain a hundred f'r him. . . . Jack sent it back from a place called Sanfrisco, without a word. ‘So much saved!’ says I. He was wuthless as ever.”

The immense voice labored, broke, stopped—the man seemed weary and overcome. To afford him an escape from the story that seemed to have mastered him, like the Ancient Mariner's, I called his attention to what the four soldiers were doing. They had dressed as if for inspection, and were evidently going out upon the platform. The noticeable thing in their appearance was the change in their expressions from the hilarity and riotousness of a few minutes ago, to a certain solemnity. One of them carried a little box carefully wrapped up, as a devotee might carry an offering to a shrine. The huge farmer glanced casually at them as if with full knowledge of what they were doing, and, ignoring my interruption, seemed to resume his monologue—as might the habitue of a temple pass by the question of a stranger concerning a matter related to the mysteries—something not to be discussed, difficult to be explained, or not worth mention. He pointed out of the window.

“Our land,” said he; “both sides . . . tiptop good ground. . . Didn't look much like this when mother an' me homesteaded the first quartersection. . . See that bunch of box-elders? Me an' her camped there as we druv in . . . never cut 'em down. . . Spoil an acre of good corn land, too; to say nothin' o' the time wasted cultivatin' 'round them. . . Well, a man's a fool about some things!”

It was a picture of fulsome plenty and riotous fertility. Straight as the stretched cord by which they had been dropped ran the soldierly rows of corn, a mile along, their dark blades outstretched in the unwavering prairie wind, as if pointing us on to something noteworthy or mysterious beyond. Back and forth along the rows plodded the heavy teams of the cultivators, stirring the brown earth to a deeper brownness. High fences of woven wire divided the spacious fields. On a hundred-acre meadow, as square and level as a billiard table, were piled the dark cocks of a second crop of alfalfa. One, two, three farmsteads we passed, each with its white house hidden in trees, its big red barns,

its low hog-houses, its feed yards, with their racks polished by the soft necks of feasting steers. And everywhere was the corn—the golden corn of last year in huge cribs like barracks; the emerald hosts of the new crop in its ranks like green-suited lines-of-battle arrested in full career and held as by some spell, leaning onward in act of marching, every quivering sword pointing mysteriously forward. My heart of a farmer swelled within me at the scene, which had something in it akin to its owner, it was so huge, so opulent, so illimitable. Somehow, it seemed to interpret him to me.

“Purty good little places,” said he; “but the home place skins ’em all. We’ll be to it in a minute. Train slows up f’r a piece o’ new track work. We’ll git a good view of it.”

Heaving himself up, he went before me down the aisle of the slowing train. There stood the soldiers on the steps and the platform. We took our places back of them. I was absorbed in the study of the splendid farm, redeemed from the lost wilderness by this man who had all at once become worth while to me. Back at the rear of the near-by fields was a row of lofty cotton-woods, waving their high crests in the steady wind. All about the central grove were pastures, meadows, gardens, and orchards. A dense coppice of red cedars enclosed on three sides a big feed-yard, in which, stuffing themselves on corn and alfalfa, or lying in the dusty straw, were grouped a hundred bovine aristocrats in stately unconcern of the rotund Poland-Chinas about them. In the pastures were colts as huge as dray-horses, shaking the earth in their clumsy play. There were barns and barns and barns—capacious red structures, with hay-forks rigged under their projecting gables; and, in the midst of all this foison, stood the house—square, roomy, of red brick, with a broad porch on two sides covered with climbing roses and vines.

On this veranda was a thing that looked like a Morris chair holding a figure clad in khaki. A stooped, slender, white-haired woman hovered about the chair;

and down by the track, as if to view the passing train, stood a young woman, who was tall and swarthy and of ample proportions. Her dress was artistically adapted to country wear; she looked well-groomed and finished. She was smiling as the train drew slowly past, but I was sure that her eyes were full of tears. I wondered why she looked with such intentness at the platform—until I saw what the soldiers were doing. They stood at attention, their hands to their service-hats, stiff, erect, military. The girl returned the salute, and pointed to the chair on the veranda, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and shook her head as if in apology for the man in khaki. And while she stood thus the man in khaki leaned forward in the Morris chair, laid hold of the column of the veranda, pulled himself to his feet, staggered forward a step, balanced himself as if with difficulty, and—saluted.

The soldiers on the platform swung their hats and cheered, and I joined in the cheer. One of the good fellows wiped his eyes. The big farmer stood partly inside the door, effectually blocking it, and quite out of the girl's sight, looking on, as impassive as a cliff. The pretty young woman picked up a parcel—the offering—which one of the soldiers tossed to her feet, looked after us smiling and waving her handkerchief, and ran back toward the house. The train picked up speed and whisked us out of sight just as the khaki man sank back into the chair, eased down by the woman with the white hair. I seemed to have seen a death.

“That was mother,” said the man of the broad farms, as we resumed our seats—“mother and Jack . . . jest as it always has been. . . Al’ays mother’s boy. . . The soldiers comin’ from the war al’ays stand on the platform as they go by—if they’s room enough—with their fingers to their hats in that fool way. . . All seem to know where Jack is some-way, no matter what rig’ment they belong to. . . . Humph!

“It’s something he done in the Philippines . . .

in the islands. . . . I don't know where they are. . . . Off Spain way, I guess. . . . They's a kind of yellow nigger there, an' Jack seemed to do well fightin' 'em. . . . They're little fellers something like his size, you know. . . . Some high officer ordered him to take a nigger king on an island once; an' as I understand it, the niggers was too many f'r his gang o' soldiers. So Jack went alone an' took him right out of his own camp. . . . I reckon any one could 'a' done the same thing with Uncle Sam backin' him; but the president, 'r congress, 'r the secretary of war thought it was quite a trick. . . . I s'pose Jack's shootin' a nigger officer right under the king's nose made it a better grandstand play. . . . Anyhow, Jack went out a private, an' come back a captain; an' every soldier that rides these cars salutes as he passes the house, whuther Jack's in sight 'r not. . . . Funny! . . . All kinds o' folks to make a world!"

"Then," said I, for I knew the story of course when he mentioned the circumstances, "your son Jack is Captain John Hawes?"

He nodded slowly, without looking at me.

"And that beautiful, strong girl?" I inquired.

"Jack's wife," said he. "All right to look at, ain't she? Lived in New York . . . 'r Boston, I f'rgit which. . . . Folks well fixed. . . . Met Jack in San-frisco and married him when he couldn't lift his hand to his head. . . . She'd make a good farm woman. . . . Good stuff in her. . . . What ails him? Some kind o' poison that was in the knife the nigger soaked him with when he took that there king. . . . Stabbed Jack jest before Jack shot. . . . Foolish to let him git in so clost; but Jack never had no decision. . . . Al'ays whiffin' around. . . . If he pulls through, though, the girl'll make a man of him if anything kin. . . . She thinks he's all right now . . . proud of him as Chloe of a yaller dress. . . . Went to San-frisco when he was broke and dyin', they thought, an' all that, an' begged him as an honor to let her bear his

name an' nuss him. . . And she knew how wuthless he was before the war, an' throwed him over. . . . Sensible girl . . . then. . . I—"

He was gazing at nothing again, and I thought the story ended, when he began on an entirely new subject, as it seemed to me, until the relation appeared.

"Religion," said he, "is something I don't take no stock in, an' never did. . . Religious folks don't seem any better than the rest. . . But mother al'ays set a heap by religion. . . I al'ays paid my dues in the church and called it square. . . May be something in it f'r some, but not f'r me. I got to hev something I kin git a-holt of. . .

"Al'ays looked a good deal like graft to me. . . but I pay as much as any one in the congregation, an' maybe a leetle more—it pleases mother. . . An' so Jack's gittin' religion. . . Got it, all right. . . . Pleases mother, too. . . . Immense! . . . But I don't take no stock in it."

"The doc says he's bad off."

I had not asked the question; but he seemed to feel a necessary inquiry in the tableau I had seen.

"He used to come down to the track when he first got back an' perform that fool trick with his hand to his hat when the soldiers went by an' they let him know. . . . Too weak, now; . . . failin'. . . Girl's al'ays there, though, when she knows. . . Kind o' hope he'll—he'll. . . You know, neighbor, from what 'she's done fer him, how mother must love him!"

We had come to the end of his journey, now—a little country station—and he left the train without a word to me or a backward look, his huge hat drawn down over his eyes. I felt that I had seen a curious, dark, dramatic, badly-drawn, wildly-conceived and Dantesque painting. He climbed into a carriage which stood by the platform, and to which was harnessed a pair of magnificent coach-bred horses which plunged and reared fearfully as the train swept into the station, and were held, easily and by main strength, like dogs or

sheep, by a giant in the conveyance who must have been Tom or Wallace. From time to time, the steeds gathered their feet together, trampled the earth in terror, and then surged on the bits. The giant never deigned even to look at them. He held the lines, stiff as iron straps, in one hand, took his father's bag in the other, threw the big horses to the right by a cruel wrench of the lines to make room for his father to climb in, which he did without a word. As the springs went down under the weight the horses dashed away like the wind, the young man guiding them by that iron right hand with facile horsemanship, and looking, not at the road, but at his father. As they passed out of sight the father of Captain Hawes turned, looked at me, and waved his hand. I thought I had seen him for the last time, and went back to get the story from the soldiers.

"It wasn't so much the way he brought the datto into camp," said one of them, "or the way he always worked his way to the last bally front peak of the fighting line. It takes a guy with guts to do them things; but that goes with the game—understand? But he knew more'n anybody in the regiment about keepin' well. He made the boys take care of themselves. When a man is layin' awake scheming to keep the men busy and healthy, there's always a job for him. . . . And he had a way of making the boys keep their promises. . . . And he's come home to die, and leave that girl of his—and all the chances he's had in a business way if he wants to leave the army. It don't seem right! The boys say the President has invited him to lunch; and he's got sugar-plantation and minin' jobs open to him till you can't rest. . . . And to be done by a cussed poison Moro kris! But he got Mr. Moro—played even; an' that's as good as a man can ask, I guess. Hell, how slow this train goes!"

As I have said, I never expected to see my big farmer again; but I did. I completed my business; returned the way I came, passed the great farm after dusk, and the next morning was in the city where I first saw

him. Looking ahead as I passed along the street I noticed, towering above every form, and moving in the press like a three-horse van among baby carriages, the vast bulk of the captain's father. He turned aside into a marble-cutter's yard, and stood, looking at the memorial monuments which quite filled it until it looked like a cemetery vastly overplanted. I felt disposed to renew our acquaintance, and spoke to him. He offered me his hand, and when I accepted it he stood clinging to mine, standing a little stooped, the eyes blood-shot, the iron mouth pitifully drooped at the corners, the whole man reminding me of a towering cliff shaken by an earthquake, but mighty and imposing still. He held a paper in his free hand, which he examined closely while retaining the handclasp, and in a way I had come to expect of him, he commenced in the midst of his thought and without verbal salutation.

"We've buried Jack!" said he.

"I'm deeply sorry!" said I.

"Well," said he, "maybe it's just as well. . . . He was . . . you know! . . . But mother takes it hard—hard! . . . I'm contractin' f'r a tombstun. . . . He wanted to see me . . . at the last. . . . 'Dad', says he, jest as he used to when he was . . . was a little feller, . . . 'I want you to forgive me before I die. . . It's a big country where I'm going, . . . an' . . . you and I may never run into each other—so forgive me! Mother 'll find me—wherever I go . . . but you, Dad, . . . for fear it's our last chance, let's square up now!' . . . I. . . I. . . "

He went out among the stones and seemed to be looking the stock over. Presently, he returned and showed me the paper. It was what a printer would call "copy" for an inscription—the name, the dates, the age of Captain John Hawes—severe, laconic. At the bottom were two or three lines scrawled in a heavy, ponderous hand, with a half-inch lead of a lumber pencil. Only one fist could produce that Polyphemus chirog-

raphy.

"*He went out a private,*" it read, "*and came back a captain.*" And then as if by afterthought, and in huge capitals, came the line: "*And died a Christian.*"

"Is that all right?" he asked. "Is the spellin' all right? . . . I don't care much about this soldier business . . . an' the Christian game . . . don't interest me . . . a little bit, . . . but, neighbor, you don't know how that'll please mother! 'Died a Christian!' . . . Someway . . . mother . . . always loved Jack!"

At the turning of the street I looked and saw the last scene of the drama—one that will play itself before me from time to time in retrospect forever. The great, unhewn, mountainous block was still there, standing among his more shapely and polished brother stones, a human monolith, the poor, pitiful paper in his trembling hand.

EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA

EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA, son of Senator John E. Kenna and Anna Benninghaus Kenna, was born in Charleston, West Virginia, October 10, 1877. He received his education at St. Mary's College, Maryland and at Georgetown University. He taught English and elocution for a time at the Horner Military School, Oxford, North Carolina. Later he took a course in law in West Virginia University.

He was a contributor to *The New York Sun*, *The New York Herald*, *The Century*, and *Donahue's Magazine*. In 1902, he published "Lyrics of the Hills," a book of verse that was very favorably received. His poems have a smoothness of rhythm and a beauty of expression that have been seldom surpassed by any American poet. What promised to be a literary career of rare achievement was cut short by the death of Mr. Kenna in 1912.

In 1913, a collection of his poems was published in a volume entitled "Songs of the Open Air and Other Poems."

INSPIRATION

A thought from God's great heart of love
Fell to this world of wrong;
A poet made this thought his own,
And breathed it forth in song.

A SONG OF THE OPEN AIR

Most poets sing of the sweets of love,
The love lit eyes of ladies fair,
The perfect bliss of the clinging kiss—
I sing the joy of the open air!

I sing of the joys of wood and field
And the heart's own pleasures, the forest
yield,

The perfect joy of the open air!
So it's hey for the forest, the stream and
sea,—

The life of a rover's the life for me!
With rod and gun, 'neath the autumn sun,
Boys of the woodland, life is fun!
To follow with oak and birch and pine,
To tent in the shade of a wild grapevine,
To smell the breath of the damp brown earth,
To hear the rustle of lispings leaves,
Gives the hopes of a tired heart new birth,
Is a balm for the pain of the one who grieves!
So it's hey for the noontide or sunsets fair,
Bright star-lit nights or the pale moon's glare,
Now or then, whenever or where,
It's hey for the joy of the open air!

I sing not the song of the work of man,
Be it music, or poem, or painting rare—
My song's of the sod, the work of God,
And the perfect joy of the open air.

I sing the song of that beacon star
That lights the mariner o'er the bar,
When the wind is high and the sailors dare.
So it's hey for the primal joys of man,
The joys that are to God's own plan—
The woodland air is a perfumed prayer
To Him who made the woodlands fair,
To Him who wills the breeze to blow,
The birds to sing, the brooks to flow,
Whose name is writ on the mountain's crest,
Whose love is hid in the bluebell's breast,
And glints in the light of the bright sun's beams.
So it's hey for the noon-tide or sunsets fair,
The glory of God is written there,
Now or then, whenever or where,
It's hey for the joy of the open air.

JOY O' THE WORLD

There's a laugh in the lilt of the breeze,
There's a smile on the face of the moon,
And the rain as it whips through the trees
Stifles a jubilant croon.

There's joy in the tint of the hills,
Though they are sombre and brown,
And the murmur of happiness thrills
In the noise of the wicked old town.

Angels have peopled the world,
Sadness has vanished away,
And the light of love has unfurled
Its gleam in my heart today.

How can the world be sad?
Sickness? Death? What are they?
Content could I die, 'tis not bad
If you and your love do but pray.

God would refuse you no boon,
Girl with the woman's heart,
And your prayer, soul of mine, soon
Would unite us never to part.

Fire of the flesh in your lips!
Cool of the soul in your eyes!
A kiss, earth's bliss I sip,
A glance, I quaff paradise!

Love you? As mother loves child,
Tender, protectingly. Yes,
As comrades lost in the wild
The friendship of true men bless!

So dear, I love you, true,
Quicker of heaven I'd tire,
For the best of heaven is you,
You, the soul of desire.

You with your eyes, you have told,
You with your lips have said "Yes!"
And I, as God's glories unfold,
I, I worship and bless.

Blurred are the dreams that I dream,
Blurred but clear is my love,
Till in ecstasy, dear, I could scream
To the brooding stars above.

That the joy which my heart has known,
The joy that the world has missed,
By your woman's heart was sown,
Through your lips that I have kissed.

Yea! A laugh in the lilt of the breeze,
A smile on the face of the moon,
And the rain as it whips through the trees,
Stifles a jubilant croon.

Angels have peopled the world,
Sadness has faded away,
And the glory of love has unfurled,
In happy hearts today.

HOW CAN I, LORD?

How can I, Lord, forget your love
When every breeze that sighs above
Is fraught with perfume sweet and rare
To breathe to you an endless prayer?
How can I, Lord, forget your wrath
When written on the planet's path
Through endless space with pen of light
I read your name upon the night?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do.
Despite the breeze's prayer to you,
Despite the world athwart the blue,
Forget, O God, I do, I do.

How can I, Lord, forget your power,
When in the heart of every flower
So dainty, sweet and fair of hue,
I read a mystic word of you?
How can I, Lord, for mercy hope,
When in these darkened ways I grope,
How can I hope your love to win,
Deep groveling in the filth of sin?
How can I, Lord? But yet I do.
A worthless word, a heart untrue,
Are all, O God, I bring to you,
But hope for mercy, Lord, I do!

I WANT TO GO A-FISHING

I want to go a-fishing,
There is no fun in town.
I'm sitting here a-wishing
To see waters rushing down
The riffles of a trout stream
Or where the black bass lurk,
I want to go a-fishing
Spring is no time for work.

I want to go a-fishing
And I'm going—if I lose—
For the sound of trees a-swishing
Surely does give me the blues
When I can't get to the country,
Where the dancing waters lie,
Singing love songs to the mountains,
And coquetting with the sky.

I long to hear a reel sing,
See the scales shine as he leaps,
Like a reindeer longs for sea-tide
When spring time onward creeps;
And the reindeer seeks the ocean
And I'm going to seek the stream

Where the waters sing of happiness
Like heaven in a dream.

I want to go a-fishing
And say, old man, don't you?
Ain't your hungry heart a-wishing
For the woods and waters too?
Don't you feel a fellow feeling
With the trifling little boy,
Who truants with his pawpaw pole
To the water's primal joy?

There is something in this yearning
Of just this time of year—
That is wisdom, not of learning,
But its lesson is as clear,
And the truth that life is precious
To the honest angler's heart,
When springtime buds are blooming
And the fishing dreams up start.

I want to go a-fishing,
There is no fun in town.
I'm sitting here a-wishing
To see waters rushing down
The riffles of a trout stream
Or where the black bass lurk,
I want to go a-fishing,
Spring is no time for work.

SUMMER SONG

Oh, summer in Kanawha, you have this heart of mine
When purple grapes are bursting into ripeness on the
vine;
When sweet peas light the trellis like a rainbow gone
to bloom

And flooding the dozing garden with their subtle,
sweet perfume;
When bees are softly humming round the apples on the
trees
And purple morning-glories nod a greeting to the breeze;
breeze;
When far across the meadows the rippling waters
gleam
Like the lazy, mazy, hazy recollection of a dream;
Oh, summer in Kanawha, when skies are azure hue,
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to
you.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, when standing at the gate
And hearing, far across the fields, the partridge call his
mate;
'Tis sweet to think the world all love, with not a
thought of hate,
To dream the dear old dreams again, before it is too
late.
Ah, life is worth the living in the golden, dewy morn
When field larks pipe their silver notes across the tas-
seled corn;
And life is worth the living in the drowsy summer
noon;
And dreaming, more than dreaming 'neath the gleam-
ing summer moon;
Oh, summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts are true
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to
you.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, when twilight shadows fall,
And floating from the mountains comes the night birds'
triple call,
'Tis then the dream comes thronging like the ghosts
of happiness,
And evening breezes thrill me like a mother's dear
caress.

And I see you, sweetheart, waiting at the old familiar
place

And I catch the graceful glimmer of the moonlight on
your face;

Oh, my thoughts go winging swiftly through the
slowly lapsing years

Till my eyes are brimming, swimming, dimming fast
with misty tears.

Oh, summer in Kanawha, whenever hearts are true
My heart is burning, yearning, ever turning home to
you.

THE VALLEY OF SLUMBERLAND

Into the Valley of Slumberland

Mama and baby go;

Softly and sweetly the breezes blow,

Softly and sweetly the brooklets flow,

And goblins and fays

Run hither and there

And weave moon-rays

Into garments rare

For the king and queen of this grand old land—

The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

CHORUS

Heigho! Byoh!

Into the Valley of Slumberland,

Where dreams are the gleams

Of the Slumbermoon;

Where the sun's first ray

And the break of day

Come all too soon.

Heigho! Sing low!

Of the joys of the kingdom of Slumberland.

Over the hills at the close of day,

Singing a lullaby low;

Hearing the fairy songs as we go,
Seeing the fairy lights gleam and glow;
 As the fairies dance
 On violets sweet
 That seem to entrance
 Their twinkling feet,
As they whirl and twirl while the crickets play,
Over the hills at the close of day.

In this fair kingdom of Slumberland
 Roses and jasmines blow,
Sweeter than blossoms our meadows know,
Fairer than flowers our gardens grow;
 So, baby, let's go
 To this valley fair,
 Where never a woe
 Nor ever a care
Can come to kill joy, in this wonderful land;—
The mystical kingdom of Slumberland.

Heigho! Byoh!
 Into the Valley of Slumberland,
Where dreams are the gleams
 Of the Slumbermoon;
Where the sun's first ray,
 And the break of day
Come all too soon.
 Heigho! Sing low!
Of the joys of the kingdom of Slumberland.

A MOTHER'S KISS

The kisses that her lips impress
Are sacred things, and bring to me
A sweetness that is holiness—
That lives for all eternity;
For mother's love is like a ring,
A precious, perfect, endless thing.

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS, well known as a novelist, historian and poet, was the daughter of Alexander Quarrier and Josephine (McCabe) Woods, and was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, January 28, 1853. In 1856, her parents moved to Baltimore, Maryland. After the death of Miss Woods' father in 1862, Mrs. Woods and her children resided for a time at West River,



Anne Arundel county, the home of her father, Rev. James Dabney McCabe, who was one of the most scholarly and highly gifted clergymen of his day. The literary and religious atmosphere of this home exerted a strong influence on Miss Woods as is evidenced by her life's work. In 1867, Mrs. Woods with her children returned to Baltimore that they might have the greater educational advantages afforded in the schools of that city.

In 1874, Miss Woods entered the sisterhood of All Saints, as a postulant but because of ill health was compelled to give up the work. Later she took up social settlement work and spent a year in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hartford. In 1876, she taught at Mount Washington, Maryland, and later in Wheeling, West Virginia. In 1903-06, she was a missionary among the mountaineers of North Carolina. From 1907 to 1911,

she was engaged in kindergarten work in connection with St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church in Baltimore. She became interested in the Emmanuel Movement in 1909 and assisted in founding the Psychological Club.

Miss Woods was the author of a number of novels (See bibliography) and one historical work, "The True Story of Captain John Smith." All of her books have won for her many interested and appreciative readers. She also wrote stories, sketches, reviews, and poems that appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines. An appreciative critic has said of her verse: "Her songs carry into one's soul the very breath of life and love; they do not plead for response in our hearts—it greets them ere the mere words are ended."

Miss Woods died suddenly of pneumonia on February 18, 1923, at her home in Baltimore.

A SONG OF LOVE AND SUMMER

My true-love hath her dwelling built
High up the leafy hill; amid
All flowers that grow, all winds that blow.
My love's abiding-place is hid.
So far above the world she dwells,
Her fellow-citizens have wings;
Yet to mine ear e'en birds are dumb
When 'mid their music my love sings.

Who to my true-love's nest would climb
Must trace a pathway, winding slow,
'Mid trees that bend and flowers that send
Sweet influence where he would go.
The elder-flower there spreads her balms;
The aster opes her purple eyes;
Beside the gate, with coral trump,
The honeysuckle guards surprise.

O winding stairway, where I tread;
O rocks, where ferns may fearless spring;
Rose-arbors sweet, where weary feet
May pause to list bird-welcoming!
O little dwelling where she dwells!—
Hush, birdlings, hush your roundelay;
For love is ours, and love is all;
Hush! silence is love's melody.

Harper's Magazine, 1902.

A SONG OF SUNSET

The sky was aflush with an eager joy
O'er the mountains steady and still;
Aglow with glory, the golden west,
The south was a rose on the mountain's breast.
*(Is the heart of age as the heart of a boy,
That a man should yearn for an infant's toy?
Yet love must have her will!)*

When the rose had burned to a patient gray,
When the west was poor and cold,
Strong, softly steadfast, tho' night be drear!
*(For having is better than hope, they say;
And who shall grieve, that, at close of day,
A young love came to the old?)*

Harper's Magazine, 1904.

ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER

ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER, daughter of Francis Harrison Pierpont, governor of Virginia from 1861 until 1867, and Julia A. (Robertson) Pierpont, was born in Fairmont, West Virginia. She was educated at Washington Seminary, at Pittsburgh College, and by private tutors. On June 24, 1886, she married William Henry Siviter, who has been on the staff of the Pittsburgh

Chronicle - Dispatch since 1885, and who is widely known as a humorist. Mrs. Siviter is a very prominent social-service worker, and devotes a large part of her time to welfare work. She was one of the organizers of the Free Kindergarten Association and the Kindergarten College. She is active in the management of the Pittsburgh Hospital for children, and is the editor of its magazine, *The Chronicle*.

During the World War she served as chairman of thirty-two war-work committees. She is also one of the most prominent club-women of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Siviter was associate editor of *Our Young People* from 1888 until 1893. She also had editorial charge of the Sunday School periodicals of the Methodist Protestant Church in 1899. She is a popular contributor to a number of magazines and other periodicals. Her work



in *Life*, *Judge*, *Punch*, and similar publications caused Tom Masson to say of her: "If she would turn her attention to humorous writings, she would have a great future." In 1903, she published "Nehe, a Tale of the Time of Artaxerxes," which has been used in many high schools as a supplementary text in ancient history. She is also the author of several books of verse that have been highly praised by writers and critics; among them Richard Burton, Richard Moulton, and Edwin Mims. Her last book, "Songs Sung along Life's Way," contains some of her best work. Mrs. Siviter regards her poem, "The Tree," read by Dr. Jesse Hurlbut to the graduating class at Chautauqua, New York in the summer of 1922, and later published in *The New York Times Supplement* as the best of her recent poetry.

Mrs. Siviter has written the greater part of a life of her distinguished father and though publishers have urged her to finish the biography, she has not yet completed it, "partly because it is so personal, and partly because she finds being a grandmother of such absorbing interest that there is little time left for real work."

THE SCULPTOR

"And shall the dead arise?" I cried; "It can not be;
 nay, nay;
 The dead are dead, and long ere now my loved ones
 are but clay!"

"They are but clay?" the sculptor said; and, stooping
 down, he took
 Within his hands a lump of clay—high and serene his
 look.
 With swift and subtle fingers then, led by an artist's
 brain,
 He turned himself to moulding it. I shut my eyes in
 pain;
 For my heart was throbbing, calling, was longing for
 that face
 That now the hillside grasses hid forever from its place.

Then the sculptor worked in silence, and in silence I
sat there;
For my thoughts were very bitter, though my head was
bent in prayer.

“Had he hope?” the sculptor questioned; and I answered, “Hope he had,
And a soul high-born and fearless; trust in heav’n had
made him glad!”
“Hope I’ve given,” said the sculptor, “hope and love
and high-born grace;
Tell me you who once so loved him, is this clay or his
own face?”

And I looked. O heart, cease throbbing! What a
miracle was here!
In his old-time strength and beauty, with his eyes serene
and clear;
With his white hair clustering round it, shining as an
angel’s might,
Lo, the face I dreamed but clay, stood resurrected in
my sight.
Speechless now from very rapture, first I gazed, and then
I cried,
“ ’Tis a miracle! O sculptor, dust has turned to life!”
He sighed:
“Naught but clay I here have fashioned, yet for ages it
shall stay,
For its beauty shrined in marble lives when we have
passed away.
Mine are merely human fingers; life they may not bring,
nor soul,
I can only give the body, part for part and whole for
whole.
But the Master, when He made him, gave him life and
gave him breath,—
Whispered he should be immortal. Shall the Lord be
robbed by death?

Nay! The clay on yonder hillside, moulded by our
 God's own hands,
 Shall be dowered with life eternal when His saint before
 Him stands."

From *The Sculptor and Other Poems*, 1903.

THE PALM TREE

Soft cradled in the ground, a seed,
 Through long slow weeks lay sleeping,
 Till Nature, fearing it had died,
 Awakened it by weeping.

It turned its face up to the light,
 The south wind gently kissed it;
 The sun shone on it with delight,
 The dewdrops never missed it.

So nature crowned it with her love,
 The birds trilled softly to it;
 The flowers trooped smiling to its feet;
 They knew all sweets were due it.

And as in beauty grew the palm,
 Men questioned, but none guessed,
 Why birds and breezes, sun and sky,
 Were bringing it their best.

Ah, happy day when heaven's King
 Comes riding lowly by!
 The people glad hosannas sing.
 And seek a banner nigh.

The palm tree bowed its plumes of green,
 As stately warriors bold
 Salute their king; the sun shone down,
 And showered the tree with gold.

The people saw the banners float,
 Each perfect in its grace;

Then tore them from the willing tree
To wave before His face.

From *The Sculptor and Other Poems*, 1903.

NOT YET

Move gently, I pray you, my baby is sleeping;
I would not awake her, lest she may be weeping.
The day holds its joy, but the night brings its sorrow;
Then sleep, little baby, sleep on till the morrow.

Not yet Love, I pray you, the maid's heart is sleeping;
Oh, Love, do not wake it, lest she may be weeping.
Unknowing your joy and your grief still 'tis nesting,
Safe here in my breast, where so softly she's resting.
Move gently, I pray you, the maid's heart is sleeping;
Oh, Love, do not wake her, lest she may be weeping.

From *The Sculptor and Other Poems*, 1903.

THE TREE

My Lord, I do not understand;
Thou givest me threescore years and ten
To make and mold my life, and then—
Dear Lord, to grow one perfect tree
A thousand years are not to Thee
Too many years for Thy wise hand
To make this redwood tree!
And threescore years and ten for me!
Behold this pebble at my feet,
Round, smooth, and white, a perfect stone;
Ten thousand years upon ten thousand years have flown
Since this one was begun!

And I

Have only threescore years and ten,
And heart on fire with keen desire,

A brain alive to work and strive!
 Ten million years too soon would fly,
 And I have threescore years and ten!
 Where is thy justice, dear God, when
 To make a tree a thousand years,
 A million years to make a stone,
 And then, despite our prayers and tears,
 A span of threescore years and ten
 Is given to men!

* * * * *

Let be, my body is the seed; for me ,
 Is made Eternity!

From *Songs Sung Along Life's Way*, 1921.

FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON (Mrs. Vincent Costello), was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia. Her father was Porter Johnson, whose family lived at Bridgeport, near Clarksburg, West Virginia. Her mother, Rose Mary Brown, was of old Eastern Virginia stock.

Mrs. Costello grew up in the beautiful Natural Bridge country near Lexington. During her girlhood she spent much of her time horseback riding which she liked "better if anything than writing." She was educated, according to old Virginia traditions, in private schools. She has lived in West Virginia since 1897. On June 14, 1899, she married Mr. Vincent Costello of Charleston. Mr. and Mrs. Costello have three daughters, and a son who has inherited his mother's love for literary work.

Mrs. Costello is the author of "The Beloved Son" and a number of short stories and poems possessing literary merit of high quality. She has been a frequent contributor to the best magazines including the *Atlantic*, *Harper's Magazine*, and the *Century Magazine*, and has also published poems in the *Youth's Companion* and *Harper's Weekly*. Her story "They Both Needed It" received high praise from Edward J. O'Brien, in his "Best Short Stories of 1918." Mr. O'Brien included her story, "The Strange Looking Man," in his "Best Short Stories of 1917." He says: "I suppose that this story is to be regarded as a sketch rather than a short story, but in any case it is a vividly rendered picture of war's effects portrayed with subtle irony and suiet art. I associate it with 'Chautonville' by Will Levington Comfort, and 'The Flying Teuton' by Alice Brown, as one of the three stories with the most authentic spiritual message in American fiction that the war has produced."

THE LOST CHILD

It was far to go for the little fellow,
And I think it was dark out there
Away from the sunshine, warm and mellow,
That sweetened his earthly air.

It was far to go; it was dark, I know,
And it broke my heart that it should be so.

The distance between a joy and a joy,
Or between a star and a star—
Some measure like this we may employ,
Nor measure at last how far.

And they were not fleet—they were little feet
To stumble beside me in the street.

Oh, little fellow, dear little fellow,
Once where the strange roads crossed
In magical woods of sunlit yellow,
You, lagging behind, were lost—

Just a step aside; I knew that wide
And terrified look, the day you died.

When it is day I can dissemble,
And cover from sight my care;
But when it is dark in tears I tremble:
What if he be lost out there?

In my troubled sleep, I cower, I weep,
I am little and lost, and the dark is deep.

When the ghost moon steals down the mountain hollow
To peer through my window bars,
I wake and pray to be dead to follow
His stumbles between the stars.

THE WATCHER

Three of the night, when men are still,
You hear the Silence creeping down.
All day it crouches on the hill,
And looks toward the town;

But only at the dead of night
It dares to leave its dark retreat,
And like an evil, untamed thing,
Invades the vacant street.

The thousand slumber unaware,
Sleep sound, sleep deep, and never know
How hours long throughout the town
It paces to and fro,

Or lies at ease with large bright eyes
Fixed full upon my window square,
For sometimes, sickened of surmise,
I rise, and find it there.

I shudder, but I surely know
Some day when fires of dawn are lit
To drive it backward to the hill,
That I shall follow it.

And let it lead me where the pines
Cast shadows that shall never shift
For any sun, and leave me lost
Where shadows never lift.

SINGING HE RODE

Song that clangs like the battle,
Song, keen as the wind that nips,
I rode away to the dawn of day,
And such song rose to my lips.

Youth, surely I spent it.

Life, it was mine to spend,—
And the clear red line of the morning lay
Eastward without an end.

Further than thought could reach them—
Backward into the dark—
The Lords of my house were ranged away,
The men of might, and of mark.

Possessing the heights behind me
The towers of my own brave line,
Mine, as the azure tide of the wrist,
And bend of the brow, be mine.

My shadow galloped behind me,
The heights of my home were lit,
A gold sun broke through a scarlet sky
And I rode in the blaze of it.

THE MOOR'S KEY

By the wall of an ancient city,
Set in the wide red sand,
Clutched by a dying beggar,
Stolen from his dead hand,

Sold for a coin of copper,
Bought for a coin of gold,
It lies on my desk, recording
A romance centuries old.

For the beggar was heir to princes
Whose palaces rose in Spain,—
Arabesqued arches springing,
Fountains of music singing,
Spraying the courts of marble—
Only the keys remain,

Hundreds of crumbling years since then,
Only the keys remain,
And one was clutched by the beggar
Who starved on the wide red plain.

THEY BOTH NEEDED IT

"I'm going up to camp, Kathy," said Ivor.

His wife turned quickly in her place. Her small, sober face confronted him inimically.

"I can't put it off any longer," said Ivor.

"I suppose not," agreed Kathy, quiveringly; but her big, dark eyes pleaded, an old, old mother plea.

"You don't imagine I like to?" asked Ivor in an injured tone.

"And that's the very reason why you'll overdo it," broke out Kathy, "and I'll be waiting here at home, and hating you." The words flamed out at him.

"Good heavens, Kathy!" said Ivor, "don't you know your own boy well enough to know that he'd hate me himself if I were fool enough to be soft with him about this?"

"Are you going to—kill—him—just because he isn't a coward?"

"Not quite," said Ivor. He grinned irrepressibly. "Don't you worry about Roddy. He'll come up smiling. Here, aren't you going to tell me good-by?"

She shook her head speechlessly, moving away. He detained her firmly.

"Why, Kathy, that boy's the best thing I've got—next to his mother. Can't you trust me to hurt him when I must?"

She pushed him away, her tears streaming.

"Hell!" muttered Ivor softly as she ran sobbing from the room. He went to the sideboard and poured himself a stiff drink.

He repeated both ejaculation and potation several times during his drive to Nelson's store, where he left

the cutter. He was feeling very sad and firm about Roddy by the time he began to climb the trail to camp. It was quite dark and snowing heavily when he reached the cabin and pushed at the shed door. Only the dim glow from a bed of coals lighted the inner room. He stood, hand on knob, peering through the gloom.

Roddy rose hastily from a low seat by the hearth. Even in the dimness Ivor caught a flare of expression which made him say to himself, "Darn if I don't believe the kid's glad I've come."

"Why don't you fix up your fire?" he asked curtly. "What do you mean by letting it go out on you this weather?"

"I didn't notice," stammered Roddy. He stooped, throwing on logs and saying:

"I'll get you some supper."

"Had mine at Nelson's," said Ivor.

He had consciously to harden his voice. He concluded not to make conversation. He drew up a home-made arm-chair of hickory, settled himself comfortably, and lighted a cigar. Roddy returned to his seat on the box in the corner. Ivor smoked and considered him thoughtfully. His boast to Kathy was, he reflected, justifiable; for while Roddy appeared under pale and troubled conviction of sin, there was nothing in face or bearing which invited Ivor to be soft with him. He neither sought nor avoided his father's eyes. He merely waited in quiet, submissive readiness for Ivor's next move.

"If you'll hunt me out some blankets I'll turn in," said Ivor, breaking a long hour's silence. He added, watching the boy with a cruelly intimate scrutiny, "I'm going to want you up pretty early in the morning."

"All right, sir," said Roddy, quietly.

Ivor continued to observe him as he moved about, taking blankets from a locker. There seemed a shortage of pillows. He carried his own over to Ivor's cot.

"I'll turn in too, then," he said to Ivor, adding timidly, "Good night, Father."

Ivor nodded. It was some time before he lay down. He slept brokenly, and rose in the darkness of early morning to waken Roddy.

Roddy had not slept much during his week of waiting for he knew not what. What he was to get had been the least and pleasantest of his conjectures, which had included prison or long exile from home, perhaps. In his relief at knowing exactly what to expect and when to expect it he had fallen into deep and dreamless slumber. There was much of the little fellow in the sleeping aspect of the big boy. Roddy's dark head was snuggled in the relaxed curve of his elbow. His dark lashes brushed a cheek which had scarcely lost the soft curve of young boyhood.

"Damn!" muttered Ivor, bitterly hating what he had to do. He dropped a deliberately heavy hand on the boy's shoulder.

Roddy's eyes opened vaguely. He smiled at Ivor the least bit, and closed them again, plainly feeling himself to be at home in bed.

Ivor shook him awake. Roddy's eyes came open to stay, comprehension in them. He sat up.

"In just a moment, Father," he said.

Ivor went back to the fire and stood there waiting.

"All right, Father," said Roddy presently from where he had gone to kneel.

Ivor stood over him for a pausing moment, flinging out the whip.

"Ready?" he asked.

Roddy lifted his eyes.

"He wants it," thought Ivor. A fierce thrill of exultation in the boy's mood ran through him.

It was during his second five-minute intermission that Roddy got to his feet and went to stand by the cabin window. It swung on hinges high up in the wall, and he opened it, letting the snow-laden wind blow on his face. He drew a deep breath, tasting its purity and coldness. A movement across the room attracted his attention, and he glanced around in time to see Ivor

thrusting a flask back into his pocket. Roddy took another deep breath of the pure, cold air. A gust of wind tore apart the snow-cloud, and for a moment the white peak across the valley stood revealed. Steps closed in on him. He shut the window and knelt almost automatically, his vision filled with the vast, bleak sweep of the peak. Ivor's touch on his shoulder gave him a moment of strange surprise.

"Put up your arms!" ordered Ivor in a thick, slightly uncertain voice.

As Roddy obeyed, he thought, "He's trying to break me."

Roddy still wanted it, but his traitorous fingers began to long to reach back, to get themselves on the whip, to tear it from his father's grasp. Suddenly his hands, held with scrupulous steadiness above his stoically erect young head, flung towards each other and gripped, each snatching the other back.

A sharp quiver ran over Ivor's face. Roddy had been mistaken about one thing. Ivor's actual intention toward him had been the one of ascertaining the precise measure of his big Boy's grip on himself. There he had meant to stop. When he finally stayed his hand he remained by Roddy, studying his profile, hard drawn against the light. It gasped, slightly bent, the profile of the spent runner.

"Son," said Ivor, "what made you do it?"

Roddy's straining arms relaxed. He turned, letting them fall to the near-by table.

"What made you?" repeated Ivor.

Roddy seemed not to hear. Just in front of him lay a tiny drift of snow which had blown in through a crevice in the window-frame and lodged on the table. Toward this his clenched hands stole forth from his pit of burning. As they touched that purity, that coldness, a long shudder seized Roddy. He lurched forward and lay with his head between his arms, his palms pressed to the snow.

Ivor stood over Roddy looking troubled and some-

what alarmed. Presently he touched his fingers to the culprit's racing pulse, felt for his hammering heart, wiped the icy sweat from his temples, bent at length, speaking to him anxiously.

At that Roddy stirred, lifted his head, gazed at Ivor blankly.

"All right?" asked Ivor. His voice shook a little.

"Sure," muttered Roddy, bringing out the single word with some difficulty. His blank gaze became aware. He gave Ivor a faint, twisted smile of reassurance.

"Roddy," said Ivor again, "what made you do it?"

Roddy did not answer. A dark flush so all-enveloping that it obscured the marks of his penalty crept over his face and clung.

Half sitting on the edge of the table, Ivor continued:

"Forgery 's a mighty ugly thing, Roddy."

He kept coiling and uncoiling the whip as he spoke, his eyes on Roddy's shamed and bent head.

"I can't understand your doing a thing like that, you've always been so straight with me."

"I was fool drunk," said Roddy, bitterly. He did not look up.

"But you knew you did it?"

"Oh I knew I did it all right; it was just that I didn't give a damn. I wasn't excusing myself, Father. I ought to be—killed."

Ivor's look of perplexity held.

"But even drunk, you must have had some reason. Now, you don't gamble, and if you needed money for any legitimate use you knew you'd only to ask for it; I've never been short with my boys. Was it—here look at me, Roderick."

With an obvious effort Roddy obeyed. He had grown white again.

"Had it anything to do with a girl?" asked Ivor, with an odd, apologetic sort of hesitation.

A look of relief flicked into Roddy's face. He shook his head indifferently. Ivor saw that the question meant nothing to him.

"Then someone took advantage of your being drunk, and used you to try to get money out of me," guessed Ivor, not unexpectedly. Roddy was mute, his face impassive.

"I think I'll ask you whom you were running with, Roddy, when you did that?"

Roddy raised sullen eyes to Ivor's.

"I'm paying," he said.

"And you've paid about all you can stand. Do you want to pay more than you can stand?"

Apparently Roddy took this under consideration. Shades of varying emotion came and went in his face. Finally it grew stubborn beneath Ivor's eyes.

"You are my boy," said Ivor. "It was my name and my money you made so free with. It seems to me that I've the right to ask you anything I like in connection with the affair."

Roddy was silent.

"Come," said Ivor, "don't be a fool now. You're not drunk now."

Roddy shook his head. His face took on a dreadful patience. "Give you one more chance," said Ivor. He stood up.

Roddy was a big, strong, brave boy, and he was seventeen; but he controlled a tremor at this movement of Ivor's.

"Croy's not worth it," said Ivor, suddenly.

Roddy had controlled the tremor; but he could not control the flick of color which confirmed Ivor in his suspicion.

"Good guess, eh!" said Ivor throwing the whip to the floor. "You can go dress now."

Roddy's color deepened painfully. He bit his lip as he stumbled to his feet. Ivor put out a steady hand.

"Not quite fair," he went on, using his natural

manner to the boy for the first time, "but it was the only way I'd ever have had it out of you, you stubborn ass. Can you manage alone?"

Roddy nodded. He went over to his cot and finished dressing with dogged movements which completely ignored whatever pain he endured. He pulled on a heavy white sweater last, picked up his cap, and stood as if pondering over something.

Roddy was a splendidly handsome lad, and his head was set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth. Ivor looked at him wistfully. Their eyes met. Roddy's were wistful, too. Ivor took a step toward his son.

"Roddy," he said, "I'd sure like to have one decent boy."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile, turned and took down a pail from a shelf by the door.

"Oh, I'll get water," said Ivor, reaching for his coat.

"Why?" asked Roddy over his shoulders. He went on out.

Left alone, Ivor chuckled as he drew out his flask. It was empty, to his disappointment, and he flung it from the window into the vacancy beyond the drop of the hilltop. Turning, his eye fell on the whip. He stooped, and sent that after the flask. A curtain of snow blotted it out as it descended through space. Ivor felt easier in his mind as he returned to the fire. He gave the embers a kick and consulted his watch. It was nearly eight, but the morning light still came dimly through the snow whirl. The storm was increasing. If the weather held, they might not be able to get down the mountain at all that day. He heard Roddy coming back with fresh water, and stamping the snow from his feet in the outer shed.

"Some blizzard," said Roddy, entering almost gaily. "Had a regular time getting down to the spring."

He got an ax from the corner and went out again. Ivor heard the true, ringing blows which proclaimed

Roddy the natural-born woodsman. In an incredibly short time he returned with a snowy armful of oak logs, and replenished the fire.

"Need help?" asked Ivor.

"Oh, nothing much to do," said Roddy, carelessly.

He moved about expertly, slicing bacon and mixing corn-meal, and soon had breakfast under way. He then drew the table close to the fire, spread a newspaper for cloth, and placed covers of camping-kit ware which he produced from a rude corner cupboard.

"I'll have a wash-up," said Ivor, going out.

The shed was a dark little cave of winds. Fine snow particles sifted in everywhere through the shrunk boarding, and Ivor did not linger over his ablutions, but hurried back to the warm room of logs.

He found breakfast ready. The fire-light played pleasantly on the blue enamel of the dishes, and the food odors were enticing. Ivor wanted his drink; but the coffee was good, and the bread baked as every Southern boy knows how to bake corn-cake. He made an excellent meal, glancing now and then with a pang of compunction at Roddy who drank his coffee feverishly, but made no pretense of hunger. After breakfast he sat back, smoking, and watching Roddy clear away the things. The storm increased. Ivor frowned, and again consulted his watch.

Roddy, having exhausted occupations, sat on the side of his cot eyeing Ivor's repressed, but evident, discontent. Ivor said, catching him at it:

"I admit right now that one night up here this time of year is about my limit."

"It's some blizzard," said Roddy.

"But it's not far to Nelson's."

"We'd get lost sure. I've a fair sense of direction, but I shouldn't trust to it in this snow smother."

"He wants a drink," thought Roddy. He looked down reflectively at his clasped hands, then rose and went to the corner cupboard.

Ivor watched him with a faint flicker of hope; but

Roddy had not included anything in the nature of something to drink in the supplies purchased at the small store at Nelson's. He took out merely a handful of tiny articles which he ran over carefully, shifting them from one hand to the other.

"Play you a game?" he said, looking at Ivor.

Ivor returned the look questioningly.

Roddy pushed the table back near the window, turned its newspaper cover, and revealed a checker-board square printed on the reverse side. On this he emptied the small objects from his cupped hand. They disclosed themselves as chessmen not unskilfully whittled out.

"Been working out games with these," he said. "I couldn't"—he glanced at his father courageously—"mull over my sins every minute of the time, and I was rather glad to come across this old Sunday paper in a locker."

Ivor drew his chair around, and examined the chessmen with amused interest.

"You are a resourceful chap, Roddy," he murmured, setting them up. He lost the first game.

"You've got me outclassed," he grumbled, "practising up here by yourself all week."

"I think we play a pretty even game, Father," answered Roddy in a serious tone. He tried an opening he had figured out for himself, and won the next game in half a dozen moves.

Ivor sat up, chagrined. "Show me how you did that," he demanded. Roddy showed him.

"You don't get me that easy again, my son," muttered Ivor, vexed at his own stupidity. He beat Roddy three times running.

"Guess I'm not a back number yet," he bragged, getting up to investigate the weather. He returned, reporting it worse than ever, and began lining up the pieces again.

Roddy, his arms folded on the table, sat gazing into the snow whirl, through which the black arm of a

pine was visible at irregular intervals. Ivor glanced at him from time to time. Roddy could not quite make himself look as if he had been having a pleasant time of it, but his youth and good looks and hard boy's pride very nearly enabled him to accomplish this feat. Even to Ivor's prying eyes he merely appeared subdued and a trifle pale.

"It's not so bad up here, after all," said Ivor at last.

Roddy came out of his trance and looked about him. Red glow and warmth enveloped them.

" 'The tumultuous privacy of storm,' " quoted Roddy. His eyes smiled across the table at Ivor, crinkling at the corners.

Ivor's face lighted, looked a question.

" 'The Snow-Storm' you know."

"Lord, yes—in my old reader! None of the new fellows can touch the old ones."

"They were pretty sincere old fellows," said Roddy, musingly.

"Maybe that's why—well, are you tired of losing?"

They played again, and Ivor in his interest failed to remark the passing of time until Roddy swept the pieces together instead of setting them up, saying that it must be dinner-time.

Ivor pulled out his watch. "Four," he called as Roddy went out with the ax. He heard Roddy pulling a log in on the earthen floor of the shed, heard the blows of the ax begin, cease, begin again irregularly. After a moment of hesitation Ivor opened the door and crossed to the boy.

"I'll do that," he said.

If Roddy had the impulse again to ask why, he repressed it. He gave up the ax in silence.

"You can be rustling up some dinner," said Ivor, not meeting his eyes.

Roddy nodded, and went within. He explored the loft and discovered a few apples and butternuts to add to their menu. He also discovered a flask of whiskey

left there, he conjectured, by Croy during the autumn. Roddy considered over this find for some time. He did not want it for himself, and he liked his father best without it; but he knew very well that Ivor was uncomfortable without his accustomed drink, and that one pint of whiskey more or less could make small difference in the case of a steady drinker. Apparently it resolved itself into a question of Roddy's preferences. He carried the flask down with the apples and nuts and placed it on a shelf in the cupboard.

When Ivor brought in the logs, which it had taken him a good while to chop, dinner was on the table, and Roddy was down on the floor by the hearth cracking nuts. He glanced up to say:

"By the way, Father, I found a bottle of moonshine in the loft. It's on the shelf there."

Ivor threw down the logs, and stood looking at Roddy, whose eyes had returned to his task. Across the shoulder of Roddy's old silk shirt a slow stain crept as he bent. Ivor's face contracted. He still felt that next to the last straw had not been too extreme a payment to exact from Roddy's penitence; yet he conceived a sudden and illogical grudge against the whiskey which had enabled him to harden his heart and play the brute. But even while he felt this resentment he craved the stuff, and his eyes sought the open cupboard. Instead of going to it, however, he drew up his chair to the table. Roddy joined him with the nuts, and Ivor was relieved when he ate his dinner with some show of hunger. After the meal Ivor again glanced longingly at the cupboard, and again took it out in looking.

Roddy, after an inquiry, replaced the chessmen on the board. It had grown dark, and he brought out candles from the cupboard. He had a good store of these, and lighted four, placing two on each side. They played again, and about nine Ivor said:

"The last time I looked out it seemed to be clearing up. Play you three more games, and then we'd better turn in. We'll want to be off early in the morning."

"Play you for the championship," said Roddy. "We're even now."

"Very well," agreed Ivor, rather absently. Roddy intercepted his glance as it wandered towards the cupboard.

"I'll have a night-cap presently," said Ivor, meeting his eye.

Roddy nodded, moving his pawn.

Roddy sat over this game with an apparently disproportionate earnestness. A determination born of the strange fact that Ivor still held off from the whiskey possessed Roddy. His dark brows knitted themselves. He was thinking:

"If I win two out of the three, I'll say it to him."

Roddy vowed this to himself, and he was so afraid he would play his best that out of sheer self-disgust he did play his best. He won the first game, and Ivor said again:

"You've got me outclassed with all this solitary practice of yours."

But Roddy said again seriously:

"No; I think we play an even game, Father."

Ivor won now, and Roddy's brows knit more pronouncedly. His eyes pondered brilliantly beneath them. His lips became a firm, scarlet bow. The tiny upward curves at the corners grew straight and unsmiling. He wished so much to be beaten that he played a little better than his previous best.

"Your game," said Ivor at last. He whistled away his chagrin, an eye on the cupboard door.

"Father," said Roddy. His voice was beseeching.

Ivor's glance deserted the cupboard door to fix itself on Roddy's face.

"Yes," he said in a puzzled tone.

"You said this morning that you'd like to have a decent boy," said Roddy.

Ivor smiled. He thought he knew what was coming.

"Well," said Roddy, and his heart pounded so that Ivor heard it, "I'd like to have a different sort of

father.”

Ivor sat erect. He was as angry, as wounded, as outraged, as if Roddy had drawn back and struck him a blow in the face.

“Damn you!” he cried, “what do you mean by that?”

Roddy turned white, but he was game to finish what he had started.

“When I was five years old, Father, I took my first drink from the whiskey left in the bottom of your glass—and you gave it to me.”

Ivor took refuge in silence, in a bitter, steady stare. Roddy still did not look at him.

“I guess it’s mainly on account of the drinking that our family stands for such a lot of unpleasant things, Father. We get away with them because you have land, money, political influence; but if you didn’t have these, we’d be thought no more of than the Worths are. What are we but the product of the damned stuff they sell us?” He looked at Ivor now, his eyes lighted in his quivering face. “What is our name but a synonym for dissipation of all sorts, for petty lawbreaking when it suits our convenience, for a back-number effort to lord it over our neighbors, as if we were feudal barons, you know? Why, I’ve heard Croy curse old Sonneborne for asking him to settle for a saddle Croy had been using for a year. Croy asked Sonneborne how the hell he dared dun an Ivor?”

Still Ivor did not speak, and again Roddy went on:

“That’s pretty raw stuff, Father, and we get away with it because you have land, money, political influence, and we know we can get away with it. What does that turn us into? Just bullies,” said Roddy, answering himself—“just common neighborhood bullies. Knock a fellow down if we’re drunk enough and don’t like the style of his hat,” continued Roddy, referring to a past exploit of Croydon’s; “run up bills and pay when we get ready—don’t they know we are good for a fey paltry dollars, damn ’em?” Roddy quoted another stepbrother, Breck.

A dull red had crept into Ivor's cheek. He wished now that he had taken his drink. Lacking the whiskey's prompting, no adequate rebuttal of Roddy's statements occurred to him. He resorted to an obvious personality.

"You say we are synonyms for many sorry things," he remarked in an ironic tone, "but I think you forgot the sorriest."

Roddy's eyes fell. A flame of shame wrapped him.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't forget."

"Not through, are you?" jeered Ivor.

Roddy, that dark flush still overspreading him, began to push the queer little chessmen about. When he spoke again it was hesitatingly and very slowly:

"I know you can drink more than most, Father, and show it less; but you are bound to show it some, and I've hardly ever had the chance before to-day to find out what you really were like—without the whisky."

Ivor looked at him, waiting.

Visibly Roddy would have let it go at that.

"Say it," ordered Ivor with a savage change of manner.

"And it's been a red-letter day for me," said Roddy, a hard little quiver in his voice. "I've been a dishonorable cur, and I've had as much as I could take of what I deserved, yet I've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

The last words came almost inaudibly. He jumped up and stood by the fire, his back to the room, his head bent.

"Your place to say all this?" said Ivor. His voice trembled with rage.

"No," said Roddy, facing him, "I know that I'm an insolent hound—Father." His voice shook on the last word. He turned back to the fire.

"Get to bed!" said Ivor, with an oath.

Roddy obeyed in silence. As he stooped for his sleeping-garments Ivor's sullen glance rested by accident on the momentarily bared shoulders. He drew his

breath inward with a sharp whistling sound, and his devils of anger departed from him. He recalled in what temper the boy had taken that. He remembered that he had put himself aside all day, that he had been a cheerful companion. Ivor had had a good time with him.

He dragged his chair around to the hearth. The candles guttered out. The failing fire made ghosts in the room. Ivor sat on among them, his fists propping his chin, facing the facts in the case with that inward vision which does not veil or distort. Truth accused Ivor. She even justified herself in using a man's own son as spokesman. It was the little thing which got under Ivor's skin most: "I've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

It was past midnight when he glanced over his shoulder. Roddy lay prone, his dark head taken between his arms. Small need for Ivor to ask if he waked.

"Roddy," said Ivor.

"Yes, Father," said Roddy, humbly. He sat up, clasping his knees, his eyes on Ivor.

Ivor bent to throw on a log before he continued:

"Croy skipped out to his uncle Croydon's ranch the day I packed you off up here. He's left debts everywhere. He bluffed a loan out of old Sonneborne to get away on."

Each word was a question. Roddy was able to answer:

"I didn't know Croy meant to go away, Father, or that he was deeper in debt than usual."

"So," said Ivor. "Now I'm going to do some more guessing, Roddy. I'm going to guess that it was Croy who saw to it that you were good and drunk, Croy who had that check so handy, Croy who put you up to devilment you'd never have thought of, left to yourself." He hurried on, not looking at Roddy: "And he must have been drunker than you were to expect to get away with any such fool trick as that with Sheppard. Croy wasn't worth taking that licking for, kid. He's not

worth shooting. He's been a stray from the first. He belongs away back, when he could have led his gang looting and have terrorized a country-side. No room for him now, so he's a crooked bully."

Roddy's head went down in his arms on his knees. Croy had always had Roddy's love. He had won it carelessly when Roddy was a little fellow, and had kept it, still carelessly, despite much, Roddy's heart being a fool for loyalty. Croy had got him in dreadful trouble, but Croy had been drinking fearfully hard, and was, Roddy supposed now, driven desperate by duns. Roddy's heart thrust that aside. What it broke over was the little thing—the fact that Croy could go off like that without a word to him.

Ivor kept stealing glances. Presently he crossed the room, and sat on the side of the cot, putting a careful arm around Roddy, and getting hold of his tense hands.

"No use fretting over Croy," said Ivor.

"I know," muttered Roddy. His head came up. He tried to speak. It sank in his arms again. He shook with sudden and rending sobs.

Ivor's arm forgot to be careful. He bent low.

"Here, stop that! Croy's not worth it, I tell you."

"It's not—Croy—now."

"Oh, it's not?" Ivor bent lower.

"Forgive you? Sure. What you think I'm doing now?" He stood up, patted Roddy's arm, said, "You just get to sleep if you can," and returned to his chair by the fire.

Roddy sat on motionless, clasping his knees, striving to get some real hold on himself; but he was so shaken, so torn, so tired, that he found it difficult. The dim, warm room became a prison in which he could scarcely draw breath. He visioned the white, cold, keen-aired world outside with a craving which finally drove him to ask:

"Do you mind if I get up, Father?"

"Oh," said Ivor, absently, "I'm not running you

now, Roddy."

He mused by the fire, listening vaguely to the movements behind him until Roddy came over to the hearth, getting into his coat and saying:

"Thought I'd like a fresh drink of water."

"Shouldn't mind having one myself," said Ivor, rousing and glancing up. Roddy reddened. Ivor smiled.

Roddy went out the front door, plunging knee-high in the drift. The icy air bathed him, renewed him. The descent to the spring was steep and over rocks. He made it in a breathlessly connected series of leaps through a noon-bright moonlight.

The spring was a pool of ink within overhanging hillocks of snow. Behind Roddy the uneven paper-white rise was sketched thickly with charcoal marks of pine stems. Above him winged black branches bore fantastic burdens of snow. Before him the forest broke, and midway in the vast triangular space thus opening out was the apparition of the white peak across the valley. In its gleaming vestures gaped wounds as black as space.

Every boy in a coal country knows something of mines. Roddy stood, his eyes on the mouths of the mines opposite, a vivid scrap of mine vocabulary springing to mind.

"Run of mine," mused Roddy to himself, "run of mine."

His imagination lighted the phrase as the moonlight lighted the opposing face of the mountain. For an output of coal he beheld an output of humanity, streaming ceaselessly. Life dug. Did Death sift? wondered Roddy. For one atom of that endlessly rushing stream to judge another atom—Roddy's eyes went past the peak to the splendid sky. Shining resolves trooped into his heart. He felt that his father had been extraordinarily forbearing and kind, and he thought that it was a big thing just to be alive with the job of making a decent man out of himself stretching before him.

He stooped and swung up a miraculous pail of silver from the pool of ink. He took as long as he could to break the path round to the shed door. Once he broke into a clear whistle.

Ivor, standing by the fire, heard it and looked relieved.

"What do you say to getting along down to Nelson's?" he asked as Roddy entered. "The dogs know us, and we could get the cutter out without disturbing the family. We could be home for breakfast. How's that?"

"I couldn't be suited better," said Roddy. He whistled again as he moved about making ready to get off. He stood still at length, merely glancing around to see whether he had neglected anything. His eye fell on the chessmen, and he gathered them together, replacing them on the cupboard shelf, where the bottle of moonshine still offered itself untouched. He turned to find Ivor's eyes resting on him thoughtfully.

"Better leave that here," said Ivor. "Some one stumbling on this place in bad weather might find it useful." He went on out, and Roddy heard him plunging ahead down the path. When Roddy fastened up and strode after, Ivor was silhouetted starkly in the moonlight. Ten paces from the cabin Roddy succumbed to temptation, bent, straightened, flung a snow-ball clean and hard. It spun Ivor's soft felt down the mountain-side, and filled his coat-collar with snow.

"I'll get you for that," he shouted, breaking for Roddy.

They tussled together, and Roddy, helpless with laughter, went down in a drift. Ivor scrubbed his face for him.

"That'll teach you," panted Ivor, letting him up.

Roddy, breathless, bareheaded, still chuckling, ran for Ivor's hat. Ivor stood digging the snow out of his collar and grinning, pure joy of fatherhood in his heart as he watched Roddy swinging back up the slope. Roddy, snapped back to normal, laughter lingering in his

face, moonlight and mischief in his eyes, head set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth was a sight to make a sonless man go hang himself with envy.

"You darn—beautiful—kid, you," muttered Ivor.

"Eh?" asked Roddy, catching a word as he came up.

"Why, I said," Ivor assured him, "that if ever I caught you drinking again, Roddy Ivor, I would wear my arm out on you."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile. His subdued look returned. He tramped silently by Ivor's side until they reached Nelson's. Now the pressing account between his father and himself had been settled, another matter arose to harry him. As he helped harness he looked across the horses at Ivor.

"Who knows?" he blurted.

Ivor's eyes twinkled. He busied himself for some moments before he replied:

"No one but Sheppard, and I told him—" He paused as if it were a game and Roddy's turn.

"That you'd—" Roddy stopped, coloring.

"Why, yes," said Ivor, humorously grave, "I did—something like that."

Neither spoke again for some time. Roddy drove, looking straight ahead. Ivor smoked cigar after cigar, musingly. As they came within sight of the house Ivor turned in his seat.

"One time when bullying was excusable, eh?" he asked. He glanced at Roddy, his warm, brown eyes whimsical and interrogative in the red morning light.

For the first time Roddy's face begged off.

"Oh, well," said Ivor.

When Roddy returned from taking the cutter to the stables, he found his father waiting for him on the back porch, and they went in together.

"Guess mama's not down yet," said Ivor. He led the way upstairs and peeped into a room.

"Well, Kathy," he called, flinging the door open, "I've brought back your boy alive, you see."

Roddy's mother, seated in a low chair by the hearth combing her hair, looked quickly around. Her eyes ran past Ivor. That look of hers drew Roddy to his knees by her side, drew his arms around her, drew his head to the hollow of the shoulder. After a brief period of relaxation such as even a seventeen-year-old boy might with honor take in his own mother's arms, Roddy straightened, and faced her with eyes that were Truth's own home.

"Mama," he said, "I'm going to be a decent fellow from now on. I shan't ever give you and father any more trouble."

He got to his feet and marched out, valiant, attended almost visibly by the shining resolves, minding his own business so exclusively that he would not even glance out of the corner of his eye at Ivor standing over by a window.

As the door shut behind Roddy, Ivor turned and regarded Kathy. With youth out of the room, she looked astonishingly young. Kathy, her long, black hair spread web-like and fan-wise from the top of her small head to her knees where her white fingers pulled it taut, studied Ivor's look with big, inscrutable, dark eyes. He had a funny subdued expression for which she was trying to account. She smiled suddenly.

"What you looking at me like that for?" demanded Ivor.

"Why," said Kathy, "you look exactly as if you'd been having—one—too, Rod'rick." She opened her arms to him.

"Honey," asked Ivor, coming to them shame-facedly, "how'd you like to have two good boys?"

"Oh," said Kathy, quaintly, "I reckon I could stand it, Rod'rick."

The Century Magazine, 1916.

FRANK PRESTON SMART

FRANK PRESTON SMART has lived in West Virginia all his life with the exception of a few years spent in Ohio. For years, he has been engaged in newspaper work on various papers in the State, and is at present on the staff of *The Parkersburg Dispatch-News*. He is widely known as a writer of ability. In 1910, when Parkersburg held its centennial celebration, he was chosen to write the Centennial Poem. Mr. Smart's work as a writer of verse has been of such excellence that it is greatly to be regretted that he has never published a collection of his poems, many of which have appeared in *The Century*, *Putnam's*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Puck*, and other standard publications.

GUERDON

Expect nor fame, nor gold, nor any praise—
The world puts not its meed in every hand;
Work on, and still be thankful all thy days,
If even one shall see and understand!

Munsey's Magazine, 1904.

A COMMENT

Dead! Why, the word seems strange
And, somehow, out of place.
I cannot conceive such a change
In that eager, empty face.

I remember him at school,
Futilely plodding—no drone,
Yet scarce one remove from a fool.
And, now—but to think!—*he* has known.

The utter terror's grip—
 What it is (the thought bites like a knife)
 To feel the fingers slip
 On the last smooth ledge of life.

To clutch at the breath as it goes,
 To see the light shrink to a spark,
 Then flicker and fail—and he knows
 What happens out there in the dark.

Scribner's Magazine, 1905.

OLD CALHOUN

A Voice from the Philippines

There's an old log hut in the elbow of a hill,
 Back in old Calhoun,
 Where through all the long June evenin's you can hear
 the whippoorwill—
 Back in old Calhoun.
 There the moon comes up the mountain when the sun
 goes down,
 And the coves are drenched with silver till the laurels
 drip and drown,
 And the wood-dove stops her mournin' and the owl
 takes up the soun',
 And the chirrin' of the crickets chills the dew out of
 the groun'—

Back in old Calhoun—

That's the place that I was born in;

Back in old Calhoun—

That's the place for which I'm mournin';

There is something fair to see there—

There is something sweet to me there;

And I'm wearyin' to be there—

Back in old Calhoun!

There's a little girl a-standin' just within the cabin
 door,

Back in old Calhoun,

There's an old man in the corner and a baby on the floor—

Back in old Calhoun.

There's a look that I remember underneath her lashes black,

And it haunts me and it hurts me, till my heart is on the rack—

For it's hungry for her kisses and the happiness I lack,
And I'd marry her tomorrow, if I only could get back—

Back to old Calhoun,

When the spring is just a-wakin';

Back to old Calhoun,

When the white frost's hold is breakin'.

Here it's summer till I hate it.

Ah, I would not so berate it,

If I could but await it

Back in old Calhoun!

There's a crazy porch hangs over, where the big road bends,

Back in old Calhoun—

Covered up with morning-glories that a white-haired woman tends—

Back in old Calhoun;

And a gray house leans and loves it for the tendrils that have clomb....

Up a roof the rain has rotted from the eave-trough to the comb....

My eyes ache with the sun-glare—far away my glance would roam—

This whole blessed bunch of islands isn't worth one sight of home!

Back in old Calhoun,

I can see the cornfields yellowin';

Back in old Calhoun,

I can smell the Bellflowers, mellowin'—

Hear the cider-presses streamin';
Glimpse the white wheat-stubble gleamin';
But I'm only in my dreamin'
Back in old Calhoun!

On the coast, or hikin' inland, it is all the same to me—
(Back in old Calhoun!)

The homesickness is upon me and I only want to be
Back in old Calhoun.

Strange the country all about me—strange the faces
on the street;
I've my fill of "fightin' niggers"—of the hardship and
the heat.

God! I b'lieve they'll let me die here, 'fore I know
again the sweet
Breath o' locust blooms above me—the red clay beneath
my feet—

Back in old Calhoun!
(What's the use of all this grievin'?)
Back in old Calhoun!
—See, the transport is a-leavin'.
Leaves some of us kind o' starey.
...I'd die happy, if they'd carry
What there's left of me to bury
Back to old Calhoun!

The Century, 1905.

SAMARITAN

'Twas down on the road to Jericho,
Faring, I fell among thieves, one day.
They beat me down with many a blow—
Spoiled me and bound me and there I lay,
Too sick and sore for to even pray
And nobody knew if I lived or died—
With never a careless glance my way,
Love passed by on the other side.

And there in the road to Jericho—
Fair town of my soul, that I might not see!—
I railed at the fate that had used me so
And cursed the curse that had come on me.
It was cold and the rain fell drearily—
Ah, how I wrung my hands and cried!
The day it was dark as the night could be,
When Love passed by on the other side.

But down the road from Jericho .
One came riding that rode not by;
He helped my hurts and he soothed my woe
And lodged me safe at a tavern nigh.
My sight waxed clear as my eyes grew dry
And I knew him then, and I bade him bide;
Love—for without him what were I!
Who passed by on the other side?
Copyright by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 1905.

BUNYAN IN PRISON

A-many lay with him in Bedford jail—
Cutthroats and thieves and women of the street;
Spawn of all evil sprawled about his feet,
The while he dreamed his Dream and told his Tale.

What mattered it to him? Within the pale
Of those four walls, him Faithful stopped to greet
Or with stout Hopeful walked in converse sweet,
And Christian o'er Apollyon did prevail.

And so the foul wards widened when he willed—
Let in a world in little, then, narrowing, grew
To semblance of the Giant's dungeon dull;
Shifted to shapes of vale and mead—or, filled
With all the Vision's glory, changed into
The shining rooms of the House Beautiful.

“Then saw I in my dream”—The fair refrain
Sprinkles the printed page, till we forget
He had his waking hours, when the fret
Of fear that just missed madness teased his brain.
Travailing with his own peculiar pain,
In every path his Pilgrim knew, he set
Feet that might stumble, but linger not, and yet
Knew not the end—that was the Dream again!

What wonder, in his book, the Valley grim
Stretches ere rise the Mounts Delectable,
And the Slough lies before Emmanuel's Land,
Full many a league? God's peace came late to him
Who trod the road from Earth to Heaven, and spanned
With his rack'd soul the gulf 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
Putnam's Magazine, 1909.

ROBERT LANDON PEMBERTON

ROBERT LANDON PEMBERTON was born in Lancashire, England, March 9, 1860. When he was three years old, he came with his parents to the United States. He has been a resident of West Virginia since 1870.

Though he never had the opportunity to attend any other than a village school, at the age of fifteen he entered one of the most efficient of educational institutions, a country newspaper office, and has been engaged in newspaper and printing work ever since with the exception of a few years, during which he taught. He has been editor of *The St. Mary's Oracle* for some years. He is also a member of the Pleasants County bar. Mr. Pemberton has found time, in spite of his duties as a newspaper man, to spend in the study of languages, and, without the assistance of a teacher, has acquired a considerable knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French.

He has served a term as superintendent of schools of Pleasants County, and, in 1911, represented his county in the State Legislature.

Mr. Pemberton has been a regular contributor to various newspapers, and is the author of a number of short stories and a few serials. He has published two volumes of verse, "Songs in Merry Mood" and "Random Rhymes" and has written enough verse besides to fill several such volumes. His poems show him to be a poet of no little ability. His reputation as a writer of humorous verse received the recognition of his being elected a member of the American Press Humorists' Association at its second session.

DOWN LONG RUN

Down Long Run fair flowers grow:

Lily, iris, quaker lady,

Trillium, too, as pure as snow,

Hunting nook retired and shady;

Bluebell, nodding graciously,
 Laurel, dark-leaved; thick and glossy;
Delicate anemone,
 Peeping from a covert mossy.

Down Long Run the water flows,
 Gliding, dancing, leaping madly;
Jeweled, in the sun it glows,
 Smiling here, there laughing gladly;
Tinkling over rapids here,
 There it rushes deep and narrow;
Famous for wee boats to steer—
 Shooting rapids swift as arrow.

Down Long Run the red birds sing
 Songs of springtime, true and tender;
Cedar birds delight to swing
 From the tips of branches slender;
You may hear the merry thrush
 Cheer his kind with new ambitions,—
Tree and shrub and tangled brush
 Are alive with gray musicians.

Down Long Run is many a thought
 To be gathered for the seeking;
Vagrant fancies to be caught
 While Dame Nature does the speaking;
Fancies that in after life
 Come to bring their meed of pleasure,
When the heart is sick of strife
 And the soul digs up its treasure.

From *Random Rhymes*, 1904.

THE VETERANS

'Twas more than forty years ago
 When first they heard the sound
Of fife and drum, bidding them come
 To seek the battle ground.
Their hearts were stout, their hopes were
 high,

Their feet kept perfect time—
With “Hep!” and “Hep!” each measured
 step
Marked off the rolling rhyme.

Their hearts were stout—what though they left
 Home, friend, and love behind?
Before them lay bright Honor’s way,
 By patriots defined.
So to the sound of fife and drum
 They marched, where fate decreed;
For home and friend and love to spend
 Their lives, if there were need.

The heavy musket lost its weight
 When charging on the foe;
With ringing yell they fought or fell,
 Their very souls aglow;
They knew not life, they knew not death,
 Knew nothing, save that there
Were foes to fight and wrongs to right
 And glorious flags to bear.

And when the fife and drum came back
 From victory well earned,
But few of those who sought their foes,
 In rhythmic step returned;
Wounds and disease had sapped the strength
 From many stalwart forms,
And many lay in southern clay,
 Secure from further storms.

The blue-clad heroes now are old
 And bent with weight of years;
Their thoughts are flown to friends long gone,
 Their eyes are filled with tears;
They wait the time when they will join
 The host that’s gone before;
With faltering feet they tread the street
 And dream of days of yore.

But sound once more the fife and drum:
Behold! Erect and tall,
Their eyes ablaze with fighting craze
The veterans hear the call!
Again they feel the surging blood
Rush tingling as of old;
With "Hep!" and "Hep!" each measured step
Rings true as purest gold.

From *Random Rhymes*, 1904.

NIMROD

And it's O for the feel of an old pair of shoes,
Well worn at the heel and bulged out at the side,
With a slouchy old coat that a tramp would refuse,
And a hat that my better half long has decried!
Then it's off to the hill
For the wild lust to kill,
Has enslaved me and drags me about at its will.

And it's woe to the quail and the scared cotton-tail!
And it's woe to the squirrel that perches on high!
For I'm off to the hill on the hunter's lone trail,
With a smile on my lip, but with blood in my eye!
Up the hill and down dale
I will follow the trail,
And return with my game wadded up in a bale!

Oh! I'm Nimrod the Great! But I don't hunt in state,
With a pack of loud yelpers to rout out the game;
I depart before breakfast, get back rather late,
And so I preserve without trouble my fame;
For my neighbors all know
That a long time ago
I returned with a couple of squirrels or so.

From *Songs in Merry Mood*, 1907.

CATCHING THE TRAIN

We're all in a flurry,
Great bustle and worry,
Quick question for this and for that.
"Where are the valises?"
I've got 'em—two pieces:
"Stop, John! You're forgetting your hat!
Is my hat on straight now?"
Come on—we are late now!
"Oh, John, did you put out the cat?"

At last we are ready,
Come on, now; hold, steady!
It's dark on the steps after night.
What's that? "It is raining!"
Well, no use complaining:
Umbrellas are strapped good and tight.
Of course, dear, you knew it—
You told me to do it—
Can't get 'em until there's a light.

"If we had a hack now!"
Too late to go back now—
It's time for the train to be here;
In less than a minute
We both shall be in it
And laughing at this mad career.
Step lively! Fly faster!
Humph! Call this disaster?
It's fun if you think so, my dear!

Hurrah! Here's the station!
What's that? Desperation!
We've got one hour-forty to wait!
"What good was our dashing
And mud-puddle splashing?
But that has been always our fate!"
By George! Say, that's funny!
Forgot all my money!
It's lucky the train is so late!

From Songs in Merry Mood, 1907.

HARRY LAMBRIGHT SNYDER

HARRY LAMBRIGHT SNYDER was born in Shepherdstown, West Virginia, October 11, 1861. He is the son of John Snyder, a native of Saarbrucken, Bavaria, Germany, and of Rachel (Lambright) Snyder who was born at Frederick, Maryland.

Mr. Snyder was educated in the Shepherdstown public schools and at Shepherd College. He learned the printer's trade in the office of *The Shepherdstown Register*. He was employed in the United States Government printing office from 1879 to 1882, when he returned to Shepherdstown where he became proprietor, editor, and publisher of *The Shepherdstown Register*, which in the forty years of his management has become widely known as one of the best edited and most reliable newspapers in the state. Mr. Snyder is an editor of unusual ability. His editorials are always clear, concise and interesting and show a broad and intelligent grasp of public affairs. His "Notes by Observer" dealing with a variety of subjects, among them the local traditions and the historical events for which Jefferson County is so well known, are so eagerly read that it is hoped that he may decide to publish them in book form.

Mr. Snyder was, for eight years, a most efficient member of the State Board of Regents of the Normal Schools of West Virginia and has served as a member of the Board of Directors of the Hospital for the Insane at Spencer. He has also been for years very active in the work of the Lutheran Church of which he is a member.

On April 29, 1884, he married Miss Ida Baldwin of Philadelphia who died July 28, 1907. Mrs. Snyder was a woman of unusual charm and of such lovely character that her influence is felt yet in the lives of those who had the privilege of knowing her. Five children were

born to Mr. and Mrs. Snyder: Louise Anna, a graduate of Goucher, and now Mrs. Lawrence Moore Lynch of Garden City, New York; William Baldwin who in the World War served fourteen months in France, and who is now manager and local editor of *The Shepherdstown Register*; Rose Eleanor, now Mrs. Franklin Lyne of Shepherdstown; Rachel, at home; and Harry Lambright, Jr., a graduate of West Virginia University where he made a brilliant record as a student and as a participant in the various college activities.

WEST VIRGINIA

From where the rippling Shenandoah, fairest Daughter
of the Stars,

By the toil of countless ages has torn down her rocky
bars—

From the vineyards of the Valley and its fields of wheat
and corn,

From the land of wine and honey, ruthless from its
mother torn—

From our splendid western borders, facing toward the
setting sun,

That with so great toil and danger from their savage
hosts were won,

Where the mighty, broad Ohio, flowing on so strong and
free,

Bears the commerce of an empire from the mountains to
the sea—

From the stern and rugged counties stretched along our
northern line,

Where men grow tall and sturdy, like their hemlock and
their pine,

And the busy hum of industry from workshop and from
mill

Tells of Genius's great triumphs and Labor's wondrous
skill—

And from our southern boundary, where lie the sunny
fields,

And the earth her richest treasures to the delving miner
yields,

Where the iron horse, shrilly shrieking, starts the eagle
from his crag,

And the axe of spoiling woodman sounds where roam-
ed the bear and stag—

Aye! from every hill and valley, from mountain and
from plain,

Swells forth the splendid chorus, telling in its proud re-
frain

The grand achievements of a people who by divine de-
cree

Have Progress as their watchword, their motto, “Moun-
taineers Are Free!”

In the days of the beginning, ere mankind was given
birth,

The Creator with His riches filled the breast of Mother
Earth.

In His wisdom and His goodness vastest treasures there
were stored,

Waiting silent through the ages human effort to reward.

And of this great beneficence, so regally prepared,
Our State above all other States the bounties rich has
shared.

Our valleys, fair and fertile, yield their products of the
best,

The cattle on our thousand hills find rich pastures to
the crest.

Our forests of primeval growth in great, unmeasured
tracts,

Still thickly stand and yet invite the ever-conquering
axe.

The giants of the centuries, the maple, oak and pine,
Await the stroke that lays them low, each for its own
design.

And through the hills and mountains with certainty we
trace

Great dusky veins of splendid coal, God's best gift to
the race.

The latent force and energy, a million years compressed,
Burst forth to move a universe, obeying man's behest.

Even from the bowels of the earth gush forth for human
use

Thick streams of oil, unfailing as the widow's ancient
cruse,

While flames as strange as ever burned at Mystic's altar
fire,

Press up from Nature's reservoirs and yield to man's
desire.

Oh! such blessings ne'er were given to a sovereign state
before!

Opportunity ne'er opened half so wide her golden door!
For the resolute and faithful, the industrious and strong,
The harvest rich is waiting to reward the striving throng.

But 'tis not our rich resources that shall make us truly
great.

Men of brains and strength and virtue still must con-
stitute the state.

Noble aims and high endeavor, patriotic deeds and pure,
Must be woven in our building if the structure shall
endure.

Our ambitions must be tempered by desire to do the
right—

Greed of gold and power our best efforts often blight.
Neglectful of our duty to our God and fellow men,
Our laurel wreaths shall wither and return to dust again,

Let our uplands lift us higher, till our very being thrills
With the sweetness and the grandeur of our West Vir-
ginia hills;

And the privilege of living in earth's choicest dwelling
 place
Shall make us blest through all the ages o'er the others
 of our race.

So with our lovely women, as virtuous as fair,
And our men of pure ideals, ready each his part to
 bear,
We'll form a grand dominion, patriotic, clean and
 strong,
That shall stand for truth and justice and perpetuate
 no wrong.

Then, all hail to West Virginia! Forward march! with
 steady stride!
In faith and hope and wisdom may our ship e'er safely
 glide.
And through the ages yet to come let the world our
 progress see,
And revere our stainless motto, "Mountaineers Are
 Always Free!"

JOHN S. HALL

JOHN S. HALL was born in Laporte County, Indiana, September 15, 1845. Four years later, his family moved to Bond's Creek, West Virginia. Having enlisted in 1863 as a teamster in the Fourth Brigade of Tennessee, he became seriously ill while on the march with Sherman to the sea, and was sent to a hospital in Nashville, Tennessee, where he spent many weary months of illness which resulted in his becoming blind.

Later he entered the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio, from which he was graduated in 1868. After his graduation, he engaged in teaching for a time. He also studied law and was admitted to the bar, though he never engaged in the practice of the profession.

In 1878, with Minus P. Prettyman, he founded *The St. Mary's Observer*, and, in 1881, he began the publication of *The Oracle* of which he was editor until 1885, when he retired.

In 1907, Mr. Hall published "Musings of a Quiet Hour," in the preface of which he says: "When I first began writing verse, I had no thought of putting out a book. The thoughts came to me in quiet hours, and I put them down in rhyme, partly for pastime and partly to please my own fancy. The importunities of some of my intimate friends are responsible for their publication."

In Mr. Hall's little volume are "Bond's Creek," "The Old Homestead," "The Brook in the Wildwood," and a number of other poems inspired by familiar local scenes, dear to the poet and to his friends.

THE FLUTTER MILL

They say I'm growing old, Harlan,
I scarce can think it so,
Yet memory takes me back to scenes
Of fifty years ago,

When you and I were boys together,
And played beside the rill
That wandered near the old farm house,
And turned our flutter mill.

The rill, it runs to brook and creek,
And to the river wide,
Until within the ocean deep
It mingles with the tide.
How like the stream of life it is!
At first a rippling rill,
Then wandering on 'mid shifting scenes
It turns our flutter mill.

We still are playing 'long this stream,
They call it business now,
The difference seems but in the name,
'Tis much the same I 'low.
We strive for fortune and for fame,
'Tis all for pleasure still,
For work is only grown up play,
And life a flutter mill.

We launch our bark in childish play,
We drift or push along
O'er riffles swift, through eddying pools,
And currents deep and strong,
And out on life's expanded sea
Whose surface ne'er is still,
The restless motion of the waves
Now turns our flutter mill.

No castles built however grand
In interest can compare
With those we built beside that rill—
Our castles in the air.

Amid the hum of enterprise
The ripple of that rill
Still echoes in my heart, as when
It turned our flutter mill.

We may be growing old, Harlan.
I scarce can think it, though,
For every ripple of that rill
Brings back the long ago.
Each dimpled wave that sported there
Still makes my heart to thrill,
As in those barefoot days we watched
It turn our flutter mill.

GEORGE WESLEY ATKINSON

GEORGE WESLEY ATKINSON, son of Colonel James and Miriam (Rader) Atkinson, was born on a farm on Elk River in Kanawha County, West Virginia, June 29, 1845. After receiving careful preparatory education, he entered Ohio Wesleyan University from which he received an A.B. degree in 1870, and an M.A. degree in 1873. He studied law in Howard University from which he was graduated in 1874. He practiced law in Wheeling from his admission to the bar in 1875 until he was elected governor of West Virginia in 1897.

Judge Atkinson has had the honor of having conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. by the University of Nashville, Ohio Wesleyan University and the U. S. Grant University, the degree of D. C. L. by West Virginia University, and the Ph. D. degree by Mount Vernon College, Ohio.

Few West Virginians have had so many official positions as Judge Atkinson. He has been a life-long Republican, and has filled with distinction many important offices to which he has been either elected or appointed. Among these were member of the Legislature of West Virginia, county superintendent of public schools, postmaster of Charleston, United States Internal Revenue officer, United States Marshal of West Virginia, member of the fifty-first Congress, 1889-1891; governor of West Virginia from 1897 to 1901; United States Attorney for the Southern District of West Virginia from 1901 to 1905; and from 1905 to 1916 judge of the United States Court of Claims. Few men who have held public office have been so highly esteemed as has Judge Atkinson. He is a ready and eloquent orator, and it is said that no other West Virginian has appeared as speaker on so many occasions as he.

Judge Atkinson is also a versatile writer and is the author of books on a variety of subjects. He has writ-

ten a great deal of verse, although he has published but one volume of poems, "Chips and Whetstones."

Judge Atkinson has been twice married. His first wife was Ellen Eagan, a member of an old Kanawha family. She died in 1893, the mother of five children. On June 24, 1897, he married Mrs. Myra Horner Camden, widow of the late Judge G. D. Camden of Clarksburg. Since his retirement, Judge Atkinson and his wife have lived in Charleston, West Virginia.

OUR RECORDS

As melts the snow beneath the sun,
So vanish words when spoken;
We soon forget the deeds we've done,
The promises we've broken.

We seem to feel all wrong acts die
As soon as they're forgotten;
Ah! vain the thought—it is a lie,
And of the wish begotten.

For, silent as the snowflakes fall,
A record we are writing
Of all our acts, the great, the small,
And every fault indicting.

Unlike the snow that melts away,
Those lines with all their shading
Are written once and yet for aye—
That record is unfading.

God pity all who fearless are
Of records not inviting,
Which in His Book so white and fair,
The many now are writing.

A record not for time alone,
That all mankind are framing,
In sun or shade, should every one,
For nobler deeds be aiming.

As clean as snow, as dear as gold,
Thine actions all recorded;
The Judge will come, the scroll unfold,
And thou wilt be rewarded:—

A passport true to endless rest,
In heaven's own light and glory,
We'll read it there among the blest,
And oft repeat the story.

So write: and no false entry make;
Nor blot nor blur shall never
A joy from thee or others take,
For ever and for ever.

A SUMMER SONG AMID THE HILLS

I sat on the wall of a mineral spring,
The scarlet old sun sinking low in the west;
A red-breasted robin with deep brownish wing,
With voice all melodious in song led the rest
In the chorus which came from the shadowy hill,
While the creek murmured on to the creaking, old mill.

There were myriads of birds in that musical throng
Ever vying with others to make themselves heard;
And the cows in the meadow were hurried along
In response to the call—the old milkman's one word—
And the bell of the shepherd had called his flock home,
And all drank 'neath the dam of the fluttering foam.

The old sun disappeared behind hills in the west,
And the birds flew away to their own woodland homes,
Whilst the sheep and the cows lay contented at rest
Along side of the hills, with their towering domes;
But the mill ground away with a noisy old roll,
As the miller within doubtless took out his toll.

Ghostly, shadowy figures of vapor arose
From the water so still far above the old dam;
All of Nature around me had sunk to repose—
E'en the crystalline water flowed stealthy and calm
O'er the dam by the mill, as it sped like a dream,
To commingle at length in a mightier stream.

'Twas a summer of gladness 'mid gladsome old hills,
And of visions forgotten so long, long ago,—
Of a moon-wrought-out marvel the which Nature yet
fills
With the glamour, the glow, and the after-while glow;
'Twas a song of the summer so charmed o'er and o'er
Of bright visions profound, that will come never
more.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING was born at West Columbia, West Virginia, August 5, 1871. She went to New York to live while she was so young that she has a very dim remembrance of her West Virginia home. In 1880 she went to Norfolk, Virginia. She entered Bryn Mawr in the autumn of 1892, after which time she did not return to her home in Norfolk except for vacations. After spending six years at college she went abroad for a year and on her return resided in New York city until 1906, when she became a member of the faculty of Bryn Mawr, where she is now professor of the History of Art. Since her return to Bryn Mawr Miss King has spent two years abroad in the study of Mediaeval Archaeology and the History of Art. Her instructors in these subjects were Mr. Bernard Beresusa and the Spanish architect, Sr. Lamperez.

Miss King has contributed articles to *The Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, *The Journal of the American Archaeological Association*, *The Art Bulletin*, *Art and Archaeology*, and *Arquitectura*, a Spanish monthly. She has also published a number of exquisite poems in *Scribner's Magazine*, *McClure's Magazine*, the *Bryn Mawr Lantern*, and other publications. She is the author of an allegorical poem, "The Way of Perfect Love," which is regarded by critics as a literary work of rare distinction. This poem contains many exquisite songs. A review says of Miss King's poem: "It would never serve to read on the elevated railroad, the place, of course, where most books and magazines and nearly all newspapers, are read and duly written and adapted for such reading; but if there are any who read in college cloisters, or in lonely turrets, or spend long sunny afternoons on sandy banks within sound of the sea, or wherever hills break the sky-line and trees shut off the works of man, to them 'The Way of Perfect Love,' will

open and send forth the secret."

Miss King is the author of a number of other works, among them "Comedies and Legends for Marionettes," "The Way of St. James," "The Military Orders in Spain," "The Play of the Sybil Casandra," and "A Citizen of the Twilight." She is also the editor of several works on architecture.

THE CALL

Something calls and whispers, along the city street,
Through shrill cries of children and soft stir of feet,
Till sunlights slant and dazzle, and airs breathe
rare and fine:—

The mountains are calling; the winds wake the pine.

Past the quivering poplars that tell of water near
The long road is sleeping, the white road is clear.
Yet scent and touch can summon, afar from brook and
tree,
The deep boom of surges, the gray waste of sea.

Sweet to dream and linger, in windless orchard close,
On bright brows of ladies to garland the rose,
But all the time are glowing, beyond this little world,
The still light of planets and the star-swarms whirled.

"A MAN CALLED DANTE, I HAVE HEARD"

A man called Dante, I have heard,
Once ranged the country-side,
He knew to dawn's mysterious word
What drowsy birds replied;

He knew the deep sea's voice, its gleams
And tremulous lights afar.
When he lay down at night, in dreams
He tramped from star to star.

HYLAS

Dear to the sailor-kings,
Bronze-bearded, steadfast-hearted,
Oars' dash, when galley swings
Black through the gray waves parted.
But they said: "Make the cove
Where breathes a moonless grove,
And larks hang glad
O'er pebbly pools and sweet;
He sickens with the heat,
Our little lad."

So they call, the gold-browed kings,
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" clear;
And Alcides' great voice rings—
For he loved the brown child dear.

He left the blue profound
To follow winding valleys;
He lost the surf's faint sound
In aspen-shivering alleys.
Besides the freshes cold
He found white fingers hold
His brown hand hot;
He heard an elfin song;
The dark kings waited long,
But he came not.

Yet they call him from the shore,
"Hylas, Hylas, Hylas!" thrice;
But Alcides sails no more,
Remembering the drowned child's eyes.

COMPLINE

When in my bed myself I lay
I have not bent my head to pray
For all on whom dim troubles lie
Or give God thanks for streams and sky;

But with hands folded on my breast
And thought a moment laid at rest
Like saint who every night will sign
On brow and bosom the cross divine,
So I, with inward peace the same,
Say twice or thrice a single name
Then add: Dear heart, this farther day
That's passed since in your arms I lay.
Falls not aside, a pebble cast
To swell the cairn above our past;
Nay, goes to build the palace wide
In which our dreams together bide,
Fond stewards! who but occupy
Till the glad hour when thou and I
Through sunrise and through sunset's doors
Treading its so-long-yearned-for floors
Sleep in the fragrant halls thereof
With but one guest, and that third, Love.

Scribner's Magazine, 1919.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON

EVERARD JACK APPLETON was born in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1872. He spent most of his life until he was twenty-three years of age in Monroe County, West Virginia. Mr. Appleton gives the following account of himself and his activities: "I have written and had published nearly two hundred short stories and tons and tons of jokes and verse. For years I ran a daily column in a Cincinnati newspaper. In 1895, I married the real Woman Who Understands. I have considerable, though sometimes submerged, spirit of cheerfulness, kept alive by Mrs. Appleton. I am broken irreparably in body, but still have a saving sense of humor, and this bad health is a joke—on me!"

Mr. Appleton is the author of two books of poetry "With the Colors," a volume of World War verse, and "The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid," which was published in 1912, and which is now in its third edition. *The Chicago Record-Herald* says of this book: "This is a heartening little volume, insistent with manly faith and courage. A good book to put in the pocket, traveling satchel and the heart." Mr. Appleton's best known poems are "The Fighting Failure" and "The Woman Who Understands," both of which appeared in 1909 in a Cincinnati newspaper for which he was an editorial writer. "The Woman Who Understands" has been reprinted in newspapers and magazines all over the world. Examples of Mr. Appleton's work are included in "It Can Be Done," an anthology published by Sully and Company, and in Burton Egbert Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse."

THE FIGHTING FAILURE

He has come the way of the fighting men, and fought
by the rules of the Game.

And out of Life he has gathered—What? A living,—
and little fame.

Ever and ever the Goal looms near,—seeming each time
worth while;

But ever it proves a mirage fair—ever the grim gods
smile.

And so, with lips hard set and white, he buries the hope
that is gone,—

His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is
fighting on.

Out of the smoke of the battle-line watching men win
their way,

And, cheering with those who cheer success, he enters
again the fray,

Licking the blood and dust from his lips, wiping the
sweat from his eyes,

He does the work he is set to do and—“therein honor
lies.”

Brave they were, those men he cheered,—theirs is the
winners' thrill;

His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is
fighting still.

And those who won, have rest and peace; and those who
died have more;

But, weary and spent, he cannot stop seeking the ulti-
mate score;

Courage was theirs for a little time,—but what of the
man who sees

That lose he must, yet will not beg for mercy upon his
knees?

Side by side with grim Defeat, he struggles at dusk or
dawn,—

His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is
fighting on.

Praise for the warriors who succeed, and tears for the
 vanquished dead;
 The world will hold them close to her heart, wreathing
 each honored head,
 But there in the ranks, soul-sick, time-tired, he battles
 against the odds,
 Sans hope, but true to his colors torn, the plaything of
 the gods!
 Uncover when he goes by, at last! Held to his task by
 will
 The fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is
 fighting still!

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS

*Somewhere she waits to make you win, your soul in her
 firm, white hands—
 Somewhere the gods have made for you, the Woman
 Who Understands!*

As the tide went out she found him
 Lashed to a spar of Despair,
 The wreck of his Ship around him—
 The wreck of his Dreams in the air;
 Found him and loved him and gathered
 The soul of him close to her heart—
 The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea,
 The soul that had sought to win and be free—
 The soul of which *she* was part!
 And there in the dusk she cried to the man,
 “Win your battle—you can, you can!”

Broken by Fate, unrelenting,
 Scarred by the lashings of Chance;
 Bitter his heart—unrepenting—
 Hardened by Circumstance;
 Shadowed by Failure ever,
 Cursing, he would have died,
 But the touch of her hand, her strong warm hand,

And her love of his soul, took full command,
 Just at the turn of the tide!
 Standing beside him, filled with trust,
 "Win!" she whispered, "you must, you
 must!"

Helping and loving and guiding,
 Urging when that were best,
 Holding her fears in hiding
 Deep in her quiet breast;
 This is the woman who kept him
 True to his standards lost,
 When, tossed in the storm and stress of strife,
 He thought himself through with the game of life
 And ready to pay the cost.
 Watching and guarding, whispering still,
 "Win you can—and you will, you will!"

This is the story of ages,
 This is the Woman's way;
 Wiser than seers or sages,
 Lifting us day by day;
 Facing all things with a courage
 Nothing can daunt or dim,
 Treading Life's path, wherever it leads—
 Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
 But ever with him—with him!
 Guidon—comrade—golden spur —
 The men who win are helped by *her*!

*Somewhere she waits, strong in belief, your soul in her
 firm, white hands—*

*Thank well the gods, when she comes to you—the
 Woman Who Understands!*

COMPENSATION

(The Little Invalid's Confession)

My head hurts orful bad, and when I lay
 Flat down in bed, and see the birds and sky
 I wisht that I could run out doors and play—

Or leave my body here and fly—and fly!
I gotter pain 'most every place what is,
And when I try to set up, somethin' goes
Jest like a pin-wheel in my head—sizz!—sizz!—
And I kin feel it clear down to my toes.
Yet bein' sick is not so bad, someways—
Nobody has said, "Don't!" to me for days!

Ma moves around the room jest like an elf,
Till sometimes I don't know she's really there;
And then I tell long stories to myself
Until she comes and smooths my cheeks and hair.
"What is it, dear?" she asks me, soft and low,
And then I ketch her hand and kiss it—quick—
And tell her I don't 'member—or don't know
What makes her turn so fast and look away?
She's never once said, "Don't!" to me to-day!

The doctor telled her some day I'd be well,
And said that I was good to lay so still;
He ain't that pleasant always; I kin tell
That ma has ast him if I "truly will."
And so, when I hurt worse—sometimes I do—
I don't say so to her—'t would make her get
Discouraged with me, and feel awful blue;
So I jest keep my mouth and eyes tight shet.
Ma is so good to me! She has n't said
"Don't!" to me once since they put me to bed!

BLANCHE A. WHEATLEY

BLANCHE A. WHEATLEY is a native of Bolivar, West Virginia, and is the daughter of George W. Wheatley and Elizabeth (Hickey) Tacey Wheatley, the former a native of Hull, England, and the latter of Fairfax County, Virginia. While a mere girl she married, Walter B. Wheatley who died four years after his marriage, leaving his wife with an infant son to rear. This son served with distinction in the World War as chief coder and private secretary to General Tasker Bliss. He is at present naturalization examiner for the Federal Government at San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Wheatley gives the following characteristic account of herself: I am living in my native town, keeping house and making a home for my half-brother, who has been a father to me and my boy. Handicapped by frail health since childhood, I prefer the peace and quiet of my village home; but now and then, when there's a campaign involving measures in which I am especially interested, I 'break out' and work like 'all possessed'—and invariably pay for my strenuousness with a siege in bed. I have a public school education supplemented by home study; am an inveterate reader, a verse-writer and newspaper contributor; a pen-and-ink-artist of some ability, and a real homebody skilled in every domestic art, including flower culture. I am, in fact, a 'Jill-of-all-trades-and-mistress-of-none.' I know that my pastry is superior to my poems, and that my talent in trimming hats exceeds that which my sketches show. I am the poorest talker in the world, but the best listener extant. In religion, I am non-denominational; in politics, Republican; an ardent patriot, prohibitionist and suffragist. I have written quite a good deal along these lines, particularly for the Prohibition cause as a member of the West Virginia Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I don't like public work, and never engage in it until my

conscience pushes me off the edge of my retreat and literally makes me fight.''

Mrs. Wheatley has written verse from her childhood and is well-known locally as the Bolivar Bard. Her verse has frequently appeared in newspapers and in other publications, and has found a number of interested and appreciative readers.

MIDSUMMER

Cobwebs on the grass at morn,
Mountains veiled in purple haze;
Whispering winds thro' tasseled corn
Usher in the August days.

Opal clouds in sapphire skies;
Catbirds calling loud and clear;
Gaily-painted butterflies
Floating thro' the languorous air.

Flaming rows of hollyhocks
Flaunt defiance to the sun;
Murmuring bees 'mong purple phlox
Toil till day's last hour is done.

High upon the locust bough
Sits a minstrel tireless, gay;
Hark! cicada's day is now—
Shrill, insistent, sounds his lay.

Dark and cool the shadows fall
Where contented cattle herd;
Green the ivy on the wall,
Sheltering many a nesting bird.

Tall and blue the thistles stand,
Armored soldiers by the way;
Queen Anne's-Lace decks all the land,,
Swaying where light breezes stray.

Slumbrous noontide of the year,
 Cradled soft 'mid drooping flowers;
 Myriad insect voices clear
 Time the march of golden hours.

EVENTIDE

(Lullaby)

The shadows steal over the hill,
 And star-lamps are lit in the sky,
 Wee birds in tree-cradles are still,
 The breath of sweet briar floats by;
 Then close thy sweet eyelids, my love,
 And mother will loving watch keep
 While baby in dreamland shall rove,
 Beyond the bright portals of sleep.

Sweetest-and-Best!
 Safe on my breast,
 To Slumberland hie thee away;
 Dearest-of-All!
 Dream-fairies call:
 "Oh, come, little baby, and play."

The dewdrops bespangle the rose,
 And flits the light moth through the air;
 And down where the green willow grows
 The frog chants his vesper hymn clear.
 Like violets washed with the rain
 Sweet baby-eyes droop 'neath the spell
 Of dream-fairies' witching refrain:
 "Oh come where the dream-fairies dwell."

Sweetest-and-Best!
 Take thou thy rest,
 And mother will watch lovingly;
 Dearest-of-All!
 Dream-fairies call:
 "We wait, little baby, for thee."

THE TRICKSTER

One day Love gave a cup to me,
And wonderingly, I sipped the draught—
So sweet! I quaffed it eagerly,
Nor marveled that Love laughed..
and laughed....

Then Wisdom waved a sad farewell,
And Peace departed from my side:
“The wine of heaven hath lees of hell;
Where love is, we no more abide.”

Unmoved, I watched my old friends go—
Kind friends of all my days a part;
Then turned, with Love’s sweet fire aglow,
And clasped the stranger to my heart.

What cared I then for friends or fears?
Love whispered, as he closer crept:
“Their laughter is not worth my tears”—
And ever since, I’ve wept...and wept. ...

CLARENCE EVERETT HAWORTH

CLARENCE EVERETT HAWORTH, vice-president and professor of literature at Marshall College, is well known not only as an educator, but as a physician, editor, publisher, and musical composer. Dr. Haworth was born at Portland, Ohio, May 10, 1860. He is the son of Samuel Milton Haworth and Hannah Louise Haworth.

He attended the public schools at Ravenswood, West Virginia, and in 1878 completed the course of study in Colgate Academy. In 1886, he received an A. B. degree from Colgate University. He later did graduate work at the University of Chicago, and has an M. A. degree. He is a graduate of the Starling Medical School of Columbus, Ohio, where he completed his course in 1885.

After practicing medicine for ten years, Dr. Haworth with James J. Peters, bought *The Huntington Herald*, of which he became editor. In 1897, he became sole editor and owner of the *Herald* and for ten years newspaper work occupied his entire time. In 1907 he sold the *Herald* and accepted his present position at Marshall College.

Dr. Haworth has attained distinction as a composer of music. He is the author of the words and music of the song "West Virginia," and sacred compositions for the Episcopal service including a "Te Deum," "Jubilate," "Kyrie Eleison," and "O, Dear Redeemer." Among his well known songs are "Slumber Song," "Tell Me," "Roses," "Love me till I Die," "At Thy Voice," "At Last," and "Love Light, Light of My Eyes." He has also written some graceful and pleasing verse.

Dr. Haworth has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Hattie Vinton of Parkersburg, by whom he had two sons, Samuel Vinton and James Rodgers.

In 1903, he married Miss Louise Fay of Massachusetts.

THE VIOLET

O breath of the violet, warm with the breath of Spring,
Warm under Indian stars or Ionian skies,
Bearing me azuring dreams on invisible wing,
My heart lies a-charm in the deep of thine odorous sighs;
Sweet breath of the violet!

O song of the violet, singing mine eyes into rain,
Singing of copse and of heather, of lawn and of lea,
Enchanting the rivulet's brim, the peonied plain,
Thy madrigals waken within me a wild ecstasy;
Sweet song of the violet!

O heart of the violet, heart-beat compelling mine own,
Pulsing old sagas of mosses, of jonquil and fern, ,
Purfling the brooks and the meadows with daffodils sown,
Swift to thy fathomless chambers my eager loves turn;
Sweet heart of the violet!

TO VERNA PAGE

Whene'er you play
The stars send out a warmer light,
More am'rous grows the caves of night,
The winged Seraphs flame more bright.

Whene'er you play
The orient morn her incense flings,
The bowl of noon with music rings,
The votive eve her fragrance brings.

Whene'er you play
The listening thrush his note denies,
The Orphean lute in silence lies,
And Israfel with envy sighs.

Whene'er you play
A lovelier crimson paints the rose,
A rarer perfume with it blows,
A happier love within it grows.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

ALTHOUGH the work of a number of authors who are not natives of West Virginia, is included in this volume, so far as is known, all have considered themselves West Virginians during their period of residence in the State with the exception of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison who is "a Virginian, born in Tennessee, brought up in Virginia and New York." Much of his important literary work, however, including "Queed," "V. V.'s Eyes," and "Angela's Business," was done while the author was living in West Virginia. Of this period Mr. Harrison says: "The fact of my residence in the state for seven busy years was, in a sense, an accident. My brother, beginning to establish himself as a lawyer, decided to move from Richmond to Charleston; my mother and sister, having gone out to visit him, eventually decided to make their home with him, and when not long afterwards—in March 1910—I resigned from the *Richmond Times Dispatch* to try to launch myself as a writer, it was natural for me to join my family."

Mr. Harrison, who is the son of Caskie and Margaret Coleman (Sydnor) Harrison, was born in Sewanee, Tennessee, February 12, 1880. He received his education at the Brooklyn Latin School, founded by his father, and at Columbia University, where, in 1900, he received an A.B. degree, and, in 1913, an M.A. degree.

Mr. Harrison started his career as a newspaper man in September, 1904, as a writer of book reviews for the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, at a salary of five dollars per week. At this time he was "experimenting a little with the manufacturing business" from which he was, as he himself says "getting nothing but experience, and less and less of that." Like Chaucer's man of law, there was "nowhere so busy a man" as Mr. Harrison after he became a writer of book reviews. Whether he seemed "busier than he was," he alone knows, but he "wrote

such long reviews" and "carried so many books up and down on the suburban trolley" that he "was raised to seven dollars a week, almost before you knew it."

Soon he was asked by Mr. Bryan, the managing owner, to write editorial paragraphs and topical verse daily. Although Mr. Harrison confesses that he had never before attempted to write verse, and that he "literally did not know by name" the other phase of his "novel responsibility," he made so great a success of his work that he became chief editorial writer of the *Times Dispatch* in 1907. He regards his experience in the writing of editorial paragraphs as very valuable, though in spite of this training in the writing of short pithy statements, it has been said of him by some disagreeable critic that he "can still take as many words to pass a given point as anybody else."

In May 1911, "Queed," Mr. Harrison's first novel, was published and won for its author immediate recognition in the world of letters. Of the many critiques written of the book it is said that only one was uncomplimentary. A review in *The Independent* of July 20, 1911 comments thus on the author and his work: "Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison springs at once, in his first novel, into the front rank of the new generation of realistic fictionists. . . . There is in the story a new democracy which rather surprises one who thinks of the conditions of democracy in the old South but the author wastes little time in explaining the method of exchange by which the old has become new. A less clever writer would have given many pages to the effort. . . . The book is on a high level in its ideals, its broad philosophic treatment, in its hopefulness. The writer has perfect command of all the resources of his art. The story is condensed, rapid, full of mental and moral incident." *The New York Post* says of Mr. Harrison: "Not since Mark Twain has there arisen a novelist, so racily indigenous, so animated by the sense of joyous participation, one whose style, even in its bad qualities is so eloquent of its origin in the life of which it deals."

“V. V.’s Eyes,” published 1913, added to the already enviable reputation of Mr. Harrison as a writer; as have also his later works, “Angela’s Business,” “When I Come Back,” and “St. Teresa.” A review of “V. V.’s Eyes” in *The Literary Digest* pays this tribute to the author’s genius: “Since ‘Queed’ appeared to herald a new and original writer, the public has been looking curiously for a second book from this author’s pen, wondering if ‘lightning would strike twice in the same spot.’ The new story proves that we are not to be dissappointed in our faith in Mr. Harrison. While we are apt to say tritely enough that ‘there is nothing new under the sun,’ these two books rather contradict the statement, for in both of them there is something new, either in the spirit or treatment of the subject; something electrifies the reader and makes him feel that he is considering a new subject, or viewing an old one in a new light, The book makes a plea for improved factory laws and child-labor legislation, the improvement and uplift of women, but all these subjects are approached in the natural development of an engrossing love story. The arguments are scarcely recognized as such, they are so essentially a part of the growth of the story. The far-reaching influence of personality is beautifully illustrated, with a pathetic and satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Harrison’s style is clear and stimulating; there are no hackneyed expressions, and he seems to choose the language which brings out his ideas most vividly and pointedly.”

Mr. Harrison is also the author of a number of short stories which have appeared in standard magazines. He tells of some very interesting experiences as a writer of the short story in his article, “Adventures with the Editors” which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. In December 1910, two of his book manuscripts were accepted for publication, one an old story which was begun five years earlier and which, according to the author, accomplished little except the cutting of his “literary eye teeth.” The other was “Queed.”

In the months between November, 1910, and May, 1911, he wrote and sent the publishers eleven stories, only three of which were accepted, though one was awarded a prize in a contest in which fifteen thousand manuscripts were submitted. Five days after "Queed" was published, a distinguished New York editor wrote to ask if Mr. Harrison did not have some short stories. It happened that he had *five* that had been rejected only a short time before by this very editor. The author wrote to his admirer that he did not feel that he had improved much since the preceding week, when as good a story as he knew how to write had been rejected by this editor, who then wrote a second letter and then a third suggesting that the rejected stories be sent back "that he might determine whether or not he had a joke on his (anonymous) assistants." In 1912, an editor wrote to Mr. Harrison that he and his associates had been reading "with a great deal of pleasure and envy" his stories in another publication and yet he and his associates, in 1911 had declined three of the stories that they now admired so extravagantly.

Mr. Harrison feels a kinship with the unknown young men and women who "not by lack of merit, but only by somebody's misunderstanding of the secret passwords," have failed "to get over the wall." He says that the manuscript of "Queed" was rejected by the first two publishers to whom it was offered and if other publishers had refused it he "might to this moment have remained on the unhappy side of the wall."

A writer in *The Bookman* says: "In appearance Mr. Harrison is of medium height, slender, with light hair, and merry blue eyes that crinkle up at the corners whenever he smiles, which is pretty nearly all the time anybody is talking with him. 'Who's Who' says he is a bachelor and he admits the charge."

Mr. Harrison saw service in the World War. He was with the American Ambulance in France from March until June 1915, and in 1917, was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve Force.

He had the great misfortune to lose his brother, Edmond Caskie Harrison, who volunteered as a private and who was killed in France only a few days before the Armistice. Since 1917, Mr. Harrison has resided in New York City.

MR. ZIRKLE AND RUTHLESS ROSE AMY.

Among the sweetest of the sweet girl graduates of 1907 was Rose Amy Tanner, of Milwood College. Rose Amy pronounced the oration over the new-planted class ivy in the worst rain-storm of the year 1907; nor would she cut a single paragraph of her speech, though her friends and classmates, Misses Oldmixon and Barnes, appointed to hold the umbrellas over her, repeatedly urged her to do so in perfectly audible tones. The reporters, sitting dry in Abercrombie Hall, wrote it up, you may remember, as quite a plucky thing. Having installed the ivy, bought a green tin second-hand tube for her diploma, and saluted 107 bosom friends a long good-bye, Rose Amy came home to Wattlesburg and was put in charge of the Zirkle Free Library.

As Rose Amy secured her appointment to the library by pull, so, as she well knew, she was likely to lose it by the converse influence, to wit, push. As the pull came from her Uncle George Terwilliger, chairman of the board, so the push was morally certain to be applied by Zirkle himself.

Old Zirkle was a hard man and his business was hardware. All the old biting similes for meanness had been resurrected for his benefit, and many new ones, of fair quality only, had been invented by the wits of Wattlesburg in front of the drug-store. The library, built, stocked, and endowed with the hard hardware funds, was the flower of Zirkle's senility. Even this was no untrammelled donation, for he had reserved the right of veto on all acts of the board: a little joker which he em-

ployed, oddly enough, exclusively for propelling a long succession of librarians into the discard. He tripped them with cunning catch-questions and (at the board meeting following) whoopingly slashed off their heads with his little snickersnee. The old Bluebeard bagged eight the first year.

Old Zirkle died of hardening of the heart, and the snickersnee passed to young Zirkle by a special clause in the will. Young Zirkle was a chip of the old block, Wattlesburg told Rose Amy. The old man's acquaintance with books had been limited to bank-books, which the library, alas, did not circulate; but the young one, observed Wattlesburg derogatorily, was a scholar. He lived alone in the great house on the hill, consuming folios for breakfast, quartos for dinner, and octavos, duodecimos, and tomes before retiring for a fitful rest. Accordingly, his interrogations to librarians had a singular dexterity, a profound and stunning adroitness. Only three months he had worn the black cap, and already he counted four heads, blonde, red, and brunette in his little basket.

It was not to be expected, however, that a girl capable of apostrophizing a sickly ivy sprig for forty minutes in a typhoon would tamely suffer herself to be made the sport of the bookworm offspring of a hardware man. In availing herself of Uncle George Terwilliger's nepotism, Rose Amy went in braced for trouble.

"I shall endeavor," she said to her young friend, Dick Harcourt, who dropped in on her first day at the library, "to prove myself an expert librarian, a courteous lady, a devoted booklover, an efficient attendant, a discriminating purchaser of new volumes, and a wise counselor of the young."

"You will endeavor to prove yourself a syndicate," said Dick Harcourt glumly.

"If," continued Rose Amy, "in despite of so many and such valuable merits, he upsets me on a technicality and discharges me, I promise you, Dick, that I shall not leave without giving him a piece of my mind."

"All your esteemed predecessors did that," said Dick. "He's got more styles and samples of mind now than he knows what to do with."

"Not enough to be ashamed of himself with, it seems. A fine sport for a grown man—tricking frightened girls out of their bread and meat!"

"Ashamed?" echoed Dick. "How on earth could you expect a man with a sense of shame to have a pile made out of plumbers' supplies? Be reasonable, Rose Amy. Well, let me know when you want another job. Oh, by the way," he added as he rose, "I came to get a book, librarian. G. B. Adam's 'Civilization During the Middle Ages'—immediately *if* you please."

"No joking during library hours," said the librarian severely. "Good-bye."

Dick, aghast, protested that since the world began no man ever joked about civilization during the Middle Ages.

"You know very well that you don't want that book, Dick. You couldn't understand a word of it."

"I know very well I could," said Dick warmly.

Disputation followed, and at length she rose crossly. Ensued an exasperated sacking of some thirty or forty shelves, at the end of which she emerged with the book in her hand and a great splotch of dust on her left eyebrow. Harcourt accepted the volume sternly.

"Suppose," said he, "that Zirkle had witnessed this astonishing exhibition. I ask you to put that to yourself, my girl. I courteously enter this great people's institution, free to all, however humble. I respectfully ask for an improving work. You upbraid me for my lack of learning, you insult me with bitter taunts. You take forty minutes to fetch me my desire. I say to you that you have proved yourself neither an expert librarian, nor a courteous lady, nor a wise counselor of the young, nor yet again—"

"Go along with you, Dick Harcourt!" cried Rose Amy, stamping her foot. "I'm *busy*!"

In fact, Rose Amy needed no object lessons. She

saw her needs, had her schemes. The library closed to the Wattlesburg public at 6 P. M., but the library light burned on till late. Rose Amy was within, taking inventory (as they say in the hardware trade) of the stock. After a week of silent communion with the shelves, when she knew them backwards and forwards, both going and coming, she had her little sister come down and instituted practical drills and quizzes. Rose Amy's little sister would circle among the volumes, pick out a couple of the stiffest-looking stickers she could find, and, approaching the desk, say: "Will you kindly give me Law's 'Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life' and E. P. Roe's 'He Fell in Love With His Wife'?" And Rose Amy would reply, "Certainly, Mr. Zirkle," and march straight off and pluck out the works in question with a careless bibliophile air.

Very earnestly did Rose Amy thumb "The Small Town Library and Its Function," by the renowned Dr. Horace Pipstick. The "Zirkle Free Library Rules and Regulations" she scrutinized as a New England schoolmarm scrutinizes a prospective flyer in foulard. She perused the card catalogue as an editor his own articles, the current book news like a poet publishing at his own expense. So the little ivy orator trained for the predestined encounter with the famous decapitator of librarians. And on the second day of the third week, at ten o'clock in the morning, the decapitator at last broke cover and charged upon her.

Rose Amy knew him the minute he opened the door, from Dick's stinging pen-sketches; she did not need the curious, excited glances of the half dozen people in the reading-room, flitting expectantly from him to her. A tall, stooped, pale, shabby young man he was, with steel-rimmed spectacles and black hair that cried for a barber.

Rose Amy marshaled her composite mental photograph of the library in review, shelf by shelf, not without complacency. She saw no gap in her literary armor-plate—her book-plate, if you will—through which the snicker-snee could smite and bite.

"I should l-like," said Zirkle, in a low, stammering voice, "to look at your copy of M-MacMifflin's spring catalogue, if you please."

The librarian turned scarlet.

"I am very sorry," said she, with some difficulty, "but—but we have not made a practice of filing publishers' catalogues."

"Don't you think it might be well to adopt that practice?" asked Zirkle.

"Well, you see, our space is very limited, and few or none of our members are interested in the catalogues."

"You have ascertained their tastes with c-commendable quickness."

"Yes—thank you; I have tried to do so," said she, covering a sinking heart with a look of gratified humility.

"You had a copy of MacMifflin's catalogue, didn't you?" resumed the decapitator.

"Yes, we had one; but after we had selected three or four books to order from it, we—we threw it away. I am sure," she added hurriedly, "you can get one at the book-store."

"Oh, you threw it away?"

"We threw it away," said the librarian, clinging desperately to the plural pronoun, which seemed to suggest that she was the mere mouth-piece of a large corporate body of vast mysterious powers—"since our space is limited and it promised to be of interest to few or none of our members."

Zirkle bowed coldly.

"Isn't there something else I may get you?" she wheedled in her softest tones.

"Only M-MacMifflin's catalogue," said Zirkle, and went.

So Bull Run was over, and the horrid depths of the Zirkle meanness stood fully revealed. After all her learned preparations, he had stooped to catch her on a miserable compilation of advertisements, and refused her the chance to redeem herself by the brilliant delivery of some recondite volume of his naming. The interested

eavesdroppers in the reading-room, thronging around, warmly praised Rose Amy for her courage under fire, but over the question of her continued incumbency all shook their heads sadly. Dick Harcourt, with plans of his own for Rose Amy's future, was profoundly pessimistic.

"One more ex-librarian loose in Wattlesburg," said he, with characteristic bluntness. "Another good pull on Uncle George Terwilliger's leg, that's what this means."

But Rose Amy bravely declined to admit the extreme view of the situation as yet.

"I'm right about that catalogue, and he knows it," said she. "We're not running a book-store or a mail-order house here. Trust me, Dick, I'll be so agreeable, so well informed, so clearly invaluable, that this little affair will soon drop from his mind. He has rather nice eyes, Dick."

"Must have put in glass ones since I saw him," said Dick huffily.

Zirkle attacked again in three days. He came at two-thirty o'clock on a rainy afternoon, and the library was deserted. He had not yet visited a tonsorial artist, and two buttons were missing from his shabby black vest. Rose Amy's heart rose confidently for the conflict.

"I have ventured to b-bring," said Zirkle, "a small contribution to the library."

He took it from his pocket, done up in brown paper, and carefully untied the string.

"A copy," said he, offering it, "of M-MacMifflin's catalogue."

The librarian's heart fell like a thousand-weight of brick. By a herculean effort she kept her face impassive.

"Ah, the spring number, I see," said she, turning the pages with a studious air. "Why, that is very kind of you, but the fact is that we have had this."

"Don't you want to f-file it?" asked Zirkle, in his lowest voice.

"I don't quite see how we can find the space for publications of this sort. You see, if we filed MacMifflin's we ought also, to be consistent, to file Scribbler's, Appleholt's and Tripplepage's."

"You r-refuse it, then?"

With difficulty Rose Amy kept from screaming. Why, oh why couldn't the man come in like a human being and call for real books, stickers if necessary, the same as her little sister had done in the drills? However, catalogues were no part of a library's equipment, and she would *not* be browbeaten into pretending that they were.

"Unfortunately," said she, "limitations of space and the general interests of the members make it impossible for the library to accept many offerings not in themselves—hem—without merit."

"Considering s-space and the members, you refuse M-MacMifflin's catalogue?"

"Yes," said Rose Amy, with the calm of desperation.

Zirkle bowed formally. He took his spurned offering, carefully rewrapped it, and restored it to his pocket.

"I should like Green's 'History of the English People,' if you p-please."

"Certainly," said Rose Amy, her dead heart springing to life again.

She rose, walked with a firm, sure step past four stacks, turned in at the fifth, passed the first row of shelves, and from the next to the top shelf in the second row plucked down the sixth volume from the left. Bearing it, she returned to Zirkle.

"I requested," said he, glancing at the fat volume without taking it, "Green's 'History of the English People.' You have brought me Green's 'Short History of the English People.'"

Rose Amy flushed to her hair. In truth, it was all up with her now. She murmured an apology, replaced the short history, and, moving as in a nightmare, doubled around the stack for the long one. In comparatively

little demand, this work was placed on the top shelf of the one tall stack in the room. The step-ladder was required, and Rose Amy brought it, placed it, and climbed precariously up four steps. Zirkle standing at the foot of the ladder, received the volumes tenderly.

"This work is too useful a one, I should say," he remarked, "to be relegated to such an inacc-essible place."

"An excellent history," said Rose Amy wildly, from the steps. (Oh, how she hated and despised him!) "Though we prefer the shorter work, and invariably recommend that to our members."

Zirkle glanced up with a faintly ironic eye. "You are f-familiar with both works, then?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I studied both in the earlier years of my college course. Afterward I naturally became fond of more advanced and specialized reading—Burnet, Clarendon, Hallam, Lecky, Hume, Gardiner, Froude, the diarists, the biographers, the memoirists. Nowadays, of course," she said, her gaze fastened upon Green, "I hardly care to go back to the more elementary text-books."

"Your knowledge of English history," he suggested, with some interest in his eyes, "must indeed be profound."

Rose Amy bowed silently. "But doubtless I should be doing an injustice to Milwood," she said, ostentatiously seating herself on the ladder, since Zirkle guarded the pass at the bottom in the best manner of Leonidas, "if I left you with the impression that my knowledge of history is confined to England. The fact is, indeed, that I know all history: Babylonia, Assyria, Phoenicia; Judea and Egypt; the early Mycenaean civilization; Greece, Rome; the rise and progress of the Teutons and the Franks; the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the rise of modern Europe; and so on down to the latest development of the constitutional situation in China and the purchased election of Mr. Frankenberger to represent Wattlesburg in Congress."

"Your mind," said Zirkle, clearly taken aback, must be an astonishing r-repository of useless information."

His thin mouth had indubitably widened into a smile, and Rose Amy, from the top of the ladder, smiled back dangerously.

"Why useless?"

"I never had much opinion of c-college education for women."

"No," she said pleasantly; "I suppose it takes rather a broad man to do that."

"Oh, I don't know that I'm so narrow as f-far as that goes."

The librarian turned casually back and began straightening the books on the top shelf.

"May I ask," said Zirkle, "why you conclude that I am a narrow man?"

"It is not the policy of the library to criticize the breadth or the outlook of those who favor it with their patronage."

"It occurs to me that the library has already violated its policy in the g-grossest way."

Silence from the ladder.

"I should be interested to hear," said Zirkle coldly, "why you think that I am a n-narrow man."

She turned her blue eyes down upon him and laughed, deliberately, showily.

"For one thing, consider how enormously interested you appear to be in talking about yourself. A—"

The library door opened, and there entered a little bevy of girls, with a teacher or two, just out from the high school. The gazes of all were immediately riveted by the spectacle of the pretty librarian on the ladder and the wealthy young patron staring upward from its foot. Zirkle's face reddened. He hastily withdrew from the ladder.

"There is not the least s-sense," he said sharply, "in placing these valuable books so far out of reach. You should have a new s-stack built at once, to s-stand there between the windows."

At the cowardice of this assault, the mean treachery of it, Rose Amy's cheek flamed. She descended from the ladder, trying, unsuccessfully, to do it gracefully.

"I am sorry to say," she answered, quite loud enough to be heard in the reading-room, "that the small, I may almost say the *niggardly*, endowment of the library leaves us no funds for the purchase of new equipment."

"You may send the b-bill to me," answered Zirkle icily.

"If you will leave me your name and address?" said Rose Amy sweetly.

Zirkle stared at her, speechless, and retired among the stacks. There he snooped about for some time, one steel-rimmed eye scanning the shelves, the other scanning Rose Amy as she courteously dispensed volumes to members and wisely counseled the young. In half an hour he stood before her desk again.

"I have j-just been looking about among the book's" said he. "On the whole, I doubt if 'Gulliver's Travels' and Hubbard's 'Little Journeys' should be classified as travel books, Miss T-T-Tanner."

Rose Amy, though nigh to bursting, said nothing, scorning to incriminate her predecessors.

"And I don't believe that I should put 'The L-Little Minister' under Theology and Bible Criticism, either. I think you made an error of judgment there, Miss T-Tanner."

The librarian glared at him.

"I should like," said Zirkle drily, "to g-get Adam's 'Civilization During the Middle Ages.'"

"I am sorry," said she, endeavoring to perk up under this sudden ray of hope, "but that book is out."

"Out? Oh, no, I think not."

"I am sorry, but it is out."

"On the contrary," replied Zirkle, "here it is."

By a marvel, his eye had fallen upon it in the pile of books upon the librarian's desk,—it was the top one in the pile, ah me!—and he held it up. How under heaven she could have forgotten that Dick had fetched

the hateful thing back the night before Rose Amy could not now imagine. But she declined to betray the smallest concern over its highly inopportune appearance.

"Ah, I recall now," she said casually. "It was returned yesterday. You wish to take it out, I believe you said?"

"Th-thank you."

And now, her neck already palpitating prospectively under the stroke of the snickersnee, she was ready to launch the return bolt she had had upon the ice for three weeks. Be assured that the rain-proof orator of Milwood meant to die with her boots on. Zirkle produced his member's card. Rose Amy took it and looked up its fellow in the little card catalogue in the drawer.

"Oh, you are Mr. Zirkle, then," she said, with well-feigned, mild surprise, "Mr. F. X. Zirkle."

"Such," said Zirkle, "is my name."

"Why, it seems that you already have out two books, Mr. Zirkle. Freeman's 'Federal Government' and Hannis Taylor's 'Origin of the English Constitution.' You've had them out since April 14."

"I re-returned those books," said Zirkle.

"I'm sorry, but I don't find any record of their return, nor do the books appear to be in the library. So there is quite a fine against you, I'm afraid, running since April 28. It will be—let me see—h'm—\$5.64."

"But I r-returned the books a few days after I got them out."

Rose Amy expressed regret over the absence of any verification of this assertion in the official archives. Zirkle hesitated.

"P-perhaps you will be good enough to look the matter up more fully, letting the alleged f-fine run until to-morrow. Meantime, I should like to take out this book."

"I'm sorry, but our members are allowed to have out but two books at a time."

A look passed between Zirkle and the Zirkle librarian. Simultaneously a giggle from the breathless audi-

ence in the reading-room broke the tense calm.

“You r-refuse to let me take out this book?”

“Merely pending the return of overdue volumes and the payment of all fines incurred,” said Rose Amy, from the “Rules and Regulations.”

“Without such action on my part, you r-refuse to let me take out this book?”

“Unfortunately, I have no alternative,” said Rose Amy, with a casual smile. “Did you wish something, Mrs. Tompkins?”

The decapitator laid down the book and walked away without a word.

With the shutting of the door upon him a great stir and buzzing instantly broke out in the reading-room, and, this being sternly checked by Rose Amy, there followed an excited exodus. So it became quickly noised over the town that the eponymous patron of Zirkle Free Library had been summarily suspended from membership by a pink-and-white slip of a three weeks’ librarian. A sad dog of a reporter on the *Wattlesburg Bee* heard the wild story and wrote it up for his paper, in the human-interest manner with facetious touches. He also gave it to the Associated Press, which scattered it over the country. Thus it came under the eye of the editor in New York who had written the witty editorial about Rose Amy’s exploit around the ivy. The wag remembered her, it seemed, and wrote a second witty editorial called, impudently enough, “Mr. Zirkle and Ruthless Rose Amy.” Men in Portland, Maine, and Walla Walla, Washington, spoke of Rose Amy as of an old friend.

Meantime Wattlesburg was in an uproar. Hardly anything else was talked of by the wits at the drug-store for days.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Wattlesburgers supported Rose Amy with vociferous congratulations and acclaim. This, they said cordially, was where Zirkle got his. Dick Harcourt, with his private plans for Rose Amy’s future, was especially jubilant. She had handed the brute, in his figurative language, such a smite on

the plexus that he couldn't come back. Some voices were raised, however, on the other side. There was Rose Amy's little sister, for instance, who urged her to kneel instantly at Zirkle's feet and implore his forgiveness with tears. Friendly members of the board suggested, after varying preambles, that it might—hum, hum—be good policy to yield the rule in this particular instance. So also said the *Wattlesburg Guardian* in a column editorial, though the *Bee's* facetious reply next morning won far more public approbation. On the third day Uncle George Terwilliger dropped in, sighing heavily.

"It's suicide, Rose," he said lugubriously. "That's what it is."

"No," said Rose Amy; "I was dead and buried already."

"No comp'omise on a matter of principle—my motter all my life long. Still, Rose—when you think it's Zirkle—*Zirkle*—"

"On the board," said Rose Amy, "he is the son of the man who gave the library. In here he is simply a member, like the rest of them. If I break the rule for him I must break it for everybody."

"Of course, now, he says," observed Uncle George weakly, "he *says* he returned those books, Rosie."

"Some people will say anything for \$5.64," said Rose Amy.

Uncle George mopped his brow, meditating that women beat *him*. Well!

"Letty Wilson'll be the next librarian. Miss Bemis is pledging votes for her now. Runnin' you down some, too, Bemis is, the old cat. Says Zirkle's going to insti-toot legal proceedings against the libr'ry and you an' me personally. Well, Rose, I'll see if I can't find you something at the school, though Lord knows good jobs don't go begging these days."

The same day five friendly members of the board signed and submitted a petition for Zirkle's reinstatement, thus kindly offering the librarian a most beautiful chance to crawl out, with all the responsibility nicely

thrown upon the shoulders of her superiors. Rose Amy refused to take advantage of this line of retreat, and early on the following morning she met Uncle George Terwilliger.

"Calling a board meetin' for to-morrow at five-thirty," said Uncle George.

"Whom was it requested by?" asked Rose Amy, of Milwood College.

"Zirkle," said Uncle George, all but bursting into tears.

Rose Amy plodded on to the library, where her days were now so numbered and brief. It was a fine, sunny morning in early fall, whose joyousness not even the decapitators of this weary world could wholly spoil. On the library steps, leaning against the locked door, stood Zirkle.

"Good morning," said Rose Amy distantly.

He had bundles of books and papers under his arms, and he shifted his burdens to lift his hat gingerly.

"I called to propose a c-compromise," said Zirkle calmly. "I will consent to pay that fine, under p-protest, provided that you will dismiss the charge of the missing books."

The little librarian unconsciously stiffened. Flaunting the morrow's board meeting over her head, he was mean-spirited enough to try to make her back water for the contemptible gratification of his vanity.

"In cases of delinquency," said she, "the library is entitled to the payment of all fines incurred *and* the return of all overdue books. I have no authority to abrogate the rules in the interest of any member.

"In that case, I w-wanted to ask if my reading-room privileges were suspended also."

"I do not know of anything in the rules that requires me to take that step," answered Rose Amy, in the tone of one who has searched long for just such a requirement.

"I'm g-gratified to hear it," said Zirkle in a low voice.

She unlocked the door, and he entered after her, lugging along his paraphernalia. Rose Amy never forgot the day that followed.

It was the duty of the Zirkle librarian to serve as attendant in the reading-room, and Zirkle, having spread himself over a table, availed himself of his privilege that day to the uttermost stretch of the imagination. Rose Amy had not removed her hat before he rapped with his pencil and called for two books. She had hardly brought them and taken her seat before he rapped for two more, and then two more. So it ran all through the long day. The reading-room filled up with the morning loafers, emptied again at the dinner-hour, refilled in the afternoon with regular and transient trade. But, through all changes and vicissitudes, the decapitator sat on at his choice corner seat, picking his ostensible needs out of volumes with a flying glance, and rapping incessantly for more.

The librarian was equal to the occasion. If a man was low enough to seek a puerile revenge for his public (and just) penalizations, it was far from her nature to play into his hand with groans and lamentations. Through the long day she remained unshakably courteous and smiling, marvelously prompt, most provokingly efficient. Placing and replacing one million books, trotting up and down to an aggregate of one hundred and fifty miles, she unfailingly suggested by her manner that playing handmaid to Zirkle's nod was the one thing in the world calculated to keep her supremely happy.

All this, and then to fail in the end. Rose Amy's brilliant triumph of good nature had a miserable anti-climax. About five-thirty, Zirkle, having verified his last alleged reference, approached the librarian's desk, while the ubiquitous fellow on the *Bee*, who had dropped in a-search for another story in his famous facetious vein, edged nearer to hear what he might say.

Zirkle, it seemed, desired permission to make a personal search for the two deplorably missing works charged to his account. Rose Amy gladly accorded it. She embraced the prospect of seeing Zirkle work, especially in vain. Zirkle retired among the shelves. In three minutes he returned, and, in the sight of all, laid down the missing volumes under Rose Amy's fascinated gaze.

"They had f-fallen over behind," he said evenly, "in Stack 5, Section B."

The librarian stared at them, pale and speechless.

"I was c-certain I had returned them," said Zirkle's voice, in the room's still calm.

Rose Amy's world careened in red, and the redness showered shooting stars and a thousand pin-wheels.

"*Oh!*" she cried passionately. "*You brought them back and just put them there!*"

Even Zirkle's hands turned a dull, purple red. He stammered something unintelligible and backed away.

And next day, as if matters weren't in quite enough of a mess already, Rose Amy, straightening out desk drawers in preparation for her early demise, was suddenly struck cold by a scrap of brown paper wretchedly scrawled over thus: "4-17-7 B207f—B1772 ret'd Z." Upon investigation, B207f and B1772 proved to be Freeman's "Federal Government" and Taylor's "Origin and Growth of the English Constitution." Zirkle had returned them, just as he said, only the slatternly librarian of that date had been too lazy to get out his card and record that fact.

About five, Letty Wilson strolled past the library, examining it with quite a proprietary air. Letty had seven votes out of nine firmly pledged, Uncle George said. Half an hour later the board was to be heard gathering in session in the little "librarian's room" across the hall. It was still sitting when Dick Harcourt came in just at closing-time. By courtesy of the librarian, Dick was permitted to conduct the ceremonies of adjournment in the reading-room, which consisted merely in announcing that it was six o'clock. Dick made the

most of his brief authority. He paraded up and down the two long rooms, repeatedly crying out in a needlessly basso voice: "Six o'clock! Six o'clock! *Six* o'clock!"—at the same time making large banishing gestures with his great hand.

The last reader banished, Dick sat by Rose Amy and hearkened to her. Presently the sound of shuffling footsteps and opening doors from across the hall advertised that the rites of decapitation were concluded. Somebody rattled the reading-room door, but Rose Amy would not get up and unlock it. She felt that she could not stand Uncle George Terwilliger's tears just now. Besides, she was absorbed in her conversation with Dick.

"I want you to walk up there with me now, Dick. You see my position, don't you? Just because I hate him so, I can't sleep till I have apologized to him for what I said."

Dick argued stoutly for a letter.

"No," said Rose Amy. "I insulted him to his face, and I'll withdraw it in the same manner."

"You little cutey," said Dick, an irrelevance for which he was soundly rebuffed.

"Let's go," said Rose Amy, rising feverishly. "It's been on my mind all day, and I can't wait another minute. You fasten the windows, Dick, while I shut up the other room and bolt the back door."

Dick obediently fell upon his task. Rose Amy, already hatted and gloved, unlocked the door and flew across the hall. Dusk was filtering into the librarian's room. Chairs stood about the long table, pushed back in disorder. In one of the chairs sat a man, his head between his hands.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose Amy, halting dead just inside the threshold.

Zirkle raised his head and looked at her in silence. Color came into his face—came, but soon departed.

"I'm glad that I found you," began Rose Amy, resolute, but rather white, "because I—I wanted to ask your pardon for what I said to you yesterday."

"Oh, th-that's all right," said Zirkle calmly, curling and uncurling a piece of paper. "S-saying things never makes the least difference, so it seems to me. It is only thinking them that counts."

"But my apology is for thinking—that," said Rose Amy, draining her bitter medicine. "To-day I found a memorandum in the drawer. I was—was in the wrong from the beginning."

"A natural mistake, and one of no c-consequence," said Zirkle absently, his cheek upon his hand.

Rose Amy was somewhat at a loss. The subtle air of melancholy that seemed to envelop the decapitator's bowed figure was unexpected and a little confusing. However, she could not lock him up in the librarian's room, and so she turned to go.

"Should you say that the new salary is s-sufficient to insure us a good librarian?" said Zirkle's voice.

"The new salary?" she repeated, halting.

"That it is s-sufficient to insure us a good librarian?"

"I'm afraid I haven't heard about the new salary," said Rose Amy.

"Oh! I thought that was why you—" He broke off, hesitated, and drily resumed: "We have raised the librarian's salary to a thousand a year."

Under this final taunt, this crowning act of spite and petty reprisal, the girl's blood rose.

"It is more than sufficient for a good librarian, of course," said she. "But I'm afraid that the whole world does not contain a librarian that *you* would think good."

"On the contrary, Wattlesburg contains one."

"*Letty Wilson!*"

"Letty Wilson? Oh, no," said Zirkle, with the same strange listlessness. "I was s-speaking of you."

He continued to dog-ear his corner of paper, apparently utterly indifferent to the dramatic quality of his announcement. Rose Amy leaned against the shut door, very white and sick. The dim silence lengthened.

"Do you mean," said she, struggling against an absurd impulse to cry, "that you have made *me* librarian at a thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes," said Zirkle. "Yes, I think that is what my father would have wished."

"But why?" asked Rose Amy, in a very small voice.

"M-mostly," he said, "because you're not a politician."

She echoed his phrase stupidly, secretly rather disappointed. Suddenly he threw his arms over his head and rose, his air of fixed melancholy oddly and unexpectedly broken with feeling.

"Oh, they never understood father!" he cried out. "They never understood him!"

To her astonishment, he began to pace about the floor, talking passionately, her presence evidently quite forgotten. "They called him hard, but he was a s-shy man at heart, and this library was his pride, his monument. All his life he wanted to do something g-genuine for Wattlesburg, and when he could he did this. It p-pinched him to make the gift,—nearly half of all he had it cost,—but he said it must be a model library and never mind the expense. And what a lot of p-pleasure we had p-picking out the books, and how we planned and schemed to make it perfect in its usefulness and service to the town. That's what he did—and how have they rewarded him? Grabbed his gift for one more plum, that's all, one more j-job for incompetent hangers-on and imbecile f-favorites! Oh, it's enough to make one s-sick, the troop of little heelers they've foisted off on us. But we hunted them out like the worms they were, and, by heaven, I'll k-keep on doing so, as long as I'm f-fit to be his son!"

He stopped abruptly, and stared at Rose Amy with a faintly horrified look, as though just recalling who and what she was. His face changed; he made a slight formal bow, and, passing over to the table, began to gather up his things.

"However, I am s-sure," he added in a hard, dry voice, "that there will be no further necessity for that sort of activity."

Rose Amy leaned palely against the door, and looked at him from under a hat much larger than most librarians affect. Her thoughts were flying, reconstructing her universe. For the first time she saw young Zirkle as a son who had loved his father, but four months dead, and old Zirkle as a man who had, at least, done one generous thing, and seen his generosity meanly abused. And she wondered if young Zirkle also could possibly be shy at heart, and she saw that there was a third button gone from his vest to-day and that his black hair was in wild disarray.

"I sat on here a moment, thinking it all over," said Zirkle, picking up his shabby hat with the mourning-band. "I t-trust I have not detained you?"

He moved toward the door, but Rose Amy bravely stood her ground.

"I'm only a hanger-on, too," she said. "I got in by pull, just like the others."

"Yes," said Zirkle impersonally; "your uncle George Terwilliger is d-decidedly n-nepotistic in his outlook, to put it only generally. However, we are not raising his salary. You are no politician, at any rate. You s-stand on your own feet. You won't truckle. Besides, you're a first-rate librarian."

"I make a good many mistakes," said she, setting her teeth on her lower lip to stop its trembling.

"S-so does everybody. But you have the qualities of character, and you have the expert knowledge. I th-thought you had. So I gave you a pretty s-severe trying out to make sure. And you had."

He took another step forward, but still Rose Amy would not move.

"I—I've done you a—a great wrong in my thoughts, all along," faltered she. "And now—how can I thank you?"

"Oh, there is no question of thanks," said Zirkle

formally. "What was done was done for the library, n-not for any individual. There was nothing p-personal in it. Oh, no; n-nothing in the least p-p-personal."

He was looking down at her from his height, and suddenly all color ebbed from his sad young face. Now, indeed, Rose Amy stood away from his egress. Zirkle bowed hurriedly, passed her, and went through the door. Then he paused irresolutely. Then he turned back.

"By the way, I'm g-going in your direction, M-Miss T-T-Tanner," he said, his stammer at its worst. "As it is g-growing late, perhaps you will let me w-walk home with you."

"Why," said Rose Amy, her heart beginning to beat again, "that would be *awfully* good of you, Mr. Zirkle."

Out into the night they went together, Mr. Zirkle and the Zirkle librarian. And, for all the librarian thought of it at the moment, poor Dick might have waited the night in the reading-room, sleeping heavily upon a table.

McClure's Magazine, 1911.

JOHN JACOB CORNWELL

JOHN JACOB CORNWELL, son of Jacob H. Cornwell and Mary E. (Taylor) Cornwell was born, July 11, 1867, on a farm near Pennsboro, Ritchie County, West Virginia. In 1870, the Cornwell family moved to a farm near Romney, Hampshire County, West Virginia. He was educated in the rural schools of his home county, at Shepherd College State Normal School and at West Virginia University where he spent a summer term. He began to teach at the age of sixteen for twenty-eight dollars a month. He closed his career as a teacher, seven years later, as principal of the high school at Romney at a salary of sixty dollars a month. In the fall of 1890, with his brother W. B. Cornwell, he bought *The Hampshire Review*, of which he was editor until March 4, 1917, when he became governor of West Virginia. In addition to his editorial work, Mr. Cornwell found time to study law in the offices of his brother, and was admitted to the bar in 1894. He has had a large part in the development of West Virginia, especially in that of his own section. Through his efforts, a railroad was constructed from Romney to Moorefield. He has also done a great deal towards the development of commercial fruit growing in Hampshire and adjoining counties.

In 1891, Mr. Cornwell married Miss Edna Brady. A great grief came to Mr. and Mrs. Cornwell in 1914, when they lost their only son, John Jacob Cornwell, Jr., who was just entering into manhood. They have a daughter, Mrs. Eugene E. Ailes of Washington, D. C.

In 1896, Mr. Cornwell made his entry into politics, when he was elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. He was elected to the State Senate in 1898 and in 1902. While serving his

second term as State Senator, he was nominated for governor of West Virginia, and was defeated, though he ran 25,000 votes ahead of his ticket. In 1916, he was again the Democratic nominee for governor and was the only Democrat on the State ticket to be elected.

Mr. Cornwell's career as fifteenth governor of West Virginia won for him the respect and admiration of the right thinking people of his State regardless of party affiliations. His absolute fairness as an executive, his fearlessness in dealing with wrong-doers, his broad grasp of public affairs, his ability as a leader and his untiring efforts in assisting the Federal Government in prosecuting the war against Germany attracted the attention of the people of the country at large, and made him a National figure.

Mr. Cornwell is now living in Baltimore, where he is general counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which first employed him as a section hand. A reporter who had a recent interview with Mr. Cornwell says that he "found him in his pretentious office in the huge headquarters of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Everything in that office was calculated to make a man anything but homesick, for there were all the comforts necessary to bring peace to any harassed soul. But the ex-governor, once a country editor, still loves the country and pines for the joys of the small town news shop. His whimsical reflections betray him as a simplehearted person, rather amazed at the wickedness and complexity of modern life, especially city life. He makes it plain that legal lore, in which he leads, brings him less satisfaction than poetry, even when he writes it himself, simply, touchingly, sometimes, but not often humorously. He yearns for the fishing and the hunting, once his pastimes in West Virginia, now denied him in Baltimore."

In 1915, Mr. Cornwell published "Knock About Notes," a collection of sketches and verse that had appeared from time to time in *The Hampshire Review*.

ONE YEAR

One whole year! how long!
And yet how short the time
It seems since he was strong,
Only approaching his prime.

Ah me! one year has passed,
Dragging its weary way,
And now the anniversary, at last,
Of that, the darkest, saddest day.

Time heals our sorrows o'er?
Perhaps, but when so deep
The heart is wounded, still more
The time required to assuage our grief.

Long hours and nights were they,
That measured the passing year.
Shadows covered the day,
Though they brought no tear.

Yet, now that they are gone
It seems so short, the space
Of time that has moved on
Since I saw, last, his face.

Another year will now begin
To measure my lingering woe;
Another wherein I lose or win.
How long will it continue so?

But then, each mile-stone passed
Brings me nearer to the end;
When I shall have reached the last
And upon my strength no longer can depend.

By his side, then, let me lie,
He whom I hoped would soothe my brow
When I should come at last to die,
Whenever that should be, or how.

For where there is no goal
The race had just as well be done.
Were there no worlds to warm
There had as well have been no sun.

LAZY, HAZY DAYS

Oh, the hazy, lazy days
Are the days I long to see;
The days that come in old October
Are the happy days for me.

There are apples in the cellar,
And cider down there, too;
There's fodder in the corn field,
Enough to see us through.

So, gather in a lot o' wood
And have it good and ready;
We will be in ease and comfort
When winter sets in steady.

Apple cuttin's comin' on,
Butter boilings, too;
Corn shuckin's right along,
All October through.

Turkeys getting mighty fat,
Rabbits getting fatter;
Chase them cotton tails so fast
They won't know what's the matter.

June time's a good time
With bees a buzzin', hummin',
But October time is my time
And that time's comin'.

A FALL TIME HUNT

Yes, "the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder's in the shock;"
And the squirrels are in couples
And the turkeys are in flocks.

But the leaves, they are a fallin'
And the nuts are droppin' fast;
While the turkeys, they are callin',
And the squirrels huntin' mast.

So, it's hunt 'em as you're able,
In the hollow, on the hills;
Yet the game upon your table,
Won't meet your ammunition bills.

But the walks you take are glorious
For your health and spirits too;
And e'en they are laborious,
They eliminate the blues.

So get the old "home rifle,"
My! How I'll make it grunt:
For I'll not stand on a trifle,
When we are going for a hunt.

Now, "Molly put the kettle on"
"And Johnnie get your gun,"
We may not get the venison
But at least we'll have some fun.

JOSEPH MARGRAVE MEADOR

JOSEPH MARGRAVE MEADOR was born in Summers County, West Virginia, March 27, 1866, and with the exception of several winters spent in Florida, has spent his entire life in his native county. He is the son of Rev. John J. Meador who was a grandson of Rev. Josiah Meador, the founder of the first Baptist church established in West Virginia, west of the New River.

Reared, as he was, in the rural section of West Virginia in which the school term lasted only for a period of from two and a-half to three months, it was with great difficulty that Mr. Meador obtained his education. When he was twenty years of age, he began teaching and for the next four years taught in the winter and attended school during the summer. Mr. Meador is at present a successful real estate dealer of Hinton, West Virginia. He is the author of a number of poems and, at the urgent request of his friends, he recently published a volume of verse entitled "Memories and Other Poems."

OLE BRER GROUN' HOG

You may talk about Brer 'Possum, Brer Terrypin, Brer
Fox;
About the Tu'key Buzzard, how Brer Rabbit smote the
rock;
How Sis Cow shook down the 'simmons, how Brer B'ar
the honey got;
But I 'low Ole Brer Groun' Hog has beat 'em all a lot.

For when he sets back on his peg and casts his weather
eye

About, as if he's lookin' for symptoms in the sky,
You'd better take your b'arin's, and hold the rudder
tight

When Brer Groun' Hog sees his shadder, if you want to
head in right.

I thought about a month ago I'd watch it; and, by jings,
We've had four weeks of cold and snow, along with other
things;

We'll have some more of it yit—about two weeks—and
then

You'll see Brer Jay a-sportin' with Sis Robin in the
glen.

Ole Brer B'ar and Brer Fox were all right in their day—
A pity 'tis them good ole times has long since passed
away—

But Brer Groun' Hog still holds trumps, and beats the
Weather Man

A-playin' of prognostics,—by peekin' in his han'.

CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE

CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE, author and educator, was born at Morgantown, West Virginia, June 4, 1883. His father, St. George Tucker Brooke, was dean of the Law School of West Virginia University for years, and is well remembered by his former students not only as a profound scholar, but as the finest type of Virginia gentleman of the old school. His mother, Mary Harrison (Brown) Brooke, is a member of the Brown and Washington families, and has all the traditional charm and grace of her distinguished ancestors.

Doctor Brooke has had exceptional educational advantages. He received an A.B. degree in 1901 and an A. M. degree in 1902 from West Virginia University. In 1903-'4 he was fellow in German at the University of Chicago. From 1904 until 1907 he was at Oxford where he had the honor of being the first Rhodes scholar from West Virginia. In 1906, Oxford University conferred upon him the A. B. degree with honors, and, in 1907, the degree of B. Litt.

Doctor Brooke was instructor in English at Cornell in 1909. Since 1909, he has been a member of the English department of Yale, where he is now professor of English. He has attained wide recognition as a Shakespearean scholar and is considered an authority on Elizabethan literature. One of his best known works is "The Tudor Drama." He has also contributed, from time to time, essays, sketches and short stories to magazines.

One who has known Doctor Brooke from childhood says of him that his ready wit, gift of repartee and "quick sympathetic apprehension of all that is beautiful or desirable in life" make him one of the most fascinating of companions.

In 1909, Doctor Brooke was united in marriage to Miss Grace Drakeford of Hertfordshire, England, a lady whose beauty, education, and charming personality make her a fitting companion for her distinguished husband.

A WELL-REGULATED FAMILY

John Gatesden's possession of the seven hundred ancestral acres of the Kingswell estate seemed to the community in which he flourished as inalienable a blessing as his possession of the straight Gatesden nose and the finest name in the county. The ownership of Kingswell, every one felt, would always be a more important factor in Gatesden's career than his profession of law; though his choice of vocation, coming to him by heredity as naturally as his estate, had never during the thirty years he had lived been a moment in doubt.

Gatesden's law office—no unfair index to the character of its occupant—was regarded by the legal fraternity of Graysville with more of affectionate indulgence than respect. No door in the long low line of attorneys' quarters that flanks the court-house opened oftener than John's to admit a friend, and few remained less disturbed by clients. By common consent of the well-selected souls who had the entree, Gatesden's office was the best place in town to idle away a vagrant half-hour in the discussion of books or travel, politics or balls.

Yet there was nothing flippant about either John or his office. The walls of the two rooms were lined to the ceiling with sheep-bound repositories of cases, statutes, and reports—the accretion of three earlier generations of Gatesdens, supplemented, however, in good judgment, by recent purchases. Two diplomas, hung unobtrusively low behind the desk, occasionally awoke the visitor to surprised remembrance that John Gatesden had done notably well some ten years before at the fine college which had educated his grandfathers, showing, as an old professor had declared, a marked hereditary aptitude for legal reasoning.

No one, indeed, could have said that the slight opinion of Gatesden's professional ability had arisen from any overt error or neglect. On the contrary, though the

habitués of his office generally wasted his time and their own in miscellaneous chatter, John's mind did not the less dominate the discussion when a visitor introduced shop-talk in connection with some thorny current case. Not infrequently in the past years, his struggling and rising contemporaries had even admitted, with a freedom bred of the inconceivableness of rivalry, that the decisive argument in an involved suit had been suggested by a lightly offered reference or extemporaneous harangue of John's.

Some of the older practitioners, friends of his father, would still ask when John Gatesden was going to stop fooling and become a lawyer; but the general public, which in such cases is wont to assume what is most agreeable to it, had long settled that John would never amount to much in his profession. How could the community afford to exchange for a self-engrossed intellectual machine, this incomparable gentleman of leisure and letters, whose fine-flavored courtesy and charming mind lay always as freely and generously open as his office-door? Had not fate itself foreordained through two hundred years that Gatesden of Kingswell should be free from sordid cares and ambitions?

The smallest hints of impracticality were in John's case joyously exaggerated into proofs of lovable incompetence. The weekly copy of *Le Figaro* on his desk, the annotated copy of Chaucer which a too boisterous intruder once snatched from his hand with shouts of laughter, were regarded as fatal symptoms of a digressive mind, and served to discourage clients as effectually as any spring-gun on the door. And yet no visitor to Judge Thornton's untidy adjoining office was ever rash enough to draw a similar inference from the hideous pile of dime detective novels with which that legal Trojan was used to relieve his orgies of work.

As the idleness of the vacations was followed each year by the more glaring inoccupation of the terms of court, Gatesden came more and more to accept the position which circumstances and opinion seemed to have

prescribed for him. Pride itself helped to cover the springs of energy. Since the universe had gratuitously adopted this delusion concerning him, was it not more seemly to accept the false estimate with an inward shrug, as he might let pass some stranger's egregious blunder concerning him, rather than make himself ridiculous in the effort to vindicate his possession of a trait which was never disputed in many of his most commonplace associates?

The inward protest which the more ardent part of his nature did make from time to time against the trend of his existence was too gentle to sour his enjoyment of life; and it was everywhere noted that the years were dealing graciously with him. Since college, his fine-featured face had grown a shade rounder, his attitudes and movements more reposeful. Though no taint of fatness or self-indulgence had as yet begun to coarsen his refinement of look and manner, his personality now gave forth the companionable charm which comes with the knowledge how to get the fullest enjoyment out of every passing moment. No man could smoke a pipe with a more perfect balance between the nervous jerks that frustrate soporific pleasure and the apathy which grows oblivious of satisfaction. In his presence people realized for the first time how fine and rare an art it is to sit properly in one's chair.

Guests at the bachelor dinners at Kingswell used to comment on John's growing likeness to the portrait of his Revolutionary ancestor, Colonel John Gatesden, which hung behind the host's seat in the dining-room. He was in fact reverting to type, developing a more leisurely and stately manner, with smoother brow and slower movement than belongs to the gentleman of the present order. And, indeed, he was not ill-pleased to have this observed. The master of Kingswell would not be living in vain, he fancied, while he revived for the benefit of a too busy age the more charming traits of the early Gatesdens.

The Kingswell property, which was so largely re-

sponsible for John Gatesden's state of mind, was an object of pride not only to its owner, but to the entire region. Though reduced to less than a tithe of its colonial extent, it was still a very imposing tract, and almost alone of the old demesnes had been able to keep itself in the undisturbed possession of the family to which its original charter had been granted. The land had been strictly entailed from the first, and though the Revolution had annulled the legal force of the old tenure, it had in no way weakened the religious respect in which every Gatesden was taught to hold it. The duty of preserving the estate indivisibly in the family, as their first ancestors had bequeathed it, had been instilled until it had become a racial instinct; and the land passed from eldest son to eldest son as regularly as if the law of primogeniture were still unquestionable. It was a point on which the Gatesdens were fanatic, a channel into which was turned from earliest youth the whole force of their family pride. Each will recorded in the Graysville court-house, generation after generation, continued the traditional disposal of the property.

For the younger branches of the family, no treason could seem blacker than that which might, for selfish ends, attempt the disruption of the estate. This was the doctrine in which John Gatesden had been bred up. It was a doctrine, moreover, which local feeling highly approved. Though the estates of the Washingtons and the Randolphs were falling, one by one, into the vandal hands of aliens, Virginians might expect Kingswell to stand intact against the tide of changing conditions so long as the Gatesdens were not unfaithful to the tradition of their race.

Gatesden's black caretaker, Dennis, moving with characteristic deliberation about the removal of dust and tobacco-ash, was startled one midsummer morning by an unwonted apparition. It was while Dennis, with head and shoulders bent far out of the front-office window, was wholly absorbed in the forbidden but labor-saving device of emptying a heaping dust-pan between the bars

of the grating in the pavement below.

'I reckon Mister John Gatson lives here?' drawled the voice of an unseen speaker, belonging clearly to a circle of society in which Dennis and his master did not move.

Inasmuch as Dennis had cautiously scanned the pavement up and down before venturing to display the objectionable dust-pan, the interruption was distinctly alarming to an uneasy conscience. He raised himself with a haste which brought his shoulders into sharp contact with the uplifted sash and left him pilloried uncomfortably in the window, while the dust-pan, diverted from its aim, pored an accusing heap of cigar-stumps directly beside the doorstep.

It required several startled glances to discover the speaker, seated on a weather-beaten spring-wagon beside the curbstone, where he had been waiting irresolutely for several minutes. Losing his alarm, Dennis stared in growing disapproval at this intruder, who continued to sit on the hard, unbacked wagon-seat in the characteristic attitude of mingled apathy and nervousness. Arms and legs were twisted awkwardly as if their owner sought to deprecate their superfluous length. The face, that of a man of forty, was covered with a growth of sandy hair in which moustache and beard merged indistinguishably. The only visible garments, besides the rough shoes and wide, chip hat, were a collarless shirt of brown cotton check, and overalls, originally dark-blue, but worn to a faded gray at the knees and other points of friction. The wagon, drawn by an aged mule, was laden with home-made baskets containing berries. Evidently the stranger was a 'mountain man' from the Blue Ridge beyond the Shenandoah, a member of the class which in the judgment of the negro population ranks lowest in the social scale.

"Does Mr. Gatson live here?" repeated Dennis derisively, forgetting his embarrassment in the agreeable sense of superiority to his interlocutor. "Everybody that knows anything knows that Mr. Gatson resides at Kingswell!"

"Wall," replied the stranger, "they tole me at the co't-house to count five doors up the street on the right, and this here is the fift', and yonder is his name."

He pointed to the sign, "John Gatesden, Attorney at Law," beside the doorway.

"Dis here is Mr. Gatson's orffice," acknowledged the Negro grudgingly, "whar he comes to trans-form business with his friends, but he ain't never here befo' ten."

"Kin I see him ef I wait till ten?" persisted the other, glancing at the clock on the court-house, which now pointed to nine-forty.

"I cain't exac'ly say," replied Dennis. "Mister John he don't have to be so powerful on time like a 'sur-ance agent or that kin' o' trash; and he don't see folks 'cep an' he wants to. How come he to know you?"

"He'll be bound to know me, all right, and my father, too. Leastways he had ought to, bein' as he's the son of Colonel Bevis Gatson."

Dennis drew in his head with ponderous dignity and set about the completion of his duties without another glance at the occupant of the wagon. The antipathy between the mountain whites, the pariahs of the district, and the old family Negroes, who regard themselves as a part of the dominant class, is as natural as that between cat and dog. Dennis resented the intrusion of this "po white trash" as an affront to his own dignity and his master's. He would gladly have driven him away; but his only weapons, discouragement and condescension, were clearly ineffectual. Moreover, the Negro was a little impressed by the stranger's familiar allusion to Gatesden's father, and by his correct local pronunciation of the name. "Gatson," he had pronounced it. Had he said "Gates-den," as strangers often did, Dennis would have felt justified in turning him from the door as an arrant intruder.

Half an hour later, when John Gatesden walked into his office, after leaving his horse and buggy as usual

at the livery-stable in the next street, he found Dennis abstractedly polishing the backs of his books, as if oblivious of every other concern.

"Nobody called this morning, Dennis?" he asked.

"No, Mister John," answered the Negro; "there ain't been no callers—not 'less you count a old mountaineer man with berries. He mought be out there still," he continued, with an elaborate affectation of doubt concerning the continued presence of the stranger. "I jes' knowed you didn't want to see the likes of him; but them folks is powerful hard to decompose when they gets set on a thing."

A glance through the window in the direction of Dennis's scornful nod showed John the previously unnoticed mountaineer, still immobile on the wagon-seat. Gatesden returned to the door.

"I am afraid you have been kept waiting for me," he said, with his charming smile. "I am Mr. Gatesden."

For answer, the mountaineer straightened out his long legs and climbed stiffly out of the wagon. From among the litter of baskets behind, he took a stained and misshapen leather receptacle about the size of a long boot. Then he followed Gatesden into the office. Simultaneously Dennis retired with stately disgust through the door into the rear room.

At the threshold the visitor stopped nervously.

"My name is Jackson," he said; "Bevis Jackson from Otter Crick over thar in the mountain, fifteen mile t' other side of the river. My father was Bevis Jackson too, and he was in Colonel Gatson's regiment in the wah."

"Oh, I have often heard my father speak of him," exclaimed John, real interest replacing quizzical curiosity in his face. "When he raised a company, Bevis Jackson was one of the first to volunteer. He was his companion twice on scouting duty, and it was Bevis Jackson that dragged him to shelter when he was shot in the last charge at Malvern Hill."

"The old Colonel allers treated Pap real handsome

when he come to town. He wanted to deed him our land in Otter Crick, because he said it was down in the co't-house books that it belonged to the Gatsons. But Pap he wouldn't take no new deed, for we uns allers knowed that the land is ours. We ain't never been squatters and our papers is all in here," Jackson concluded, as he laid the old leathern bag on the desk.

"Of course, you know that your possession will never be interfered with by any of us, even if we should be able to do so; but if you will accept the formal deed to your farm which your father declined, we can quickly make your title absolutely clear."

"Tain't that that made me come to you," answered Jackson, quickly. "We know that you all wouldn't never make us any trouble, and we know the land has always been rightly our'n. But this here lumber company from Roanoke has been nosin' about, and they have drove stakes clean across our wood-lot. The engineer fellow allows as how it belongs to them. So I thought if maybe you could look through this here and tell me how things stand, I'n feel safer like when them folks comes back to begin choppin'."

He pushed the bag farther across the desk in Gatesden's direction.

"I shall be delighted to do so," said John. "It will be only a small repayment of the debt we owe you. Leave me the papers and come back, if you can, about one o'clock."

The man nodded with an abruptness which was far from uncivil.

"I got to peddle my berries aroun' and buy some truck. I reckon I'll be back by one."

He climbed into his wagon and after clucking several times to the irresponsive mule, lumbered down the street at an irregular trot which drove the berry baskets clattering from side to side.

John took up the bag from the desk and looked at it curiously. It weighed perhaps five or six pounds, and though much discolored and misshapen, was still so stout

as to seem almost air-tight. It was clearly a saddle-bag of the type carried by gentlemen of the eighteenth century, when travel in this region was all by horseback. Evidently, too, it had belonged to a person of distinction, for the mountings were of silver and a great plate of the same metal on the flap bore the armorial badge of some family, now tarnished beyond recognition. The lock John found much stronger than he would have imagined from its small size and ornamental appearance. Though the silver key had been left within the keyhole, it refused for a long time to turn. Apparently the lock had set from long disuse.

John poured a drop of machine-oil into the keyhole, and, while waiting for the lubricant to work, occupied himself with the engraved silver plate. Taking the chammois-skin cover of his watch, he rubbed the tarnished metal several minutes, till the inscription began to grow legible.

As the letters under the arms appeared, he uttered an exclamation. It was the Gatesden motto, "*Jus suum cuique*," that the bag bore. On the shield above could be traced, though very dimly, the outline of the scroll and balance of the Gatesden crest. Tense with interest, John turned again to the lock. The oil had had its effect, and the key now turned.

The first glance inside the case was disappointing. It revealed only a squat little volume, mouldering with damp and age, a Greek Testament with the imprint, "Oxoniae, 1760." Laying it aside, John examined the bag itself more particularly, and discovered, sewed against the side, a kind of oil-skin envelope designed for the carrying of papers. He unbuttoned this inner case and drew forth several documents which, though yellowed, had been preserved from decay. The largest paper was a rent-roll of the Gatesden property, drawn up in the year 1774. An official parchment beside it proclaimed the appointment of Bevis Gatesden, of the county of Frederick in Virginia, Esquire, stamp commissioner for western Virginia, and representative, under Lord

Dunmore, of the authority of King George the Third.

A rough note, written as John recognized in the hand of his Revolutionary great-grandfather, was the only other paper. It ran as follows:—

Williamsburg, June 8, 1775.

Honoured Brother:

It seems my duty to acquaint you, as our late Father's representative and the head of our Family, that I have this day taken an action, which, though it may not occasion you surprise, will, I doubt not, give you vexation and grief. I have bound myself with many gentlemen of the Colony to resist the enforcement of His Majesty's late measures and the will of his Governor. Lord Dunmore hath retired in anger from the city and the burghesses no longer venture to hope for a peaceful issue. I have not the hardihood to flatter myself that you will regard my step without anger; but I beg you to reflect that, should our undertakings miscarry, you are like at least to be no more troubled by a young half-brother who has already caused you too much displeasure. I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble brother,

John Gatesden.

For a long time Gatesden fingered the papers. What an interesting relic of his old Tory ancestor, of whose passionate loyalty to King George many stories were still rife! By what curious accident, he mused, could this memorial of his family have lain for generations in the possession of the Jacksons? And then he suddenly remembered. Otter Creek lay deep in the heart of the Blue Ridge, visited even to-day by none but its sparse mountaineer population and a few hunters of wild turkey. Gatesden himself had never been there. It was somewhere in this inaccessible part of the county that old Bevis Gatesden had been killed, according to family history, in a desperate attempt to secrete the King's munitions from the rising colonists. Overtaken in a ravine of the mountains, the old fellow had long fought in defense of the royal stores, and finally, after the dis-

persal of his followers, had ridden off the field like Hampden, wounded and alone, to die, it was supposed, somewhere in the wilds. The body was never recovered; but there stood in the burying ground at Kingswell a monument to his memory with the inscription, "*Officio fortiter perfunctus pro rege et fide vitam deposuit.*"

The saddle-bag had doubtless been taken from the old man's horse by the mountaineers who witnessed his death. It was a most precious heirloom, to be recovered at all costs and treasured with the other family relics at Kingswell. John carefully replaced the papers in the pocket from which he had taken them, revolving in his mind as he did so the arguments by which he might best obtain Jackson's surrender of the curio.

As he rebuttoned the pocket, his eyes fell again upon the Testament. Holding the little volume in both hands, he carefully opened the stiffened leather and turned over the pages in search of annotations. On the fly-leaves at the back of the book he found several pages of manuscript, written in inferior ink and much more weather-stained than the papers in the pocket.

As Gatesden slowly deciphered the faded writing, the look of satisfaction died out of his face. His cheeks flushed uncomfortably, and he felt a chill settling about his heart. According to the inscription on the Kingswell cenotaph, old Bevis Gatesden had died in 1775; but the first note in the book was dated 1778. This is what John read:—

October 9, 1778, I, Bevis Gatesden, late representative of his Majesty in these parts, was this day married by a travelling parson, one Thomas Eckles, to Joan Ellerslie, a peasant wench by whom I have been nursed these three years past through wounds and fever. This I have done in sound mind, though still infirm health, being determined to pass the poor remainder of my days among these people who have sheltered and preserved me when my own have cast me off. God knows I can do naught else, for my lands, save these barren hills, are in possession of the rebels, and my fractured thigh prevents me

from sitting horse again in his Majesty's service.

The next entry, written in a hand more wavering and illegible, ran crookedly across the middle of a page:

March 4, 1780. On this day was baptized my son Bevis, called by the name of his forefathers, though like to know naught of his heritage. Better that my unhappy strain continue in obscurity than that it contaminate the Gatesden stock with peasant blood and enjoy its patrimony by truckling to disloyalty and rebellion!

To John Gatesden, as he pored over the last crabbed letters, the whole story became suddenly clear. He was unconscious of any course of ratiocination, however short; nor did he feel the slightest doubt concerning the over-powering conclusion to which his mind leaped. This mountaineer, Bevis Jackson, bearing like his father the unusual Christian name of the Gatesdens, was the descendant of the elder Bevis of the Revolution, the old Tory whom the family records assumed to have died without issue. It was he, not John, who represented the senior branch and to whom, according to the inviolable rule, the family estate should have descended. Even the name of Jackson, which he now bore, was convincing evidence. Gatesden was in vulgar pronunciation Gatson, and Gatson would inevitably pass into Jackson among the leveling influences of the backwoods.

The hours which dragged away before the return of Jackson were for John Gatesden the most poignant of his life. Too honest to dodge realization of the new state of affairs, he was yet incapable of perceiving any tolerable course of action. What could he do which should be just and honorable at once to this uncouth stranger, to himself, and to his trust as fiduciary of the family dignity? Like all men bred to a high sense of personal responsibility, he had horror amounting almost to physical repulsion for anything flashily melodramatic or hysterical. By heaven, if this man, whose existence shook down about him all the stately edifice of his self-satisfaction, were an equal, a gentleman, he could see his way and follow it to its logical end of personal renunciation.

But to make himself and all that his birth and position represented a butt for wide-mouthed gossip by investing this vulgar jay in the plumes which had lain so gracefully upon his ancestors and himself—to do this wantonly, without legal compulsion for the gratification of a whimsical, squeamish honor—would be not noble, but hideously grotesque.

To John there seemed no escape from the horrible dilemma. Before his brain three ideas kept repeating themselves monotonously, as though he should never be able either to dismiss or to harmonize them. The family motto on the bag, "*Jus suum cuique*," "To every man his due;" the old law of the exclusive right of the elder branch, which seemed the holier now that it depended no longer upon legal force but upon race loyalty and devotion;—these seemed to keep hammering themselves upon his throbbing temples; while beside them kept rising in hideous discord the image of the mountaineer, himself the negation of the qualities of hereditary nobility which all this rigid machinery of succession had been framed to perpetuate.

The actual appearance of Jackson, standing in the doorway, unannounced by knock or salutation, was a relief. Something in the man's shyness appealed to John's own embarrassment. He felt that they were less rivals than comrades in the bizarre adventure which fate had let suddenly fall upon them.

"Sit down," he said, after a glance of friendly hesitation. "How much can you tell me about the original owner of these things?" he asked as he began to take out the contents of the bag.

"The old squire, you mean?" answered the other. "He was Pap's grandfather, but he died long before Pap was born, I reckon. They say he never got over the wounds he got when he first come to Otter Crick. He'd been fightin the Injuns or the Britishers, I reckon. His hoss brought him up to our cabin and after he got a little better he was married to Pap's grandmother. He is buried in the burying-ground at the forks of the road.

They allers said as how he was a great man at home, but we never rightly knowed jest whar he come from."

"His name was really Bevis Gatesden. He was the owner of the Kingswell estate, which passed to my great-grandfather, because he was supposed to have died unmarried. According to the family rules, the property should have remained with your branch and descended to you, I suppose, not to me." John went on slowly. "Here is the evidence of your ancestor's marriage and of the birth of his son."

He read aloud the entries in the Testament.

"And you mean the law would take your land and give it to me, if this here was known?" asked Jackson, in supreme astonishment.

"Probably not; but we have always settled our family affairs without invoking the law, and we have settled them justly. The question is what is just here?"

"It says thar in the book that the old squire didn't want Pap's father to get the land."

"That wouldn't bar this title," answered John. "It looks to me as if the property is rightfully yours."

"You don't mean that you would give it to me without having to?"

"I don't know. You must help me to decide. I don't see how I could keep what is morally not mine."

The mountaineer sat for a moment downcast. The unconscious melancholy of his expression was intensified as he thought. John bit his lips as he stared at the wall, irritated with himself for his inability to deal decisively with the situation.

After two or three minutes, Jackson looked up. The shy awkwardness of his manner, which astonishment had for a moment shaken off, was again upon him.

"If you please, Mr. Gatson, do you reckon that I could see this place that was my—that was the old squire's?"

"Certainly," answered John. "I drive back for lunch. Come with me now."

Gatesden's fast trotter covered the two miles to

Kingswell in ten minutes. Neither man spoke during the drive. John was a prey to the keen annoyance with himself, which fills the conscientious person when he scents unpleasant duty and cannot decide upon his course of action. The stranger gazed wide-eyed at the evidences of prosperity along the road, at the handsome iron gates adorning the entrance to the estate, at the long avenue, and the low, capacious sweep of the house's facade.

Seated *tete-a-tete* with John in the long dining room, under the withering scowls of the waiter, Jackson won the cordial respect of his host. To the natural dignity of the mountaineer he joined a quick power of observation which preserved his manners from rudeness even in the unfamiliar environment. John's rare gift of hospitality was called into play as he led his guest to forget his embarrassment and entertained him with family anecdotes. By the end of the meal all stiffness had disappeared.

In the spirit of congeniality which arises from the recognition of common interest, the two men passed from a survey of the portraits on the walls to the examination of the tombstones in the burying-ground outside. Still occupied with question and answer about the family and the history of Kingswell, they returned to the town.

The old, gray mule, standing disconsolate before the office door, seemed to wake Jackson from a dream. In a kind of stage fright he tumbled from the cushioned seat upon which he had been reclining in unembarrassed ease, and stood twirling his hat nervously between his fingers.

"You have given me a day, Mister Gatson," he stammered, "that I won't ever forget, and—and that will maybe help me to make something of myself. And if you are still agreeable to let me have the deed for the Otter Crick land, I'll take it and thank you."

"But, my dear fellow," answered John in surprise, "we can't dispose of the matter so easily. Don't you

see that as the representative of the elder branch of our family, you should be the owner of all my property—not by the present law, perhaps, but morally and according to the intention of the original proprietors of the estate?”

“Me?” cried Jackson, in genuine fright. “Do you think I could be mean enough or fool enough to take that? I’d be plain miserable, anyway, with them niggers and the other folks scoffin’ at me.”

“Well, that’s our problem, cousin,” said John frankly. “I can’t fancy myself standing in another man’s shoes.”

“Tell me,” asked Jackson suddenly, “why they started this silly rule about the property.”

“Why, mainly to insure its remaining intact in the family.”

“And you feel uncomfortable about it because I am the oldest son of the oldest son all the way down?”

“Yes.”

“But if I had an older brother, or my father had had, then it would go to him, and I wouldn’t have no claim?”

“That was the old principle.”

“Then you needn’t be nowise disturbed, sir,” said Jackson, looking his hearer clearly in the eye, “for Pap had an older brother named John, who left home befo’ the wah. I reckon he went out West when they was talkin’ so much about gold in Californy. We ain’t heard nothin’ of him lately, and we ain’t likely to; but even supposin’ he war my own brother and the dearest kin I had, I’d throw him off clean ef he would do sech a low-down mean thing as take a penny’s worth of what is yourn. You see, sir,” he went on with a flushed face, “We uns has allers had our pride too. That’s why we wouldn’t take the old colonel’s offer to deed us that land—he bein’ a stranger, as we thought. And now, ef we can think of you, livin’ here so fine and noble, as our kin and what you call the head of our family, it’ll make us a deal happier than ten times the land would. It’ll do

me real good, sir, that will, and maybe help me to get over bein' so shiftless and no-count."

He wrung John's hand hard and mounted his old wagon. The mule trotted once more down the street. The empty baskets rattled. John Gatesden looked after the man with friendly eyes. Then he turned into the office. The prim tidiness of the room smote him suddenly with sharp reproach. How amateurish and ineffectual his life was! How ready he had been to deck himself in borrowed plumes! The rude awakening to his false position had taught him his lesson, thank God! The Kingswell heritage, falsely his, which had so long lulled him in complacent idleness, would be in future his sharpest goad.

One possible avenue of escape into the world of living activity lay before him. An election for the office of prosecuting attorney of the county was nearly due. In this region, with its large tracts of mountain wilderness, it was a post of much labor, and even danger, and of infinitesimal profit, sought usually only by desperate beginners at the law. He would be ridiculed for desiring it, but he could doubtless have it for the asking. It would give him at least hard work and a start.

He crossed the room to the neatly folded *Figaro* on his table, tore it, and flung the fragments into the scrap-basket. The old exhilaration of his college days beat intoxicatingly about his temples; the very office air seemed wine and iron. In the flush of the new dawn his mind turned again to the image of the departed mountaineer.

"He's worthy of his stock," he murmured. "I suppose he was lying in what he said about his uncle? Who knows? But he is right. The trust is mine, and with God's help I will hold it as highly as I may."

The Atlantic Monthly, 1913.

ST. JOHN BYER

ST. JOHN BYER, a descendant of the Rhine Palatines who settled in the Valley of Virginia when their homes were destroyed by Louis XIV of France, is a native of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. In early life, Mr. Byer entered the profession of teaching. For a time, he was an assistant in the Hagerstown Academy, and later became a professor in the Lancaster Male Seminary.

He began writing for the press as music and dramatic critic of *The Louisville-Courier Journal*, to which he also contributed several stories. Then he accepted a position in New York as editor of *The Art Journal*. In 1915, he published "Stories in Rhyme, Elegies and Lyrics." From time to time, he has contributed to *The Shepherdstown Register*, a number of interesting sketches dealing with the history of Shepherdstown.

Mr. Byer has traveled in Europe and has spent much of his time among artists and musicians. His special study has been concerning the connection between song and speech. He is now engaged in preparing for publication a work on "The Tone Scales of Oratory."

RENUNCIATION

Ah, yes, my friend, full well I know
The steep path up the mountain side
To dry, chill heights of fame and pride
Where laurels grow.

But none for me, with weary feet
I'll seek the lowly vale and stream
There rest my remnant out, and dream
'Neath shadows sweet,

Where willows fanned by soft winds, sweep
O'er waters, whose low murmuring calls
On toward Lethe, till life falls
In dreamless sleep.

THE ANGELUS

Ring on! ring on! sweet evening bells,
The vibrant air with music swells
While red watch-fires of sunset burn
To light the wanderer's long return.
Ring—o'er these calm, deep waters come
Your well-known sounds, sweet bells of home
In listening trance, once more I stand
On threshold of youth's morningland,
 Ring on sweet angelus!

Ring on! the air more tender gleams
With shimmering tones, and youth's bright
 dreams
As fleet from shore of far-off times
Float back on wavelets of your chimes.
Childhood's high voices ring full glad.
In undertone, sweet, low and sad
A mother sings her lullaby;
Dear sounds, whose memories never die.
 Ring on sweet angelus!

Ring on; ring ever, evening bells,
Your sound a sweeter music tells
Than wind harp from the elfin shore;
I fain would listen evermore.
O do not cease,—the sunset clime
Makes crimson echo to your chime;
Nor yet the vesper star doth bring
The closing hush of eve—O ring,
 Ring on sweet angelus.

LENA GRIFFIN McBEE

LENA GRIFFIN McBEE was born in Stanford, Kentucky. She was graduated from the Stanford and the Millersburg Academy. In 1904, she was married to Mr. Claude McBee of Morgantown, West Virginia, where she now resides. Mrs. McBee has taught for several years in the State. She is the author of a number of poems and nature essays that have been published in educational journals.

WOODS IN MAY

Exult, O Heart! at the scene of it,
At the purple, the pink and the green of it,
—Of the woods in May
On a sunny day—
And the glad new quivering sheen of it.

When the flush of the red-bud's bright in it
And the dog-wood's pallor's white in it
And trillium's pink
On the cliffs of ink
Where the brook leaps out for delight in it.

And they've spilled the larkspurs down in it
On the carpet of ray-splashed brown in it—
O surging Heart,
Purloin some part
Of the gleam of the Sun-King's crown in it.

One ray from the glittering hall of it
Shall allay the pain of the call of it
In the ordered gloom
Of the office room
That shuts thee, to-morrow, from all of it.

RHODODENDRON

In the deepening mold of the gray old ledges
Where the year's new verdure closes around
By the cool swift brooks of fern-hung edges,
The leathery green of the laurel is found,
Green of the rare rhododendron is found.

When thrushes and vireos vie in thrilling
Paeans of melody into the wold,
Pink comes the laurel, with color-warmth filling
The monotoned forest, begin to unfold,
Buds of the rare rhododendron unfold.

Their rose to a gradual whiteness is melting
As fervor of youth fades to age's pale calm,
Their billowy clusters of purity pelting
My soul with recurrent and exquisite balm,
With snow of the rare rhododendron's sweet
balm.

MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS

From red brush uplands, thatched with sassafras,
And fields of broom-sage comes a motley class
Of uncouth young and wizened old in rough,
Clay-spattered brogans, jeans and cotton stuff,
Seeking the Moonlight School. And prompt are they
To seize the propitious eve, whom chary day
Denied the golden hour. Patient they stand
With primer gripped in hoe-wise, horny hand,
Learning to read; and some at desks too small
Piece out their names in piteous, painful scrawl.
—To sign one's name achievement were indeed,
And Holy Book or letter learn to read.

When Life, insatiate Shylock, shall no more
Exact his pound of flesh at my heart's core,

O God! Admit me to Thy Moonlight School—
Ungainly me, the broken, aged fool
Of Circumstance, who yearned withal to know.
Enroll me. Teach my unskilled hand to go
Smooth across Time's white page, where I had thought
To set my name by day, yet toiled untaught.
Teach me to read Thy mystic book of Truth
Whose symbolism tortured all my youth.
—The obscure complexities of Now and Here,
Shall not Thy moonlight teaching make them clear?

From *Education*, January, 1921. By permission of
The Palmer Company, (Boston, Mass.) Publishers.

NINA BLUNDON WILLS

NINA BLUNDON WILLS (Mrs. Woodson T. Wills) was born in Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia.

Her father, Edgar E. Blundon, a native of Ohio, served in West Virginia as a major in the Union Army. At the close of the Civil war, he entered the ministry as a member of the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her mother, Sarah Frances Young Blundon, was a daughter of Captain John Valley Young, also of the Union Army. Soon after the death of her husband at Burning Springs, Mrs. Blundon with her two children, Nina and Elizabeth, removed to Charleston, where she spent the remainder of her life.

Mrs. Wills is a graduate of the Charleston High School, and of the Wheeling Female College. For a year prior to her marriage to Woodson T. Wills of Fayette County, West Virginia, she was employed as teacher in the Charleston public schools. She is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Kanawha Valley Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to Blundon Post, Grand Army of the Republic. She is active in Woman's Club work, having served for two years, 1919-'21, as president of the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Clubs. She has written a number of poems, and has contributed, from time to time, a variety of articles to newspapers and magazines.

Mrs. Wills is the mother of two sons, both of whom were volunteer soldiers in the American Army during the World War.

THANKSGIVING

Not for fields of ripened grain,—
Fruit of summer's warmth and rain;
Not for orchards red and gold,
Nor for vineyards rare and old;

Not alone for home and health,
And sweet friendship's untold wealth;
Not for all the joys I see
Give I thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
But of kindly words I cast
Some found fertile soil at last,—
Sank within a tender heart—
Grew and yielded well their part;
And my life has fuller grown
As I've reaped what I have sown.
For this harvest rich to me
Give I thanks, O Lord, to Thee.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas, day of joyful greeting!—
Hearts are filled with hallowed cheer—
'Tis the hour for great rejoicing,
'Tis the glad time of the year.
With a smile for those about us,
Tender words for whom we love;
With a gift to those who need it,
And a song to God above,
We are happy in bestowing
Just the best that life can find,
And our spirit breathes a blessing,—
Peace, good will to all mankind.

AMERICA'S PRAYER

O, Father-God, in truth 'tis not for wealth
Of nations that we plead; nor yet the power
To rule on land and sea. 'Tis not for fame
That's won by sacrifice; and not alone
For victory; but strength to stay the hand
That slays the helpless innocent, and crush
The thing that stills the voice of liberty;
To rise from wreck of war with stainless flag
And honored name; with faith and hope on which
To build for future good; and then, to know,
With all humanity, the joy of peace—
Enduring peace throughout the world. Amen.

(Written September, 1917)

CLYDE BEECHER JOHNSON

CLYDE BEECHER JOHNSON, eldest son of James L. and Anna C. (Martin) Johnson, was born on June 17, 1871 on a farm in Pleasants County, West Virginia. His mother, who was a teacher of ability, was a college graduate, and a woman of brilliant intellect and rare culture, and to her Mr. Johnson owes much of his success. After attending the common schools, he spent some time as a student at West Virginia Wesleyan College. He taught school for eight years, and in the meantime devoted himself to the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1895, and spent one year at Sistersville in the practice of his profession. He then located at Saint Mary's where he practiced law until July 1, 1913, when he went to Charleston where he formed a partnership with Hon. William G. Conley. Mr. Johnson has won wide recognition for his ability as a lawyer, and for his eloquence as an orator.

In 1898, he married Miss Anna Grace Hart of Randolph County. They have a daughter, Myra Grace, and a son, Clyde Bosworth.

Mr. Johnson is a Presbyterian and a Democrat and says that he is "proud of both relations." His party recently honored him by electing him State Senator from the Eighth District.

He has not allowed the exacting demands of an extensive law practice to prevent his devoting a small part of his time to literary pursuits, and has done some editorial work and has written a number of charming verses, some of which he has collected in an attractive little volume entitled "Rhyme and Reason."

THE WILD EASTER LILY

In sheltered, cool and mossy bed,
Whence winter snows have early fled
Before spring sunshine softly shed,
Blooms Nature's Easter Lily.

Not all the modern florists, skilled
In rarest lotus, new and frilled,
The simple place have ever filled,
Of Nature's Easter Lily.

What sought I as an eager child,
In April sunshine sweet and mild,
When weirdly, strongly called the *wild*,
But Nature's Easter Lily?

I knew so well, then, where to look,
Beside the restless, laughing brook,
That gentle dewdrops softly shook
On Nature's Easter Lily.

No other flower with half the grace
Of this, that in sequestered place
Hides modestly her sainted face;—
Sweet Nature's Easter Lily.

No flowers so sweet on Easter Morn,
Did chancel rail so well adorn,
As Margerie's from woodland borne;
Her sweetest Easter Lilies.

With purest white turned to the skies,
The risen Lord it typifies,
And life in Heaven prophesies;
This fairest Easter Lily.

No cultivated flower can be
What this wild jewel is to me;
For in its queenly form I see
One rare, sweet Lily;—

Whose life, pure as this fair flower
Made me know a sister's power,
But, Alas! who vanished in an hour,
Like Nature's Easter Lily.

THE VOICES OF AUTUMN

With breath that chills,
While yet it thrills,
Comes tang of autumn day;
But whether sad,
Or whether glad,
It's message, who can say?

Like all the things
That Nature brings,
It croons a dual song,
Its joyous tone
Is not alone
To greet the list'ning throng.

The golden horn
Of autumn's morn,
With plenty in the land,
Brings song of praise
For peaceful days,
And Wisdom's guiding hand.

But as we note,
The golden coat
The forest dons for fall,
We hear full well
A sombre knell—
A summer's dying call.

A year has past—
Mayhap the last,—
We do not—should not—know,
One less ahead
For all to tread,
With faltering steps, and slow.

Thus side by side,
These voices glide
Adown the autumn breezes;
Which is the glad,
And which the sad,
Each heart hears as it pleases.

ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG

ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG, son of Jared Armstrong and Eliza (Bennett) Armstrong, was born at Frenchton, Upshur County, West Virginia, September 23, 1860. In 1886, Doctor Armstrong was graduated from West Virginia University with the degree of A. B., and in 1889 received an A. M. degree from that institution. He spent the year 1902-'03 in graduate study at Harvard University where he received an M. A. degree. Allegheny College conferred upon him the degree of L. H. D. in 1908.

Doctor Armstrong has had a distinguished career as an educator. From 1886 to 1893, he was principal of West Liberty State Normal School. For the past thirty years, he has been a prominent member of the faculty of West Virginia University. From 1893 to 1901, he was professor of English, and, from 1897 to 1899, vice-president of the University. Since 1901, he has been professor of English language and literature, and since 1903 has been head of the English department. During the summer term of 1921, he served as exchange professor in the University of Missouri. Doctor Armstrong is an inspiring teacher and possesses unusual ability to create in his students an appreciation of literature.

He is one of the most popular lecturers of our State. For years his services as an institute instructor have been greatly in demand in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

From 1904 to 1921, Doctor Armstrong was editor of *The West Virginia School Journal* to which he made many interesting and valuable contributions. He has also published many articles in various other educational journals. He is the author of "Life out of Death," "The Law of Service," "Historical and Literary Outlines of the Bible," "Dramatic Interpretations

of Shakespeare's Tragedies," and, "Mastering the Books of the Bible."

In 1900, Doctor Armstrong married Carrie Louise Dent of Grafton, West Virginia who died in 1903, leaving a daughter, Virginia Dent Armstrong. In 1914, he married Myra L. Shank of Auburn, New York. They have three children: Roberta Jean, Barbara Allen, and Keith Stuart.

ONE OF THE MANY

There's a new made grave in Flander's Fields;
There's a little mound on a shell torn hill;
There is mourning now in America;
There are hearts that yearn and eyes that fill.

But the boy was brave and was glad to go;
So he went like a Knight of the ancient years;
And he gave his life in sacrifice—

Now we pay him the tribute of love and tears.
January, 1918.

WARREN WOOD

WARREN WOOD is a native of Noble County, Ohio. His family lived near Lebanon until he was twelve years old, when they moved to Tyler County, West Virginia.

Mr. Wood was educated in the district schools, a select school in Sistersville, Scio College, where he was enrolled for a brief period, and in various business colleges where he thoroughly equipped himself as a teacher of commercial branches.

While engaged in teaching in the public schools, he conducted for a number of years a summer school at Middlebourne, which was the forerunner of the first county high school in West Virginia. After completing his commercial education, he established the Ohio Valley Commercial Institute at Ravenswood, but was forced to give up his work because of ill health.

He then turned his attention to writing and published "The Tragedy of the Deserted Isle" in which he told the story of Burr and Blennerhassett. This book received many complimentary press notices and was highly praised by well-known educators. It was placed on the list of books recommended for school libraries in West Virginia.

Mr. Wood next published "When Virginia was Rent in Twain." This also won high praise. *The Book News Monthly* says: "Exceptionally vivid is the account of the Civil War given in this thrilling romance of Virginia belles and beaux. The enlisting of the younger generation, the breaking of home and friendly ties, and the return after the close of the terrible conflict make the book one of wonderful interest."

In 1918, Mr. Wood published a book of verse, entitled "Voices from the Valley." The following is one of the comments made concerning the author's poems: "There is in them a subtle sense of communion with

nature's quiet moods; there is a sympathetic understanding of homely life—but life moved by a general current of emotion."

INDIAN SUMMER

The misty haze of autumn days
 Rests on woodland and wold;
 There's a tang in the air,
 Of these mornings so rare,
 When the trees are all crimson and gold.

The mellow haze of autumn days
 Fills the valley and vale,
 And the corn shocks stand
 Like a warrior band,
 With tasseled helmets and coats of mail.

The purple haze of autumn days
 Falls on river and rill,
 And their ripples shine
 Like ruby wine,
 When the sun sets over the hill.

The golden haze of autumn days
 Brightens life's labor and love,
 When on woodland and river,
 The Bountiful Giver,
 Sheds the glory of heaven above.

VOICES FROM THE VALLEY

I hear the voices of the past
 Amid the trees,
 Stirred by the breeze
 From far-off seas,
 Whispered of hands that nurtured,
 Souls that strived,
 And loves that last.

I hear the voices of to-day,
From palace car,
And from afar
There comes the jar
Of dull, discordant sounds, the moil
Of mart and mill,
Life's strife alway.

I hear the voices of afterwhile,
As in a dream,
And things that seem
To catch a gleam
From distant shores, declare there'll be
No carking care
Where angels smile.

VIRGINIA BIDDLE

VIRGINIA BIDDLE is a native of Parkersburg, West Virginia, where she was born in 1895. She was educated at the University of Cincinnati. During the World War, Miss Biddle was a member of the Y. M. C. A. Council. At present she has a position in the advertising department of Stern Brothers in New York City.

Miss Biddle's verse shows decided literary ability, and gives promise of even greater achievement in the future. Her poem, "Silence," was included in Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918." It is one of the few poems of the World War that deserve to be classed as literature, and compares very favorably with "In Flanders Fields," "The Spires of Oxford," and other well-known war lyrics. Like Doctor Barbe's "Stars of Gold," "Silence" would lend distinction to any collection of World War verse.

S I L E N C E

The battle raged with hellish spite,
And good men fell like rain that night.
The morning stars came on a-pace
And stared into each staring face.
Tearing its way the wild shell screamed;
—But quietly the Fallen dreamed.
"It is the shining April rain
Singing to us," said the Slain.
"The rustling poplars stir and sigh
Like mothers crooning hush-a-bye.
Happy candle lights appear
In every cottage far and near.
The supper things are laid away
And round the hearth the children play."
The Red Cross Men stole on the field
To find the gruesome harvest's yield.

They bore the wounded back from hell:
—“Somebody comes,” said Those Who Fell.
And each one thought within his breast,
“It is the one that I loved best.
She kneels down softly by my side,
And weeps to think that I have died.
I wish that I could smooth her cheek,
For she is bowed and sad and meek.
But it is sweet to have her come
Though I must lie here cold and dumb.
She puts my head upon her breast
And prays for my eternal rest.”

After the sick September noon
The evening brought the waning moon.
Soft veils she wove around each head.
—“It is an angel,” dreamed the Dead.
“We cannot think what way we died,
But Christ we know was crucified.
And for His sake we have release,
God gives good soldiers death and peace.
We shall march up before His tent
All in a shining regiment.
And He will smile on us and say,
‘My soldiers have done well today,’
For Heaven has a simple grace
Where folks are kind and commonplace.
It is not proud and grand and far,
But like our homes before the war.”

Peace lay upon the shattered plain
Where men had fallen like summer rain.

The Touchstone, 1918.

APRIL

April, my April, come over the plain,
Sandaed with amethyst, starry with rain;
Dower me with winds that are silver and blue,
—Lilacs and shadows and fire of the dew.
Bring me the thrush and the slim daffodil,
April, my April, come over the hill!

Dance with me, laugh with me, shimmer and sing,
I am thy dreamer and thou art the spring!
Sunlight and moonlight are raiment for thee,
—April, my April, come over the sea!
Pan is thy piper and follows thee still
Up out of Arcady over the hill.

Starriest dancer of roses and rain,
Bring me my far away sweetheart again;
Laugh with her laughter immortal and sweet,
Look from her lashes and dance with her feet.
Crowned with her grace that is haunting me still,
April, my April, come over the hill!

AT DUSK

Her little garden in the rain
Is shedding silent tears again.
The flat wet leaves will have their way
And weep that she has gone away.
—So strange a thing was never seen
In any month of mauve and green,
That such a Lady should depart
And break a little garden's heart.

Now up the walk soft rains repeat
The elfin music of her feet.
With dreamful whim the blue larkspur
Grows bluer with the eyes of her.
Cream-petalled roses poise and sway
Her most demure and dainty way.
And fragrance as of leaf-brown hair
Lingers along the listening air.

Her little garden in the rain
Is shedding silent tears again.
Alas, dear Lady, to depart
And break a little garden's heart!
—But what if when the wind were still,
She wandered home across the hill....
(Across all hills, all valleys, too,)
A long, long way through rose and dew.

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW was born in 1893. His father, John Garnett Eskew, who has been engaged in business in Charleston, West Virginia, for a number of years, is a member of a prominent Virginia family. His mother was a Laidlaw, and her family has been closely identified with the history and growth of the country for almost a century.

Mr. Eskew was graduated from the Charleston High School in 1912, and later continued his education at New York University.

Though Mr. Eskew began to contribute poems and articles to local papers and other publications when a mere boy, he did not receive pay for any of his work until 1918, when he sold a poem to *The New York Herald*. Since 1918, Mr. Eskew has resided in New York City, where he has been engaged in magazine editing and in general literary work. He has been a contributor to the Munsey publications, *Travel*, *Life*, *The New York Times*, *The New York Evening Post*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *The Designer*, *The Memphis Commercial Appeal*, *The New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *The Richmond Times-Despatch*, *The Charleston Gazette*, *The New York Central Magazine*, and a number of other publications. His work includes poems, light verse, special articles, book reviews, and theatre criticisms. He was formerly associate editor of *The New York Central Times*. At present, he is on the Sunday staff of *The Charleston Gazette*. He is a member of the Poetry Society of America, which holds monthly meetings at the National Arts Club in New York. Mr. Eskew's work, his verse particularly, is regarded as clever, and full of promise of even greater achievement. It is hoped that, in the near future, he may decide to collect his poems, and publish them in book form.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE STARS

The Mountains in Virginia
Are blue and smooth and high,
And down the rolling valley
The Shenandoah goes by—
The slender daughter of the stars
With love light in her eye.

As I rode down from Markham
About the dusk of day,
A slant sun dropped to westward,
And very far away
Old Stony Man stood sharp and clear
Above remote Luray.

But swinging into eddies
And rapids clear and strong,
The little river murmured
In her joyous dash along,—
The sparkling daughter of the stars
With laughter in her song.

The gray old homes were silent
And dignified among
The mighty towering beech trees
And ancient elms, which sprung
To dizzy height and crusted age
When my grandsire was young.

And yet that little river
Skipped on to find the sea,
All unimpressed and buoyant
And lithe and young and free,—
The vibrant daughter of the stars
Seems always young to me.

The New York Evening Post.

MOONLIGHT ON KANAWHA

When it's starlight on Kanawha
After summer days are done,
And the moon drifts in the water
Like a freighted galleon—
When the bridge lights glance and glimmer
Far away against the town,
Shining pathways on the water
Then my dreams go marching down;
While the river swirls and eddies
By the side of our canoe
With a lilting liquid lapping
That is like the voice of you—
Then I turn to you and listen
As you thrum your soft guitar,
And your voice rings, *Sole mio!*
On the night winds stealing far.

There are hills beside Kanawha,
There are deep hills mirrored too
In the river; from the hollows
Little winds blow out; but you—
You are singing in the darkness
Sole mio, and I see
Only great eyes burning deeply,
And I think they burn for me.

And the silent water eddies
Into little flecks of foam;
And it's moonlight on Kanawha
In the shadowed hills of home.

The New York Evening Post.

SHIPS IN HAMPTON ROADS

Beyond the guns of gray Monroe,
Beyond the battered dark sea-wall,
How many dream ships pass and go
To what unnoted ports of call.

Fine craft are they
 That all the day
 Go down the still slow swinging bay.
 Low-lying freighters, deep and dark,
 Go plodding up the soundless tide;
 And here and there a graceful barque,
 Her wan sails sweeping high and wide,
 Skims gallantly
 Against the sea,
 A ship of splendid dreams to me.

And toiling coasters ply and pass,—
 The hodden, heaving hulks of trade;
 A schooner—some huge galleass
 That leaves behind no darkening shade
 Or blackening train—
 Sweeps to the main
 Laden—Who knows?—with gold of Spain!

The tart salt sea winds sing, and oh
 The channel swells are white with foam....
 Down Hampton Roads the still ships go,
 But I must stay and dream at home.

The New York Evening Post.

JOSEPH HERBERT BEAN

JOSEPH HERBERT BEAN was born on March 4, 1871, in Saint Mary's County, Maryland. He is of English and Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father's ancestors crossed the Atlantic with Lord Baltimore's company and settled at Saint Mary's, Maryland. His mother, Willie Marianna Carper, was descended from the Cavaliers who settled in Virginia in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Bean's boyhood days were largely spent in the home of his parents in Botetourt County. He was educated in public and private preparatory schools, and at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. After a business career of some years, Mr. Bean entered the ministry, and has for more than twenty years been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He is at present pastor of a church at Hinton, West Virginia.

Mr. Bean has for years contributed verse to a number of periodicals. He recently published a book of verse entitled "A Pilgrim Harp," of which a review says: "This is a book of short, inspiring poems in which the author, in unusually good style, gives expression to lofty thoughts and incites to noble impulses."

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"Somewhere in France," I know not where,
A wooden cross still bravely stands
Above a boy left "over there,"
Paid on our debt to other lands,
A hostage held by death's demands.

"Somewhere in France" lies sacred dust
Neath summer's sun and winter's snow;
While broken swords lie low in rust,
And blood-red poppies bloom and blow
As seasons come and seasons go.

“Somewhere in France;” sleep on, My Lad!
Our land shall not forget you now;
Some hearth how lone! some heart how sad!
But bays eternal bless your brow—
You gave your life, but kept our vow.

MORNING

Out through the opening gates of day
Gray messengers of morn are sent;
Over the eastern hills they stray
In paths the playful starlight went.

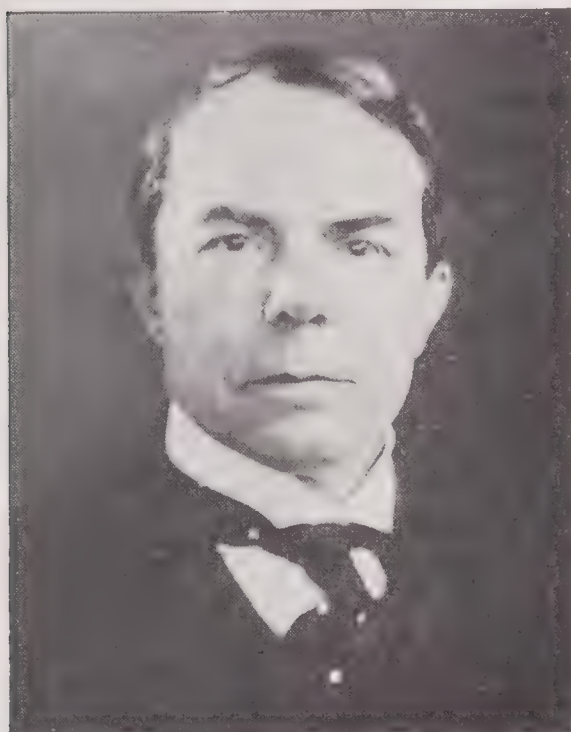
Up from the drowsy dales of dawn
The liquid notes of the lark arise;
Up from the meadow's mirth, and on
And on to the listening light-glad skies.

Over the echoing vales of morn,
The jewelled dewdrops gleaming there,
Resounds the vibrant huntsman's horn;
And the cry of hounds thrills through the air.

Forth to the field the plowman goes,
The minstrelsies of morning ring;
Echoes borne from the axeman's blows—
And cattle low and the meadows sing.

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

WHATEVER may be the difference of opinion among critics as to the value of the literary work of West Virginians, they are agreed upon one point—that Melville Davisson Post is the world's greatest writer of detective and mystery stories, with the exception of Edgar Allen Poe. Mr. Post says that inspiration is "mostly a pious fraud," but those who read his



Copyright by
Underwood & Underwood

masterly stories believe that inspiration is one of the most real things in the world and that "hard work" and the following of "certain well-defined structural rules" fall far short of accounting for his marvelous success as a writer of the short story.

Mr. Post is the son of Ira C. and Florence May (Davisson) Post of Harrison County and was born April 19, 1871, within a mile of his present home. After completing his preparatory

training in the rural schools of his home county, he entered West Virginia University, where he received an A.B. degree in 1891 and an LL.B. degree in 1892. He began the practice of law in Wheeling and later went to Grafton where he entered into partnership with Hon. John T. McGraw. While practicing his profession, he took an active part in Democratic politics. In 1892, he was presidential elector and secretary of the Electoral College. He served as chairman of the Democratic Con-

gressional Committee of West Virginia in 1898. He has always been interested in educational affairs and was for several years a member of the Board of Regents of the Normal Schools.

Mr. Post, in 1896, published the Randolph Mason stories which were so enthusiastically received that he decided to abandon what promised to be a legal career of unusual distinction to enter the field of literature. Previous writers of detective stories had dealt with the efforts of a criminal to "outwit the detective or ferreting power of the state." Mr. Post had the criminal "defeat the punishing power of the state" and was severely criticized by some for showing criminals how to "beat the law." In answer to this criticism, the author said: "Criminals knew those things already. They had been breaking the laws and defeating the punishing powers of the state all along, and nobody thought anything about it until my book came out." It was not for mere entertainment, but for the purpose of showing the weakness of the law that these stories were written that changes in the law might be brought about by public sentiment.

It was the originality of Mr. Post's first stories rather than their literary merit that attracted the attention of readers and critics. Today Mr. Post is a master of the technique of the short story. It is his opinion, however, that the supreme essential in the writing of a short story is to have a story to tell. Doctor Blanche Colton Williams, in her book, "Our Short Story Writers," says of Mr. Post's work: "His art of story-telling has been strengthened by his logical training and—what does not always follow from mere recognition of critical canons—that application of scientific standards to his own fiction. He learned before he was thirty that the mastery of an art depends only upon the comprehension of its basic laws: that the short story, like any other work of art is only written by painstaking labor and according to certain structural rules. He is convinced that the laws that apply to mechanics and architecture are no more

certain or established than those that apply to the construction of a short story. In his enthusiasm for economy, he would brand into the hand of everybody the rule of Walter Pater: 'All art does but consist in the removal of surplusage.' "

Indeed it may be said that the later work of Mr. Post in the short story shows not only quite as much originality as his first stories but such perfection of plot and style that each time one of his books appears the reader wonders whether he has not reached the height of his literary achievement.

The following criticism taken from a review of "Uncle Abner" published in *The New York Sun* is applicable also to the other work of the author: "A collection of short stories by Melville Davisson Post means a notable book. Mr. Post is doing work of the utmost importance and distinction, work that is intrinsically American and wholly fine. 'The Gold Bug,' and 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' are no better: all the Sherlock Holmes stories are inferior. Mr. Post knows how tremendously effective speech and action can be made. So speech and action he provides, and very little else. It is consummate art. It has the cleverest moving picture scenario backed to the wall."

What is regarded by many as Mr. Post's greatest contribution to literature is his wonderful allegorical story of the life of Christ, "The Mountain School Teacher," which won for him the distinction of being nominated for the Noble prize in 1922. For this story, which was published in *The Pictorial Review* in December, 1921, and in January, 1922, the author received the highest price ever paid by an American magazine for a short story. He enlarged the story which appeared in book form in August, 1923. Had Mr. Post never written any other fiction than "The Mountain School Teacher," he would well deserve to be considered a great author.

Though Mr. Post has a world-wide reputation as a writer, he does not have the distinction of possessing a halo of romance, mystery, and eccentricity, as do many

other literary geniuses. He is not responsible, however, for his refreshing and original commonplaceness. Fate made him a member of a wealthy family, a lawyer with a lucrative practice and then a successful author from the beginning of his literary career and gave him one of the greatest of all blessings, a well-balanced mind. Therefore, there are no interesting and touching stories of his early struggles with poverty and with hard-hearted editors and publishers who refused to accept his work, and there are no exhilarating accounts of any wild or even unusual behavior on the part of the author while composing his stories. Some imaginative person once succeeded in creating a mild sensation by reporting that "it was nothing to walk in on Melville Davisson Post and find him seated at his desk, writing, with the floor around littered with pages of his story that he had discarded upon their being found unsatisfactory." Even this bit of gossip has been spoiled by the fact that Mr. Post does not write his stories at all but carries them in his brain until even the most minute details are completed and then dictates them. He usually completes the dictation of a story in from two to three hours. He does practically all his literary work in the fall and winter during which time he works three hours a day, always early in the morning.

Mr. Post receives letters from amateur writers from all over the world asking for advice and suggestions and he always finds time to reply to these letters. There is hardly a mail that does not bring him one or more manuscripts from would-be authors who wish to know why their work has been rejected by magazine editors. It is said that to at least ninety per cent of these persons, Mr. Post frankly writes "You have no story to tell."

Although he has spent the greater part of the past twenty years in eastern cities and in Europe, Mr. Post now spends several months each year at his attractive home, The Chalet, which is thus described in *The Clarksburg Telegram*: "It is unfortunate for motorists that

a view of Mr. Post's home can not be had from the road. Save for a scant view of the sharp-angled roof above the fringe of encircling oaks and maples, the house and well-kept grounds are screened from the view of the road by shade trees. If it could be seen from the road, the house would doubtless be one of the show places of the county. Its architecture is quaint, beautiful, and attractive. The house itself is of the Swiss type and is built from stone taken from the ground near by. A long winding stone and gravel driveway leads through shaded lanes from the entrance at the foot of the hill to the house. From the house, one gets a wonderful panoramic view of the blue smoky hills and grazing lands in the distance, with a road winding its tortuous and serpentine way through the vales over the rocky eminences." It is no wonder Mr. Post loves his beautiful home. The wonder is that he ever makes up his mind to leave a scene of such enchanting loveliness for even the most fascinating of trips abroad.

THE DOOMDORF MYSTERY

The pioneer was not the only man in the great mountains behind Virginia. Strange aliens drifted in after the Colonial wars. All foreign armies are sprinkled with a cockle of adventurers that take root and remain. They were with Braddock and La Salle, and they rode north out of Mexico after her many empires went to pieces.

I think Doomdorf crossed the seas with Iturbide when that ill-starred adventurer returned to be shot against a wall; but there was no Southern blood in him. He came from some European race remote and barbaric.

From "Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries," copyright 1920 by D. Appleton and Sons. By permission of the publishers.

The evidences were all about him. He was a huge figure of a man, with a black spade beard, broad, thick hands, and square, flat fingers.

He had found a wedge of land between the Crown's grant to Daniel Davisson and a Washington survey. It was an uncovered triangle not worth the running of the lines; and so, no doubt, was left out, a sheer rock standing up out of the river for a base, and a peak of the mountain rising northward behind it for an apex.

Doomdorf squatted on the rock. He must have brought a belt of gold pieces when he took to his horse, for he hired old Robert Steuart's slaves and built a stone house on the rock, and he brought the furnishings overland from a frigate in the Chesapeake; and then in the handfuls of earth, wherever a root would hold, he planted the mountain behind his house with peach trees. The gold gave out; but the devil is fertile in resources. Doomdorf built a log still and turned the first fruits of the garden into a hell-brew. The idle and the vicious came with their stone jugs, and violence and riot flowed out.

The government of Virginia was remote and its arm short and feeble; but the men who held the lands west of the mountains against the savages under grants from George, and after that held them against George himself, were efficient and expeditious. They had long patience, but when that failed they went up from their fields and drove the thing before them out of the land, like a scourge of God.

There came a day, then, when my Uncle Abner and Squire Randolph rode through the gap of the mountains to have the thing out with Doomdorf. The work of this brew, which had the odors of Eden and the impulses of the devil in it, could be borne no longer. The drunken negroes had shot old Duncan's cattle and burned his haystacks, and the land was on its feet.

They rode alone, but they were worth an army of little men. Randolph was vain and pompous and given over to extravagance of words, but he was a gentleman

beneath it, and fear was an alien and a stranger to him. And Abner was the right hand of the land.

It was a day in early summer and the sun lay hot. They crossed through the broken spine of the mountains and trailed along the river in the shade of the great chestnut trees. The road was only a path and the horses went one before the other. It left the river when the rock began to rise and, making a detour through the grove of peach trees, reached the house on the mountain side. Randolph and Abner got down, unsaddled their horses and turned them out to graze, for their business with Doomdorf would not be over in an hour. Then they took a steep path that brought them out on the mountain side of the house.

A man sat on a big red-roan horse in the paved court before the door. He was a gaunt old man. He sat bare-headed, the palms of his hands resting on the pommel of his saddle, his chin sunk in his black stock, his face in retrospection, the wind moving gently his great shock of voluminous white hair. Under him the huge red horse stood with his legs spread out like a horse of stone.

There was no sound. The door to the house was closed; insects moved in the sun; a shadow crept out from the motionless figure, and swarms of yellow butterflies maneuvered like an army.

Abner and Randolph stopped. They knew the tragic figure—a circuit rider of the hills who preached the invective of Isaiah as though he were the mouthpiece of a militant and avenging overlord; as though the government of Virginia were the awful theocracy of the Book of Kings. The horse was dripping with sweat and the man bore the dust and the evidences of a journey on him.

“Bronson,” said Abner, “where is Doomdorf?”

The old man lifted his head and looked down at Abner over the pommel of the saddle.

“‘Surely,’” he said, “‘he covereth his feet in his summer chamber.’”

Abner went over and knocked on the closed door,

and presently the white, frightened face of a woman looked out at him. She was a little, faded woman, with fair hair, a broad foreign face, but with the delicate evidences of gentle blood.

Abner repeated his question.

“Where is Doomdorf?”

“Oh, sir,” she answered with a queer lisping accent, “he went to lie down in his south room after his midday meal, as his custom is; and I went to the orchard to gather any fruit that might be ripened.”

She hesitated and her voice lisped into a whisper: “He is not come out and I cannot wake him.”

The two men followed her through the hall and up the stairway to the door.

“It is always bolted,” she said, “when he goes to lie down.” And she knocked feebly with the tips of her fingers.

There was no answer and Randolph rattled the door-knob.

“Come out, Doomdorf!” he called in his big, bellying voice.

There was only silence and the echoes of the words among the rafters. Then Randolph set his shoulder to the door and burst it open.

They went in. The room was flooded with sun from the tall south windows. Doomdorf lay on a couch in a little offset of the room, a great scarlet patch on his bosom and a pool of scarlet on the floor.

The woman stood for a moment staring; then she cried out:

“At last I have killed him!” And she ran like a frightened hare.

The two men closed the door and went over to the couch. Doomdorf had been shot to death. There was a great ragged hole in his waistcoat. They began to look about for the weapon with which the deed had been accomplished, and in a moment found it—a fowling piece lying in two dogwood forks against the wall. The gun had just been fired; there was a freshly exploded

paper cap under the hammer.

There was little else in the room—a loom-woven rag carpet on the floor; wooden shutters flung back from the windows; a great oak table, and on it a big, round, glass water bottle, filled to its glass stopper with raw liquor from the still. The stuff was limpid and clear as spring water; and, but for its pungent odor, one would have taken it for God's brew instead of Doomdorf's. The sun lay on it and against the wall where hung the weapon that had ejected the dead man out of life.

"Abner," said Randolph, "this is murder! The woman took that gun down from the wall and shot Doomdorf while he slept."

Abner was standing by the table, his fingers round his chin.

"Randolph," he replied, "what brought Bronson here?"

"The same outrages that brought us," said Randolph. "The mad old circuit rider has been preaching a crusade against Doomdorf far and wide in the hills."

Abner answered, without taking his fingers from about his chin:

"You think this woman killed Doomdorf? Well, let us go and ask Bronson who killed him."

They closed the door, leaving the dead man on his couch, and went down into the court.

The old circuit rider had put away his horse and got an ax. He had taken off his coat and pushed his shirt-sleeves up over his long elbows.

He was on his way to the still to destroy the barrels of liquor. He stopped when the two men came out, and Abner called to him.

"Bronson," he said, "who killed Doomdorf?"

"I killed him," replied the old man, and went on toward the still.

Randolph swore under his breath. "By the Almighty," he said, "everybody couldn't kill him!"

"Who can tell how many had a hand in it?" replied Abner.

“Two have confessed!” cried Randolph. “Was there perhaps a third? Did you kill him, Abner? And I too? Man, the thing is impossible!”

“The impossible,” replied Abner, “looks here like the truth. Come with me, Randolph, and I will show you a thing more impossible than this.”

They returned through the house and up the stairs to the room. Abner closed the door behind them.

“Look at this bolt,” he said; “it is on the inside and not connected with the lock. How did the one who killed Doomdorf get into this room, since the door was bolted?”

“Through the windows,” replied Randolph.

There were but two windows, facing the south, through which the sun entered. Abner led Randolph to them.

“Look!” he said. “The wall of the house is plumb with the sheer face of the rock. It is a hundred feet to the river and the rock is as smooth as a sheet of glass. But that is not all. Look at these window frames; they are cemented into their casement with dust and they are bound along their edges with cobwebs. These windows have not been opened. How did the assassin enter?”

“The answer is evident,” said Randolph: “The one who killed Doomdorf hid in the room until he was asleep; then he shot him and went out.”

“The explanation is excellent but for one thing,” replied Abner: “How did the assassin bolt the door behind him on the inside of this room after he had gone out?”

Randolph flung out his arms with a hopeless gesture.

“Who knows?” he cried. “Maybe Doomdorf killed himself.”

Abner laughed.

“And after firing a handful of shot into his heart he got up and put the gun back carefully into the forks against the wall!”

“Well,” cried Randolph, “there is one open road

out of this mystery. Bronson and this woman say they killed Doondorf, and if they killed him they surely know how they did it. Let us go down and ask them."

"In the law court," replied Abner, "that procedure would be considered sound sense; but we are in God's court and things are managed there in a somewhat stranger way. Before we go let us find out, if we can, at what hour it was that Doondorf died."

He went over and took a big silver watch out of the dead man's pocket. It was broken by a shot and the hands lay at one hour after noon. He stood for a moment fingering his chin.

"At one o'clock," he said. "Bronson, I think, was on the road to this place, and the woman was on the mountain among the peach trees."

Randolph threw back his shoulders.

"Why waste time in a speculation about it, Abner?" he said. "We know who did this thing. Let us go and get the story of it out of their own mouths. Doondorf died by the hands of either Bronson or this woman."

"I could better believe it," replied Abner, "but for the running of a certain awful law."

"What law?" said Randolph. "Is it a statute of Virginia?"

"It is a statute," replied Abner, "of an authority somewhat higher. Mark the language of it: 'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.'"

He came over and took Randolph by the arm.

"Must! Randolph, did you mark particularly the word 'must'? It is a mandatory law. There is no room in it for the vicissitudes of chance or fortune. There is no way round that word. Thus, we reap what we sow and nothing else; thus, we receive what we give and nothing else. It is the weapon in our own hands that finally destroys us. You are looking at it now." And he turned him about so that the table and the weapon and the dead man were before him. "'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.' And now," he said, "let us go and try the method of the

law courts. Your faith is in the wisdom of their ways.”

They found the old circuit rider at work in the still, staving in Doomdorf's liquor casks, splitting the oak heads with his ax.

“Bronson,” said Randolph, “how did you kill Doomdorf?”

The old man stopped and stood leaning on his ax.

“I killed him,” replied the old man, “as Elijah killed the captains of Ahaziah and their fifties. But not by the hand of any man did I pray the Lord God to destroy Doomdorf, but with fire from heaven to destroy him.”

He stood up and extended his arms.

“His hands were full of blood,” he said. “With his abomination from these groves of Baal he stirred up the people to contention, to strife and murder. The widow and the orphan cried to heaven against him. ‘I will surely hear their cry,’ is the promise written in the Book. The land was weary of him; and I prayed the Lord God to destroy him with fire from heaven, as he destroyed the Princes of Gomorrah in their palaces!”

Randolph made a gesture as of one who dismisses the impossible, but Abner's face took on a deep, strange look.

“With fire from heaven!” he repeated slowly to himself. Then he asked a question. “A little while ago,” he said, “when we came, I asked you where Doomdorf was, and you answered me in the language of the third chapter of the Book of Judges. Why did you answer me like that, Bronson?—‘Surely he covereth his feet in his summer chamber.’”

“The woman told me that he had not come down from the room where he had gone up to sleep,” replied the old man, “and that the door was locked. And then I knew that he was dead in his summer chamber like Eglon, King of Moab.”

He extended his arm toward the south.

“I came here from the Great Valley,” he said, “to cut down these groves of Baal and to empty out this abomination; but I did not know that the Lord had

heard my prayer and visited His wrath on Doomdorf until I was come up into these mountains to his door. When the woman spoke I knew it." And he went away to his horse, leaving the ax among the ruined barrels.

Randolph interrupted.

"Come, Abner," he said; "this is wasted time. Bronson did not kill Doomdorf."

Abner answered slowly in his deep, level voice:

"Do you realize, Randolph, how Doomdorf died?"

"Not by fire from heaven, at any rate," said Randolph.

"Randolph," replied Abner, "are you sure?"

"Abner," cried Randolph, "you are pleased to jest, but I am in deadly earnest. A crime has been done here against the state. I am an officer of justice and I propose to discover the assassin if I can."

He walked away toward the house and Abner followed, his hands behind him and his great shoulders thrown loosely forward, with a grim smile about his mouth.

"It is no use to talk with the mad old preacher," Randolph went on. "Let him empty out the liquor and ride away. I won't issue a warrant against him. Prayer may be a handy implement to do a murder with, Abner, but it is not a deadly weapon under the statutes of Virginia. Doomdorf was dead when old Bronson got here with his Scriptural jargon. This woman killed Doomdorf. I shall put her to an inquisition."

"As you like," replied Abner. "Your faith remains in the methods of the law courts."

"Do you know of any better methods?" said Randolph.

"Perhaps," replied Abner, "when you have finished."

Night had entered the valley. The two men went into the house and set about preparing the corpse for burial. They got candles, and made a coffin, and put Doomdorf in it, and straightened out his limbs, and folded his arms across his shot-out heart. Then they set

the coffin on benches in the hall.

They kindled a fire in the dining room and sat down before it, with the door open and the red fire-light shining through on the dead man's narrow, everlasting house. The woman had put some cold meat, a golden cheese and a loaf on the table. They did not see her, but they heard her moving about the house; and finally, on the gravel court outside, her step and the whinny of a horse. Then she came in, dressed as for a journey. Randolph sprang up.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To the sea and a ship," replied the woman. Then she indicated the hall with a gesture. "He is dead and I am free."

There was a sudden illumination in her face. Randolph took a step toward her. His voice was big and harsh.

"Who killed Doomdorf?" he cried.

"I killed him," replied the woman. "It was fair!"

"Fair!" echoed the justice. "What do you mean by that?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders and put out her hands with a foreign gesture.

"I remember an old, old man sitting against a sunny wall, and a little girl, and one who came and talked a long time with the old man, while the little girl plucked yellow flowers out of the grass and put them into her hair. Then finally the stranger gave the old man a gold chain and took the little girl away." She flung out her hands. "Oh, it was fair to kill him!" She looked up with a queer, pathetic smile.

"The old man will be gone by now," she said; "but I shall perhaps find the wall there, with the sun on it, and the yellow flowers in the grass. And now, may I go?"

It is a law of the story-teller's art that he does not tell a story. It is the listener who tells it. The story-teller does but provide him with the stimuli.

Randolph got up and walked about the floor. He

was a justice of the peace in a day when that office was filled only by the landed gentry, after the English fashion; and the obligations of the law were strong on him. If he should take liberties with the letter of it, how could the weak and the evil be made to hold it in respect? Here was this woman before him, a confessed assassin. Could he let her go?

Abner sat unmoving by the hearth, his elbow on the arm of his chair, his palm propping up his jaw, his face clouded in deep lines. Randolph was consumed with vanity and the weakness of ostentation, but he shouldered his duties for himself. Presently he stopped and looked at the woman, wan, faded like some prisoner of legend escaped out of fabled dungeons into the sun.

The firelight flickered past her to the box on the benches in the hall, and the vast, inscrutable justice of heaven entered and overcame him.

"Yes," he said. "Go! There is no jury in Virginia that would hold a woman for shooting a beast like that." And he thrust out his arm, with the fingers extended toward the dead man.

The woman made a little awkward curtsy.

"I thank you, sir." Then she hesitated and lisped, "But I have not shoot him."

"Not shoot him!" cried Randolph. "Why, the man's heart is riddled!"

"Yes, sir," she said simply, like a child. "I kill him, but have not shoot him."

Randolph took two long strides toward the woman.

"Not shoot him!" he repeated. "How then, in the name of heaven, did you kill Doondorf?" And his big voice filled the empty places of the room.

"I will show you, sir," she said.

She turned and went away into the house. Presently she returned with something folded up in a linen towel. She put it on the table between the loaf of bread and the yellow cheese.

Randolph stood over the table, and the woman's deft fingers undid the towel from round its deadly con-

tents; and presently the thing lay there uncovered.

It was a little crude model of a human figure done in wax with a needle thrust through the bosom.

Randolph stood up with a great intake of the breath.

"Magic! By the eternal!"

"Yes, sir," the woman explained, in her voice and manner of a child. "I have try to kill him many times—oh, very many times!—with witch words which I have remember; but always they fail. Then, at last, I make him in wax, and I put a needle through his heart; and I kill him very quickly."

It was as clear as daylight, even to Randolph, that the woman was innocent. Her little harmless magic was the pathetic effort of a child to kill a dragon. He hesitated a moment before he spoke, and then he decided like the gentleman he was. If it helped the child to believe that her enchanted straw had slain the monster—well, he would let her believe it.

"And now, sir, may I go?"

Randolph looked at the woman in a sort of wonder.

"Are you not afraid," he said, "of the night and the mountains, and the long road?"

"Oh no, sir," she replied simply. "The good God will be everywhere now."

It was an awful commentary on the dead man—that this strange half-child believed that all the evil in the world had gone out with him; that now that he was dead, the sunlight of heaven would fill every nook and corner.

It was not a faith that either of the two men wished to shatter, and they let her go. It would be daylight presently and the road through the mountains to the Chesapeake was open.

Randolph came back to the fireside after he had helped her into the saddle, and sat down. He tapped on the hearth for some time idly with the iron poker; and then finally he spoke.

"This is the strangest thing that ever happened," he said. "Here's a mad old preacher who thinks that

he killed Doomdorf with fire from Heaven, like Elijah the Tishbite; and here is a simple child of a woman who thinks she killed him with a piece of magic of the Middle Ages—each as innocent of his death as I am. And yet, by the eternal, the beast is dead!”

He drummed on the hearth with the poker, lifting it up and letting it drop through the hollow of his fingers.

“Somebody shot Doomdorf. But who? And how did he get into and out of that shut-up room? The assassin that killed Doomdorf must have gotten into the room to kill him. Now, how did he get in?” He spoke as to himself; but my uncle sitting across the hearth replied:

“Through the window.”

“Through the window!” echoed Randolph. “Why, man, you yourself showed me that the window had not been opened, and the precipice below it a fly could hardly climb. Do you tell me now that the window was opened?”

“No,” said Abner, “it was never opened.”

Randolph got on his feet.

“Abner,” he cried, “are you saying that the one who killed Doomdorf climbed the sheer wall and got in through a closed window, without disturbing the dust or the cobwebs on the window frame?”

My uncle looked Randolph in the face.

“The murderer of Doomdorf did even more,” he said. “That assassin not only climbed the face of that precipice and got in through the closed window, but he shot Doomdorf to death and got out again through the closed window without leaving a single track or trace behind, and without disturbing a grain of dust or a thread of a cobweb.”

Randolph swore a great oath.

“The thing is impossible!” he cried. “Men are not killed today in Virginia by black art or a curse of God.”

“By black art, no,” replied Abner; “but by the

curse of God, yes. I think they are."

Randolph drove his clenched right hand into the palm of his left.

"By the eternal!" he cried. "I would like to see the assassin who could do a murder like this, whether he be an imp from the pit or an angel out of Heaven."

"Very well," replied Abner, undisturbed. "When he comes back tomorrow I will show you the assassin who killed Doondorf."

When day broke they dug a grave and buried the dead man against the mountain among his peach trees. It was noon when that work was ended. Abner threw down his spade and looked up at the sun.

"Randolph," he said, "let us go and lay an ambush for this assassin. He is on the way here."

And it was a strange ambush that he laid. When they were come again into the chamber where Doondorf died he bolted the door; then he loaded the fowling piece and put it carefully back on its rack against the wall. After that he did another curious thing: He took the blood-stained coat, which they had stripped off the dead man when they had prepared his body for the earth, put a pillow in it and laid it on the couch precisely where Doondorf had slept. And while he did these things Randolph stood in wonder and Abner talked:

"Look you, Randolph. . . . We will trick the murderer. . . . We will catch him in the act."

Then he went over and took the puzzled justice by the arm.

"Watch!" he said. "The assassin is coming along the wall!"

But Randolph heard nothing, saw nothing. Only the sun entered. Abner's hand tightened on his arm.

"It is here! Look!" And he pointed to the wall.

Randolph, following the extended finger, saw a tiny brilliant disk of light moving slowly up the wall toward the lock of the fowling piece. Abner's hand became a vise and his voice rang as over metal.

"He that killeth with the sword must be killed

with the sword.' It is the water bottle, full of Doomdorf's liquor, focusing the sun. . . . And look, Randolph, how Bronson's prayer was answered!'"

The tiny disk of light traveled on the plate of the lock.

"It is fire from heaven!"

The words rang above the roar of the fowling piece, and Randolph saw the dead man's coat leap up on the couch, riddled by the shot. The gun, in its natural position on the rack, pointed to the couch standing at the end of the chamber, beyond the offset of the wall, and the focused sun had exploded the percussion cap.

Randolph made a great gesture, with his arm extended.

"It is a world," he said, "filled with the mysterious joinder of accident!"

"It is a world," replied Abner, "filled with the mysterious justice of God!"

ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM

ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM, son of Nathan De-
catur and Sarah Ann (Shafer) Cunningham, was
born in Linden, Braxton County, West Virginia,
June 22, 1888. Doctor Cunningham gives the following
interesting account of his early life: "My father was
a Baptist minister in West Virginia in my youth. We
were so prodigal of wealth that I enjoyed a 'store' suit



when I was around ten
--the first article of cloth-
ing I had not bequeathed
me (via the make-over
route) by an elder brother.
I still bear a grudge
against this brother for
the endless line of cast-
off clothing he passed
down to me. Though
poor boy! he got it from
his father, so he was not
in much better shape.

"The rudiments of
the three R's I received
in a log school house un-
der the watchful eye of
a man who always had
a few choice dogwood sprouts handy. The sprouts ex-
plained my industry.

"When we moved to the railroad I was obsessed by a
desire to hang around trains. I grew expert at 'hop-
ping' them, proving without foundation my mother's
statement that I would get my legs cut off in the process.
I still have my legs. I picked up telegraphy, and roamed
the world as an operator; joined the regular army, got

hurt in a pole vault and was discharged from Fort Slocum back before the World War was thought of.

"I am afraid I was never very reliable as an employee. I was too restless to stay put. I connected up with the department of Accountancy of the Carnegie Steel Company, and even yet have sincere sympathy for my superiors of those days. They endured a lot, bore many things patiently. But they didn't discharge me! This is one of the inexplicable facts in my experience."

In 1913, Doctor Cunningham received an A.B. degree from Muskingum College and in 1915, a B.D. degree from Drew Theological Seminary. He had an M.A. degree conferred upon him in 1916 by New York University. In 1917, Lebanon University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Letters. He was dean of Lebanon University in 1916, and dean of the College of Puget Sound from 1919 until 1922, when he resigned to become professor of English literature at the State College of Washington.

Doctor Cunningham is the author of several books, all of which have been highly praised by critics. "The Manse at Barren Rocks" and "Singing Mountains" are charmingly realistic stories of West Virginia life. Doctor Waitman Barbe says of the former work: "It is wholly unpretentious and as sincere as the sunshine of a bird's nest, as Emerson would say. These are the dominant qualities of Cunningham's books. They are wholesome from a literary standpoint as well as from any other standpoint."

Doctor Cunningham's latest work is entitled "Old Black Bass," and is the romance of a fish. A few years ago he wrote "The Romance of Two Fish" that was awarded a national prize and its success prompted him to write a longer story with the same subjects.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO FISH

My friend, I am an old man. This white hair—you would not think it was once black as midnight. It has been so long ago.

I can't work much any more. See that hand? All drawn out o' shape. Rheumatism. Hurts when I try to do anything. So come spring, I dig me a few worms and kinda go off down to the crick.

There is a tollable deep hole down there, an' the bank is good to set on. I bait my hook an' throw it in an' wait fer the floater to go under.

But some days they won't bite. But I don't go home. The boys don't need an old codger like me put-terin' around. I just set on the bank an' think about things.

An' it was once when I was settin' there—it musta been about four o'clock. I could hear Jessie—that's my son Tom's wife—a-callin' the cows.

Yes, sir, I was jest settin' there thinkin' when I saw this thing begin that I'm goin' to tell you about. I saw the beginnin' of a love affair 'tween two fish.

Right away I hear you say this is a sure-enough fish story. The love of a fish! But—my friend, I am an old man. An' what my eyes see they see.

A little lady bass, slim like a chestnut leaf an' so white I could almost see through her! This purty little thing lifted in the water not far out an' stood still as one o' our evenin's up here. She reminded me o' some slip of a gal, jest restin' a minute.

An' whilst she was hangin' there, up from the deep hole comes a bigger one, thick an' black, though you could see he was only a young 'un, because he was not so very big himself and because he was kinda awkward, like he was embarrassed.

Reprinted from "Centennial Fish Stories" (1920).
By permission of Ebby and Imbrie.

He comes to my little lady bass an' sidles up to her like he was tryin' to make love to her. But what did she do? She turns quick like, flips him in the side with her tail, and swims off, indifferent.

"Turned him down, by Jiminy!" I cried, watchin' him to see how he took it.

There was nothin' for me to do up to the house that night. Tom, he done all the work. So I thought about my little lady bass. I hoped she wouldn't give in too easy.

I was settin' on the bank the next day when up she floats agin an' hangs there, indifferent like, but lookin' out o' the corner of her eye, I thought.

An' by Jiminy, didn't he come after her? I hadn't liked him the day before. He 'peared too overbearin'. But he was different now; kinda meek an' humble. I hoped she wouldn't turn him down.

But she did. Before he even got up to her, she turned, dropped, an' made fer the deep hole, quick as a flash. He dropped down, too, but plumb discouraged. I could tell by the way his gills worked.

"Keep after her, Sonny," I encouraged. "You'll land her yit."

An' he went after her, but slow like.

I didn't git back fer nigh a week. My knee hurt me, an' Jessie thought I'd better stay in. I wanted to work about, but Tom said he could do everything. Jessie was unravelin' something, an' I got her to let me do that, makin' the yarn into a big ball.

I got to thinkin' about my fish. Had he got her yit? They might be gone, time I got back. So one morning I said my knee didn't hurt any more, an' got my bait can an' started off.

Out o' sight o' the house, I let down an' limped a little. It wa'n't quite well yit. But I got to the bank an' set down an' waited. She might a gone away, o' course.

Then I saw somethin' comin' down toward me. It wa'n't one, but two fish. I looked agin. There was my

little lady fish comin', lookin' slimmer an' purtier'n ever an' beside her was Sonny.

"He got her," I crowed. "By Jiminy!"

They come up close to the bank. What was they doin'? Then I saw. Down on the bottom was a smooth place, bigger'n your two hands, an' the little lady swum up onto it, as shy and purty as you please.

"Spawnin'!"

An' off to one side like a fierce watch-dog was Sonny, keepin' watch for her. A yaller willow blow fell into the water and scairt her. Quick as a flash she was by his side; an' he was all fierce-eyed an' threatenin', but not at her. He was guardin' her.

She actually went up an' rubbed agin him, like she was sayin' "My man." An' he, though wondrous pleased, looked fierce agin. Then she slid back upon the bed.

My friend, I am an old man, an' I saw it.

BETTY BUSH WINGER

BETTY BUSH WINGER is of distinguished ancestry. On her mother's side, she is of the same ancestral line as Eugene Fields and David R. Francis, and, therefore, feels that her talent for writing is inherited. Her father, W. D. Bush, an attorney, was the son of Caleb Bush, a graduate of Harvard and a pioneer evangelist, who organized and established more churches than any other man of his time. Mrs. Winger, in her early years, spent much time in the library of her scholarly grandfather who was a close student of the Bible which he read in the original Greek and Hebrew. Through his teachings, he gave her a deep appreciation of spiritual truths and inspired many of her poems. His dislike of artificiality, of formality, of so-called class distinction, and his love for all humanity, for nature, for simplicity, for democracy also became hers.

Though Mrs. Winger has made of writing a hobby rather than her life work, she feels that for the effort expended her success has been all that she could reasonably expect. Her work as secretary to Judge Bush for six years, and her experience in preparing detailed reports of the meetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in various States at which she has represented her chapter on numerous occasions are regarded by her as most valuable training for her literary work.

Although greatly handicapped during a period of several years' illness, she is the author of many short poems which have appeared in trade journals and newspapers. She has also been a frequent contributor to *The Burr McIntosh Monthly*, *The People's Magazine*, *The Popular Magazine*, and similar publications.

She has had three books published, two of which are "My Dream Garden" and "My Glad New Year and I." She is also the author of several plays, and novellettes, and scenarios for motion pictures.

Mrs. Winger is the wife of Mr. E. C. Winger of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, to whom she was married in 1904. Mr. and Mrs. Winger have one daughter, Evalee.

A COTTAGE SONNET

My home is but a cottage small,
My stocks are butterflies and bees
On just a square of grass and trees,
Pet birds sing night-time's madrigal
And mid-wood echoes to the call.
Where swings my hammock in the breeze,
I watch God's creatures take their ease
From migratory spring till fall.
Drift slowly, leaves, and slower still
Maintain your usual hush.
I'd catch each colorful note and thrill
Of dawn, of dark, of leaf and thrush!
I'll watch till leafless every tree
The whole earth's glad pageantry!

SCATTERED SHELLS

How like the pearl empaneled morns
Night captives wait athrill
In this tree's bloom-shell the May adorns
Slow opening of its will.
As children on a shore, shell-strewn,
We break each case to find
The pearl—nor see the gold maroon
With which its heart is lined.
We leave sharp shells along our ways
So fragment crushed and beat,
We fail to clasp our pearl-hung days
But cut our dragging feet.

ANNA LOUISE PRICE

ANNA LOUISE PRICE, daughter of Henry W. and Deborah Perry Randolph, was born in 1836, in Manchester County, Virginia. She was educated in New York City, and was a classmate and life-long friend of Margaret E. Sangster. She was the wife of the late William T. Price, D.D. Mrs. Price has written a great deal of verse, and, though eighty-seven years old, contributes a poem almost weekly to *The Pocahontas Times*, a paper published by her sons, Messrs. Calvin W. and Andrew Price. In 1921, she published a volume of verse entitled "The Old Church and Other Poems."

LARKSPUR

A spray of Larkspur—nothing more—
I found in the grass to-day;
And it bore me backward many years,
To a scene in childhood's day.

A group of merry children, we,
Not far from the schoolhouse door:
And we played with Larkspur, blue and white,
And linked it o'er and o'er.

'Twas jeweled work, we laughed with glee
And toiled in the shady nook;
A flowery chain for each little wrist,
And some we pressed in a book.

The recess had closed—the master called—
We heard not the tinkling bell,
Till a Macbeth vision burst on us,
And marshalled us in to spell.

Arraigned at the desk—the gleam of a knife
To cut our fingers thro;
The tearful bairns and the Larkspur chains,
How plain it comes to view!

'Twas a cruel lie to tell a child,
And I heard no lies at home;
I could feel the edge of the keen, sharp knife,
And see the blood trickling down.

We spake not a word, made no defense,
For we felt that a crime was ours
More heinous far than words could paint,
And all for the pretty flowers.

The master gave “reprieve,” he said,
'Twas another death we thought;
O, the Larkspur flowers in the recess hour,
What a havoc it had wrought!

And just as I passed that summer day,
With its varied light and shade,
And the children's smiles turned into tears,
So life's after years are made.

I love the flowers that I suffered for
Ere yet I could read or write;
And the Larkspur spray, tho' my head is gray,
I welcome with great delight.

MARY MEEK ATKESON

MARY MEEK ATKESON, daughter of Thomas Clark and Cordelia (Meek) Atkeson, was born at Lawnvale Farm near Buffalo, West Virginia. She has had excellent academic training. In 1910, she received an A.B. degree from West Virginia University and, in 1913 an A. M. degree from that institution. She spent the year 1914-15 as a graduate student in the University of Missouri, and the following four years as instructor in English in West Virginia University. In 1919, she received a Ph.D. degree from Ohio State University.

She is the author of "A study of the Local Literature of the Upper Ohio Valley," "A study of the Literature of West Virginia," and articles on the history of West Virginia literature in the "Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia" and in "West Virginia Old and New" by Professor J. M. Callahan of West Virginia University. She is also the author of "The Cross Roads Meetin' House," a popular rural play, two one-act plays, "Don't" and "The Will," and a pageant entitled "The Good Old Days." Doctor Atkeson has written numerous articles, plays, stories, and poems that have appeared in *The Country Gentleman*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *The Pictorial Review*, *The Editor*, *The English Journal*, *The Penwoman*, and *The Farmer's Wife*.

She is a member of the League of American Penwomen, The International Association of Arts and Letters and the American Association of University Women.

BANDITS AND SUCH

“Well, bandits are uncomfortable folks to meet up with, I’ll admit, but then what’s a fellow to expect when he knocks about on the corners of this angular sphere all the time?” said Jim Harkness leaning back comfortably in his chair, as he finished his story and his cup of black coffee at the same moment. Pretty little Mrs. Carter set a box of cigars on the table before her husband and, with a farewell nod and a smile, slipped out of the room. Carter looked after her affectionately, stretched himself in his chair and pushed the box of cigars toward his friend.

“You’ve sure had some experiences,” he nodded, “with your bandits and pirates and heathen Chinees, but after all the world is pretty much alike all over—and human nature’s human nature under white skins or brown or yellow, I find. Of course we Americans here in the land of the free pride ourselves on being a little better than our neighbors, but there are crooks everywhere—bandits, you might call ’em—at least I happened to run upon a couple in this country a few years ago.” Harkness lighted a cigar and prepared to listen.

“In the West, I suppose?” he asked.

“No, strangely enough,” said his friend, “it was when I came back East. You know after I had been in Oregon eight years developing my apple orchards, I caught a sucker—an eastern stock company—and sold out half my apple trees for fifty thousand down. Fool things, those stock companies, anyway. Well, I’d been sticking all my cash back into the land as quick as I made it and hadn’t had fifty cents in my pocket for near about eight years, I reckon. So I just decided to take a little fling—run over to see the folks, and then on to New York to see the fellows and get a decent hair cut once more. I was tired of the West, too, so I stuck my little roll in my pocket to invest in the East again.

“Eight years is a long time, you know, and as I got

to the Middle West I began to think about all the folks back home, and to wonder whether I'd know any of the youngsters who'd been growing up in the meantime. Every station we came to I stared the people almost out of countenance in my search for a familiar face. But I didn't see a sign of anybody until, after we had left K—, a girl took the chair in front of me. She was a quiet looking little thing—deuced pretty, though—in a grayish sort of suit and a cobwebby hat with pink things on it—roses, I reckon." Harkness smiled knowingly.

"Oh, you needn't grin," said Carter, carefully shaking the ash from his cigar. "I guess I would have tumbled, all right, anyway, but the fact is I had noticed something familiar about her mouth. I saw the initials on her suitcase, too, as the porter carried it in—J. E. D., I remember.

"I began thinking over the old names at home, having nothing better to do—middle western scenery is a beastly bore, anyway. And by the time we had reached L— I had figured out that she was—or at least she might be—a daughter of my old friend Judge Dailey of Cleveland. The judge, you remember, always had a funny little twist to his mouth and that was what struck me about the girl the first thing. Besides I had a vague memory of a name, Janet Dailey, but whether I had read it in a christening announcement or an obituary, I couldn't think for the life of me.

"Well, all the way to Redding Junction I tried to think of some way to speak to that girl, but, bless me, if I could think of a thing. She sat there reading a magazine and I could just see the curve of her cheek and a little wisp of a curl on the back of her neck."

"You might have raised a window or picked up a handkerchief, I believe that is the usual mode," suggested Harkness, smiling.

"I thought of that," said Carter, "but it was so cold nobody wanted a window open and she didn't drop any handkerchief and the porter carried her suit-case off at Redding Junction—so there I was.

“We had to wait an hour at the Junction for the Central train, but I met Dick Grimes, of the Varsity squad, you remember—only he is the Honorable Richard Grimes, chief attorney at Redding, now—and we talked things over just like old grads. The girl sat near us in the crowded little station, reading her magazine again. Well, of course I told Dick all about my good luck. ‘Gee!’ I said, slapping my pocket like a fool, ‘You don’t know how it feels to have fifty thousand plunks in your pocket after you’ve been down to fifty red coppers or less for eight years!’

“The girl heard me, it seems, for all her interest in her old magazine. And she noticed that a couple of crooks—professionals, no doubt—were interested, too, and saw them conferring when Dick and I took a little turn outside to talk over some business matters. Dick was always full of big schemes for getting rich quick on investments, you remember? Well, when the train pulled in I told him good-bye and rushed back to carry the girl’s suit-case, but didn’t find her. So I joined the jostling crowd at the train steps, hoping to get a seat near her in the car. As I went up some fellow kept crowding me till I felt like braining him with my grip-sack.

“ ‘I want to get down, I want to get down,’ he whined.

“ ‘Well, get down on the other side of the train,’ ” I snapped, for someone else was pushing me from behind. After so long a time I got in but didn’t find the girl, so I sat down to watch for her. Pretty soon she came in hurriedly, her eyes looking scared. I saw that something was the matter. She looked at me, sank into the seat opposite, then looked back in a little fluttery scared way. I wanted to butt in but didn’t quite dare risk it—you see, by this time I had reached the stage where I wanted to hunt up a real introduction with papa and mamma and Aunt Jemima standing by, and all that. But she turned to me quickly.

“ ‘Excuse me, sir,’ she said, ‘but I—I just saw a

man take your pocketbook—as you came up the steps.’ I put my hand to my pocket and, sure enough, my purse was gone! Evidently the crooks had got it as they pushed me in the crowd. I dare say I looked pretty blank. ‘Hurry!’ she cried, ‘They went into the station, I think. Perhaps, you can catch them yet.’

“Well, sir, if you’ll believe me, I considered. I wanted to give those crooks their just deserts, but then—there was the girl, you know. ‘Are you a daughter of Judge Dailey of Cleveland?’ I asked, fishing out a card. ‘Why, ye-es,’ she admitted, looking at my name, ‘and I remember father’s speaking of you—but—but the train is going!’ ‘I know it,’ said I coolly taking the seat beside her. She gasped a little, but you know girls really fall for that high-handed kind of thing, when they’re sure the fellow’s all right, good family and all that. And—well—we talked, off and on, all the way to the home town.”

“Must have been a *mighty* pretty girl,” remarked Harkness dryly.

“Oh, she was,” said Carter enthusiastically, “but then—you can be the judge of that—she was here just a minute ago,” and he glanced toward the kitchen where they could hear light footsteps going busily up and down: Harkness whistled softly.

“Well, I don’t know that I blame you,” he said, “but fifty thousand dollars is a whole lot of money, you know.”

“Oh, as to that,” chuckled Carter as he dropped the stub of his cigar into the ash tray, “you see I didn’t have the fifty thousand. Before we left the junction I had turned it over to Dick Grimes to invest in railroad bonds for me!”

The Penwoman, 1922.

CONTENT

Would that my talents were for nobler things,—
 To charm the ages with a lasting lay,
 To crowd my bit of canvas with array
Of pageants, purple, and the pomp of kings;
With soft-toned harmonies from trembling strings,
 The world enslaved by lingering sound to sway;
 With quickening touch to mold the pliant clay,—
Till bards should sound my praise a thousand springs.

Yet ever to my hand a task I find,
 A tale to tell, a common song to sing,
 A smile to cheer a weary one, to bind
 With tender art a sparrow's broken wing.
Trusting the deeds unseen, like stars by day,
In that last night may gleam along my way.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE was born at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, November 20, 1878. She is the daughter of Russell W. and Harriet A. (Cary) Montague. Her father, after his graduation from Harvard, went to London to study law at the Temple, but later decided for the sake of his health to engage in farming in West Virginia. Miss



Copyright by
Underwood & Underwood

Montague is a relative of William H. Prescott, the historian, and Harriet Prescott Spofford. She was educated at home and at private schools.

Her first story was composed before she had learned to write. The hero was a boy who stained his face with pokeberry juice and who later distinguished himself by joining a circus.

Few West Virginia authors have used local color so frequently as has Miss Montague.

Her story "The Poet, Miss Kate and I" is written in the form of a journal. The heroine is a West Virginia girl and the hero a New Englander. "The Sowing of Alderson Cree" and "In Calvert's Valley" are stories of mountaineer life, and show a great advance in style and technique. In "Linda" the author gives not only a picture of mountaineer life but also one of the conventional life of society leaders in the exclusive Back Bay District of Boston.

As a writer of short stories Miss Montague has won international reputation. Some of her best work deals with the issues of the World War. In "England to America," which was awarded the O'Henry memorial prize in 1919, she sought to bring about a better understanding between the two countries. She writes: "I don't like people to think I wrote 'England to America' with propanganda in mind. I didn't. I felt that there was a wistful spirit among some of the best elements in England reaching out for America's sympathy. They couldn't say what they felt. They were too proud, too reserved. But I wanted to try to interpret them and let them see that we would understand, and to assure them that in the midst of all our love for France we were not unmindful of England's great, silent, heart-breaking heroism."

Another of Miss Montague's stories, "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge," which was highly praised by Woodrow Wilson, is one of the strongest and most touching appeals that has ever been made for a league of nations. This story was filmed by Harry Levy, who paid two hundred dollars a word for the privilege.

In commenting on "The Gift," "England to America," and "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge," Edward J. O'Brien says that from the point of view of style these stories show distinction in the Henry James tradition only with Katharine Fullerton Grould, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Arthur Johnson, and H. G. Dwight.

While Miss Montague's brother was superintendent of the Deaf and Blind Institution at Romney, she became deeply interested in blind and deaf children. As a result of her interest, she has written a number of touching stories in which she describes the friendships and the adventures of blind and deaf children in a state school.

Doctor Richard C. Cabot says in the introduction to "Closed Doors:" "Truth is what I feel especially in Miss Montague's stories. Though they spring out of a peculiarly intimate and sympathetic knowledge of a

school for the Blind and the Deaf, they err neither by literalism nor by sentimentality. The busy life she draws has a current and a vigor that seem to establish a new stanadrd,—not so much lower than ours as different. She lets us see how deaf children build up new imagery and develop a naming power really poetic. Over her shoulder we watch the unconquerable human soul building its nest and finding its food even in the dark and silent country which she has chosen to describe.”

Miss Montague has in recent years written a number of poems with a lyric quality that has charmed her readers. It is to be hoped that in the future she may devote more of her time to the writing of verse.

THE SOUL OF THE LITTLE ROOM

Sweet room, dear loved of all my people, where
The bluetiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still kept the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry of flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady's hair,
Then, fitful, sweeps slow fingers here and there,
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world. Here rests
The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,
Hast thou no soul to guess thine own sweet grace?

One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered and grew
Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou has a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all the fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife

Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life's stage.

Then give thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy meed
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need—
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

The Atlantic Monthly, 1913.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA

“Lord, but English people *are* funny!”

This was the perplexed mental ejaculation that young Lieutenant Skipworth Cary, of Virginia, found his thoughts constantly reiterating during his stay in Devonshire. Had he been, he wondered, a confiding fool, to accept so trustingly Chev Sherwood's suggestion that he spend a part of his leave, at least, at Bishopthorpe, where Chev's people lived? But why should he have anticipated any difficulty here, in this very corner of England which had bred his own ancestors, when he had always hit it off so splendidly with his English comrades at the Front? Here, however, though they were all awfully kind,—at least, he was sure they meant to be kind,—something was always bringing him up short: something that he could not lay hold of, but which made him feel like a blind man groping in a strange place, or worse, like a bull in a china-shop. He was prepared enough to find differences in the American and English points of view. But this thing that baffled him did not seem to have to do with that; it was something deeper, something very definite, he was sure—and yet, what was it? The worst of it was that he had a curious feeling as if they were all—that is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald; not Sir Charles so much—protecting him from himself—keeping him from making breaks, as he phrased it. That hurt and annoyed him, and piqued

his vanity. Was he a social blunderer, and weren't a Virginia gentleman's manners to be trusted in England without leading-strings?

He had been at the Front for several months with the Royal Flying Corps, and when his leave came, his Flight Commander, Captain Cheviot Sherwood, discovering that he meant to spend it in England where he hardly knew a soul, had said his people down in Devonshire would be jolly glad to have him stop with them; and Skipworth Cary, knowing that, if the circumstances had been reversed, his people down in Virginia would indeed have been jolly glad to entertain Captain Sherwood, had accepted unhesitatingly. The invitation had been seconded by a letter from Lady Sherwood,—Chev's mother,—and after a few days sight-seeing in London, he had come down to Bishopsthorpe, very eager to know his friend's family, feeling as he did about Chev himself. "He's the finest man that ever went up in the air," he had written home; and to his own family's disgust, his letters had been far more full of Chev Sherwood than they had been of Skipworth Cary.

And now here he was, and he almost wished himself away—wished almost that he were back again at the front, carrying on under Chev. There, at least, you knew what you were up against. The job might be hard enough but it wasn't baffling and queer, with hidden undercurrents that you couldn't chart. It seemed to him that this baffling feeling of constraint had rushed to meet him on the very threshold of the drawing-room, when he made his first appearance.

As he entered, he had a sudden sensation that they had been awaiting him in a strained expectancy, and that, as he appeared, they adjusted unseen masks and began to play-act at something. "But English people don't play-act very well," he commented to himself, reviewing the scene afterwards.

Lady Sherwood had come forward and greeted him in a manner which would have been pleasant enough, if he had not, with quick sensitiveness, felt it to be forced.

But perhaps that was English stiffness. Then she had turned to her husband, who was standing staring into the fireplace, although, as it was June, there was no fire there to stare at.

"Charles," she said, "here is Lieutenant Cary;" and her voice had a certain note in it which at home Cary and his sister Nancy were in the habit of designating "mother-making-dad-mind-his-manners."

At her words the old man—and Cary startled to see how old and broken he was—turned round and held out his hand. "How d'you do?" he said jerkily, "how d'you do?" and then turned abruptly back again to the fireplace.

"Hello! What's up! The old boy doesn't like me!" was Cary's quick, startled comment to himself.

He was so surprised by the look the other bent upon him, that he involuntarily glanced across to a long mirror to see if there was anything wrong with his uniform. But no, that appeared to be all right. It was himself, then—or his country; perhaps the old sport didn't fall for Americans.

"And here is Gerald," Lady Sherwood went on in her low remote voice, which somehow made the Virginian feel very far away.

It was with genuine pleasure, though with some surprise, that he turned to greet Gerald Sherwood, Chev's younger brother, who had been, tradition in the corps said, as gallant and daring a flyer as Chev himself, until he got his in the face five months ago.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you," he said eagerly, in his pleasant, muffled Southern voice, grasping the hand the other stretched out, and looking with deep respect at the scarred face and sightless eyes.

Gerald laughed a little, but it was a pleasant laugh, and his handclasp was friendly.

"That's real American, isn't it?" he said. "I ought to have remembered and said it first. Sorry."

Skipworth laughed too. "Well," he conceded, "we generally are glad to meet people in my country,

and we don't care who says it first. But," he added, "I didn't think I'd have the luck to find you here."

He remembered that Chev had regretted that he probably wouldn't see Gerald, as the latter was at St. Dunstan's, where they were re-educating the blinded soldiers.

The other hesitated a moment, and then said rather awkwardly, "Oh, I'm just home for a little while; I only got here this morning, in fact."

Skipworth noted the hesitation. Did the old people get panicky at the thought of entertaining a wild man from Virginia, and send an S O S for Gerald, he wondered.

"We are so glad you could come to us," Lady Sherwood said rather hastily just then. And again he could not fail to note that she was prompting her husband.

The latter reluctantly turned around, and said, "Yes, yes, quite so. Welcome to Bishopsthorpe, my boy," as if his wife had pulled a string, and he responded mechanically, without quite knowing what he said. Then, as his eyes rested a moment on his guest, he looked as if he would like to bolt out of the room. He controlled himself, however, and, jerking round again to the fireplace, went on murmuring, "Yes, yes, yes," vaguely—just like the dormouse at the Mad Tea-Party, who went to sleep, saying, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," Cary could not help thinking to himself.

But, after all, it wasn't really funny, it was pathetic. Gosh, how doddering the poor old boy was! Skipworth wondered, with a sudden twist at his heart, if the war was playing the deuce with his home people, too. Was his own father going to pieces like this, and had his mother's gay vivacity fallen into that still remoteness of Lady Sherwood's? But of course not! The Carys hadn't suffered as the poor Sherwoods had, with their youngest son, Curtin, killed early in the war, and now Gerald knocked out so tragically. Lord, he thought, how they must all bank on Chev! And of course they would want to hear at once about him. "I left Chev as fit as

anything, and he sent all sorts of messages," he reported, thinking it more discreet to deliver Chev's messages thus vaguely than to repeat his actual carefree remark, which had been, "Oh, tell 'em I'm jolly as a tick."

But evidently there was something wrong with the words as they were, for instantly he was aware of that curious sense of withdrawal on their part. Hastily reviewing them, he decided that they had sounded too familiar from a stranger and a younger man like himself. He supposed he ought not to have spoken of Chev by his first name. Gee, what sticklers they were! Wouldn't his family—dad and mother and Nancy—have fairly lapped up any messages from him, even if they had been delivered a bit awkwardly? However, he added, as a concession to their point of view, "But of course, you'll have had later news of Captain Sherwood."

To which, after a pause, Lady Sherwood responded, "Oh, yes," in that remote and colorless voice which might have meant anything or nothing.

At this point dinner was announced.

Lady Sherwood drew her husband away from the empty fireplace, and Gerald slipped his arm through the Virginian's, saying pleasantly, "I'm learning to carry on fairly well at St. Dunstan's, but I confess I still like to have a pilot."

To look at the tall young fellow beside him, whose scarred face was so reminiscent of Chev's untouched good looks, who had known all the immense freedom of the air, but who was now learning to carry on in the dark, moved Skipworth Cary to generous homage.

"You know my saying I'm glad to meet you isn't just American," he said half shyly, but warmly. "It's plain English, and the straight truth. I've wanted to meet you awfully. The oldsters are always holding up your glorious exploits to us newcomers. Withers never gets tired telling about that fight of yours with the four enemy planes. And besides," he rushed on eagerly, "I'm glad to have a chance to tell Chev's brother—Captain Sherwood's brother, I mean—what I think of him.

Only, as a matter of fact, I can't," he broke off with a laugh. "I can't put it exactly into words, but I tell you I'd follow that man straight into hell and out the other side—or go there alone if he told me to. He is the finest chap that ever flew."

And then he felt as if a cold douche had been flung in his face, for after a moment's pause, the other returned, "That's awfully good of you," in a voice so distant and formal that the Virginian could have kicked himself. What an ass he was to be so darned enthusiastic with an Englishman! He supposed it was bad form to show any pleasure over praise of a member of your family. Lord; if Chev got the V. C., he reckoned it would be awful to speak of it. Still, you would have thought Gerald might have stood for a little praise of him. But then, glancing sideways at his companion, he surprised on his face a look so strange and suffering that it came to him almost violently what it must be never to fly again; to be on the threshold of life, with endless days of blackness ahead. Good God! How cruel he had been to flaunt Chev in his face! In remorseful and hasty reparation he stumbled on, "But the old fellows are always having great discussions as to which was the best—you or your brother. Withers always maintains you were."

"Withers lies, then!" the other retorted. "I never touched Chev—never came within a mile of him, and never could have."

They reached the dinner-table with that, and young Cary found himself bewildered and uncomfortable. If Gerald hadn't liked praise of Chev, he had liked praise of himself even less, it seemed.

Dinner was not a success. The Virginian found that, if there was to be conversation, the burden of carrying it on was upon him, and gosh! they don't mind silences in this man's island, do they? he commented desperately to himself, thinking how different it was from America. Why, there they acted as if silence was an egg that had just been laid, and everyone had to cackle

at once to cover it up. But here the talk constantly fell to the ground, and nobody but himself seemed concerned to pick it up. His attempt to praise Chev had not been successful, and he could understand their not wanting to hear about flying and the war before Gerald.

So at last, in desperation, he wandered off into descriptions of America, finding to his relief, that he had struck the right note at last. They were glad to hear about the States, and Lady Sherwood inquired politely if the Indians still gave them much trouble; and when he assured her that in Virginia, except for the Pocahontas tribe, they were all pretty well subdued, she accepted his statement with complete innocency. And he was so delighted to find at last a subject to which they were evidently cordial, that he was quite carried away, and wound up by inviting them all to visit his family in Richmond, as soon as the war was over.

Gerald accepted at once, with enthusiasm; Lady Sherwood made polite murmurs, smiling at him in quite a warm and almost, indeed, maternal manner. Even Sir Charles, who had been staring at the food on his plate as if he did not quite know what to make of it, came to the surface long enough to mumble, "Yes, yes, very good idea. Countries must carry on together—What?"

But that was the only hit of the whole evening, and when the Virginian retired to his room, as he made an excuse to do early, he was so confused and depressed that he fell into an acute attack of homesickness.

Heavens, he thought, as he tumbled into bed, just suppose, now, this was little old Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A., instead of being Bishopsthorpe, Avery Cross near Wick, and all the rest of it! And at that, he grinned to himself. England wasn't such an all-fired big country that you'd think they'd have to ticket themselves with addresses a yard long, for fear they'd get lost—now would you? Well, anyway, suppose it was Richmond, and his train just pulling into the Byrd Street Station. He stretched out luxuriously, and let

his mind picture the whole familiar scene. The wind was blowing right, so there was the mellow homely smell of tobacco in the streets, and plenty of people all along the way to hail him with outstretched hands and shouts of "Hey, Skip Cary, when did you get back?" "Welcome home, my boy!" "Well, will you look what the cat dragged in!" And so he came to his own front door-step, and walking straight in, surprised the whole family at breakfast; and yes—doggone it! if it wasn't Sunday, and they having waffles! And after that his obliging fancy bore him up Franklin Street, through Monroe Park, and so to Miss Sallie Berkeley's door. He was sound asleep before he reached it, but in his dreams, light as a little bird, she came flying down the broad stairway to meet him, and—

But when he waked next morning, he did not find himself in Virginia, but in Devonshire, where, to his unbounded embarrassment, a white house-maid was putting up his curtains and whispering something about his bath. And though he pretended profound slumber, he was well aware that people do not turn brick-red in their sleep. And the problem of what was the matter with the Sherwood family was still before him.

II.

"They're playing a game," he told himself after a few days. "That is, Lady Sherwood and Gerald are—poor old Sir Charles can't make much of a stab at it. The game is to make me think they're awfully glad to have me, when in reality there's something about me, or something I do, that gets them on the raw."

He almost decided to make some excuse and get away; but after all that was not easy. In English novels, he remembered, they always had a wire calling them to London; but darn it all! the Sherwoods knew mighty well there wasn't anyone in London who cared a hoot about him.

The thing that got his goat most, he told himself, was that they apparently didn't like his friendship with Chev. Anyway they didn't seem to want him to talk

about him; and whenever he tried to express his warm appreciation for all that the older man had done for him, he was instantly aware of a wall of reserve on their part, a holding of themselves aloof from him. That puzzled and hurt him, and put him on his dignity. He concluded that they thought it was cheeky of a youngster like him to think that a man like Chev could be his friend; and if that was the way they felt, he reckoned he'd jolly well better shut up about it.

But whatever it was that they didn't like about him, they most certainly did want him to have a good time. He and his pleasure appeared to be for the time being their chief consideration. And after the first day or so he began indeed to enjoy himself extremely. For one thing, he came to love the atmosphere of the old place and of the surrounding country, which he and Gerald explored together. He liked to think that ancestors of his own had been inheritors of these green lanes, and pleasant mellow stretches. Then, too, after the first few days, he could not help seeing that they really began to like him, which of course was reassuring, and tapped his own warm friendliness, which was always ready enough to be released. And besides, he got by accident what he took to be a hint as to the trouble. He was passing the half-open door of Lady Sherwood's morning-room, when he heard Sir Charles' voice break out, "Good God, Elizabeth, I don't see how you stand it! When I see him so straight and fine-looking, and so untouched, beside our poor lad, and think—and think—"

Skipworth hurried out of earshot, but now he understood that look of aversion in the old man's eyes which had so startled him at first. Of course, the poor old boy might easily hate the sight of him beside Gerald. With Gerald himself he really got along famously. He was a most delightful companion, full of anecdotes and history of the country-side, every foot of which he had apparently explored in the old days with Chev and the younger brother, Curtin. Yet even with Gerald, Cary sometimes felt that aloofness and reserve, and that older

protective air that they all showed him. Take, for instance, that afternoon when they were lolling together on the grass in the park. The Virginian running on in his usual eager manner, had plunged without thinking into an account of a particularly daring bit of flying on Chev's part, when suddenly he realized that Gerald had rolled over on the grass and buried his face in his arms, and interrupted himself awkwardly. "But, of course," he said, "he must have written home about it himself."

"No, or if he did, I didn't hear of it. . . Go on," Gerald said in a muffled voice.

A great rush of compassion and remorse overwhelmed the Virginian, and he burst out penitently, "What a brute I am! I'm always forgetting and running on about flying, when I know it must hurt like the very devil!"

The other drew a difficult breath. "Yes," he admitted, "what you say does hurt in a way—in a way you can't understand. But all the same I like to hear you. Go on about Chev."

So Skipworth went on and finished his account, winding up, "I don't believe there's another man in the service who could have pulled it off—but I tell you your brother's one in a million."

"Good God, don't I know it!" the other burst out. "We were all three the jolliest pals together," he got out presently in a choked voice, "Chev and the young un and I; and now—"

He did not finish, but Cary guessed his meaning. Now the young un, Curtin, was dead, and Gerald himself knocked out. But, Heavens! the Virginian thought, did Gerald think Chev would go back on him now on account of his blindness? Well you could everlastingly bet he wouldn't!

"Chev thinks the world and all of you!" he cried in eager defense of his friend's loyalty. "Lots of times when we're all awfully jolly together, he makes some excuse and goes off by himself; and Withers told me it was

because he was so frightfully cut up about you. Withers said he told him once that he'd a lot rather have got it himself—so you can everlastingly bank on him!"

Gerald gave a terrible little gasp. "I—I knew he'd feel like that," he got out. "We've always cared such a lot for each other." And then he pressed his face harder than ever in the grass, and his long body quivered all over. But not for long. In a moment he took fierce hold on himself, muttering, "Well, one must carry on, whatever happens," and apologized disjointedly. "What a fearful fool you must think me! And—and this isn't very pippy for you, old chap." Presently, after that, he sat up, and said, brushing it all aside, "We're facing the old moat, are n't we? There's an interesting bit of tradition about it that I must tell you."

And there you were, Cary thought: no matter how much Gerald might be suffering from his misfortune, he must carry on just the same, and see that his visitor had a pleasant time. It made the Virginian feel like an outsider and very young, as if he were not old enough for them to show him their real feelings.

Another thing that he noticed was that they did not seem to want him to meet people. They never took him anywhere to call, and if visitors came to the house, they showed an almost panicky desire to get him out of the way. That again hurt his pride. What in heaven's name was the matter with him anyway!

III.

However, on the last afternoon of his stay at Bishopsthorpe, he told himself with a rather rueful grin, that his manners must have improved a little, for they took him to tea at the rectory.

He was particularly glad to go there because, from certain jokes of Withers' who had known the Sherwoods since boyhood, he gathered that Chev and the rector's daughter were engaged. And just as he would have liked Chev to meet Sallie Berkeley, so he wanted to meet Miss Sybil Gaylord.

He had little hope of having a tete-a-tete with her,

but as it fell out he did. They were all in the rectory garden together, Gerald and the rector a little behind Miss Gaylord and himself, as they strolled down a long walk with high hedges bordering it. On the other side of the hedge Lady Sherwood and her hostess still sat at the tea-table, and then it was that Cary heard Mrs. Gaylord say distinctly, "I'm afraid the strain has been too much for you—you should have let us have him."

To which Lady Sherwood returned quickly, "Oh, no, that would have been impossible with—"

"Come—come this way—I must show you the view from the arbor," Miss Gaylord broke in breathlessly; and laying a hand on his arm, she turned him abruptly into a side path.

Glancing down at her, the Southerner could not but note the panic and distress in her fair face. It was so obvious that the overheard words referred to him, and he was so bewildered by the whole situation, that he burst out impulsively, "I say, what *is* the matter with me? Why do they find me so hard to put up with? Is it something I do—or don't they like Americans? Honestly, I wish you'd tell me."

She stood still at that, looking at him, her blue eyes full of distress and concern.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she cried. "They would be so sorry to have you think anything like that."

"But what is it?" he persisted. "Don't they like Americans?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that—Oh, quite the contrary!" she returned eagerly.

"Then it's something about me they don't like?"

"Oh, no, no! Least of all, that—*don't* think that!" she begged.

"But what am I to think then?"

"Don't think anything just yet," she pleaded. "Wait a little, and you will understand."

She was so evidently distressed, that he could not press her further; and fearing she might think him unappreciative, he said, "Well, whatever it is, it hasn't

prevented me from having a ripping good time. They've seen to that, and just done everything for my pleasure."

She looked up quickly, and to his relief he saw that for once he had said the right thing.

"You have enjoyed it then?" she questioned eagerly.

"Most awfully," he assured her warmly. "I shall always remember what a happy leave they gave me."

She gave a little sigh of satisfaction, "I am so glad," she said. "They wanted you to have a good time—that was what we all wanted."

He looked at her gratefully, thinking how sweet she was in her fair English beauty, and how good to care that he should have enjoyed his leave. How different she was too from Sallie Berkeley—why she would have made two of his little girl! And how quiet! Sallie Berkeley, with her quick glancing vivacity, would have been all around her and off again like a humming-bird before she could have uttered two words. And yet he was sure that they would have been friends, just as he and Chev were. Perhaps they all would be, after the war. And then he began to talk about Chev, being sure that, had the circumstances been reversed, Sallie Berkeley would have wanted news of him. Instantly he was aware of a tense listening stillness on her part. That pleased him. Well, she did care for the old fellow all right, he thought; and though she made no response, averting her face, and plucking nervously at the leaves of the hedge as they passed slowly along, he went on pouring out his eager admiration for his friend.

At last they came to a seat in an arbor, from which one looked out upon a green beneficent landscape. It was an intimate secluded little spot—and oh, if Sallie Berkeley were only there to sit beside him! And as he thought of this, it came to him whimsically that in all probability she must be longing for Chev, just as he was for Sallie.

Dropping down on the bench beside her, he leaned over, and said with a friendly, almost brotherly, grin of

understanding, "I reckon you're wishing Captain Sherwood was sitting here, instead of Lieutenant Cary."

The minute the impulsive words were out his mouth, he knew he had blundered, been awkward, and inexcusably intimate. She gave a little choked gasp, and her blue eyes stared up at him, wide and startled. Good heavens, what a break he had made! No wonder the Sherwoods couldn't trust him in company! There seemed no apology that he could offer in words, but at least, he thought, he would show her that he would not have intruded on her secret without being willing to share his with her. With awkward haste he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and dragged forth the picture of Sallie Berkeley he always carried there.

"This is the little girl I'm thinking about," he said, turning very red, yet boyishly determined to make amends, and also proudly confident of Sallie Berkeley's charms. "I'd like mighty well for you two to know one another."

She took the picture in silence, and for a long moment stared down at the soft little face, so fearless, so confident and gay, that smiled appealingly back at her. Then she did something astonishing,—something which seemed to him wholly un-English,—and yet he thought it the sweetest thing he had ever seen. Cupping her strong hands about the picture with a quick protectiveness, she suddenly raised it to her lips, and kissed it lightly. "O little girl!" she cried, "I hope you will be very happy!"

The little involuntary act, so tender, so sisterly and spontaneous, touched the Virginian extremely.

"Thanks awfully," he said unsteadily. "She'll think a lot of that, just as I do—and I know she'd wish you the same."

She made no reply to that, and as she handed the picture back to him, he saw that her hands were trembling, and he had a sudden conviction that, if she had been Sallie Berkeley, her eyes would have been full of tears. As she was Sybil Gaylord, however, there were no tears

there, only a look that he never forgot. The look of one much older, protective, maternal almost, and as if she were gazing back at Sallie Berkeley and himself from a long way ahead on the road of life. He supposed it was the way most English people felt nowadays. He had surprised it so often on all their faces, that he could not help speaking of it.

"You all think we Americans are awfully young and raw, don't you?" he questioned.

"Oh, no, not that," she deprecated. "Young perhaps for these days, yes—but it is more that you—that your country is so—so unsuffered. And we don't want you to suffer!" she added quickly.

Yes, that was it! He understood now, and, heavens, how fine it was! Old England was wounded deep—deep. What she suffered herself she was too proud to show; but out of it she wrought a great maternal care for the newcomer. Yes, it *was* fine—he hoped his country would understand.

Miss Gaylord rose. "There are Gerald and father looking for you," she said, "and I must go now." She held out her hand. "Thank you for letting me see her picture, and for everything you said about Captain Sherwood—for *everything*, remember—I want you to remember."

With a light pressure of her fingers she was gone, slipping away through the shrubbery, and he did not see her again.

IV

So he came to his last morning at Bishopsthorpe; and as he dressed, he wished it could have been different; that he were not still conscious of that baffling wall of reserve between himself and Chev's people, for whom, despite all, he had come to have a real affection.

In the breakfast-room he found them all assembled, and his last meal there seemed to him as constrained and difficult as any that had preceded it. It was over finally, however, and in a few minutes he would be leaving.

"I can never thank you enough for the splendid time I've had here," he said as he rose. "I'll be seeing Chev tomorrow, and I'll tell him all about everything."

Then he stopped dead. With a smothered exclamation, old Sir Charles had stumbled to his feet, knocking over his chair, and hurried blindly out of the room; and Gerald said, "*Mother!*" in a choked appeal.

As if it were a signal between them, Lady Sherwood pushed her chair back a little from the table, her long delicate fingers dropped together loosely in her lap; she gave a faint sigh as if a restraining mantle slipped from her shoulders, and looking up at the youth before her, her fine pale face lighted with a kind of glory, she said, "No, dear lad, no. You can never tell Chev, for he is gone."

"*Gone!*" he cried.

"Yes," she nodded back to him, just above a whisper; and now her face quivered, and the tears began to rush down her cheeks.

"Not *dead!*" he cried. "Not Chev—not that! O my God, Gerald, not that!"

"Yes," Gerald said. "They got him two days after you left."

It was so overwhelming, so unexpected and shocking, above all so terrible, that the friend he had so greatly loved and admired was gone out of his life forever, that young Cary stumbled back into his seat, and crumpling over, buried his face in his hands, making great uncouth gasps as he strove to choke back his grief.

Gerald groped hastily around the table, and flung an arm about his shoulders.

"Steady on, dear fellow, steady," he said, though his own voice broke.

"When did you hear?" Cary got out at last.

"We got the official notice just the day before you came—and Withers has written us particulars since."

"And you *let* me come in spite of it! And stay on, when every word I said about him must have—have fairly *crucified* each one of you. Oh, forgive me! forgive

me!" he cried distractedly. He saw it all now; he understood at last. It was not on Gerald's account that they could not talk of flying and of Chev, it was because—because their hearts were broken over Chev himself.

"Oh, forgive me!" he gasped again.

"Dear lad, there is nothing to forgive," Lady Sherwood returned. "How could we help loving your generous praise of our poor darling? We loved it, and you for it; we wanted to hear it, but we were afraid. We were afraid we might break down, and that you would find out."

The tears were still running down her cheeks. She did not brush them away now; she seemed glad to have them there at last.

Sinking down on his knees, he caught her hands. "Why did you *let* me do such a horrible thing?" he cried. "Couldn't you have trusted me to understand? Couldn't you *see* I loved him just as you did—No, no!" he broke down humbly, "Of course I couldn't love him as his own people loved him. But you must have seen how I felt about him—How I admired him, and would have followed him anywhere—and *of course* if I had known, I should have gone away at once."

"Ah, but that is just what we were afraid of," she said quickly. "We were afraid you would go away and have a lonely leave somewhere. And in these days a boy's leave is so precious a thing that nothing must spoil it—*nothing*," she reiterated; and her tears fell upon his hands like a benediction. "But we didn't do it very well, I'm afraid," she went on presently, with gentle contrition. "You were too quick and understanding; you guessed there was something wrong. We were sorry not to manage better," she apologized.

"Oh, you wonderful, wonderful people!" he gasped. "Doing everything for my happiness, when all the time—all the time—"

His voice went out sharply, as his mind flashed back to scene after scene: to Gerald's long body lying quivering on the grass; to Sybil Gaylord wishing Sallie

Berkeley happiness out of her own tragedy; and to the high look on Lady Sherwood's face. They seemed to him themselves, and yet more than themselves—shining bits in the mosaic of a great nation. Disjointedly there passed through his mind familiar words—"these are they who have washed their garments—having come out of great tribulation." No wonder they seemed older.

"We—we couldn't have done it in America," he said humbly.

He had a desperate desire to get away to himself; to hide his face in his arms, and give vent to the tears that were stifling him; to weep for his lost friend, and for this great heartbreaking heroism of theirs.

"But why did you do it?" he persisted. "Was it because I was his friend?"

"Oh, it was much more than that," Gerald said quickly. "It was a matter of the two countries. Of course, we jolly well knew you didn't belong to us, and didn't want to, but for the life of us we couldn't help a sort of feeling that you did. And when America was in at last, and you fellows began to come, you seemed like our very own come back after many years, and," he added, a throb in his voice, "we were most awfully glad to see you—we wanted a chance to show you how England felt."

Skipworth Cary rose to his feet. The tears for his friend were still wet upon his lashes. Stooping, he took Lady Sherwood's hands in his and raised them to his lips. "As long as I live, I shall never forget," he said. "And others of us have seen it too in other ways—be sure America will never forget, either."

She looked up at his untouched youth out of her beautiful sad eyes, the exalted light still shining through her tears. "Yes," she said, "you see it was—I don't know exactly how to put it—but it was England to America."

The Atlantic Monthly, 1919.

THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS

I met the herald jonquils
Amid the grass to-day
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign,—
Mayhap it was the blue bird's pipe,—
They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
A mystic sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
A shout of love and spring,
A tip-toe blast of just one word—
A word for stars to sing;
They tossed their living trumpets,
The word they blew and blew—
And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
Was You! You! You!

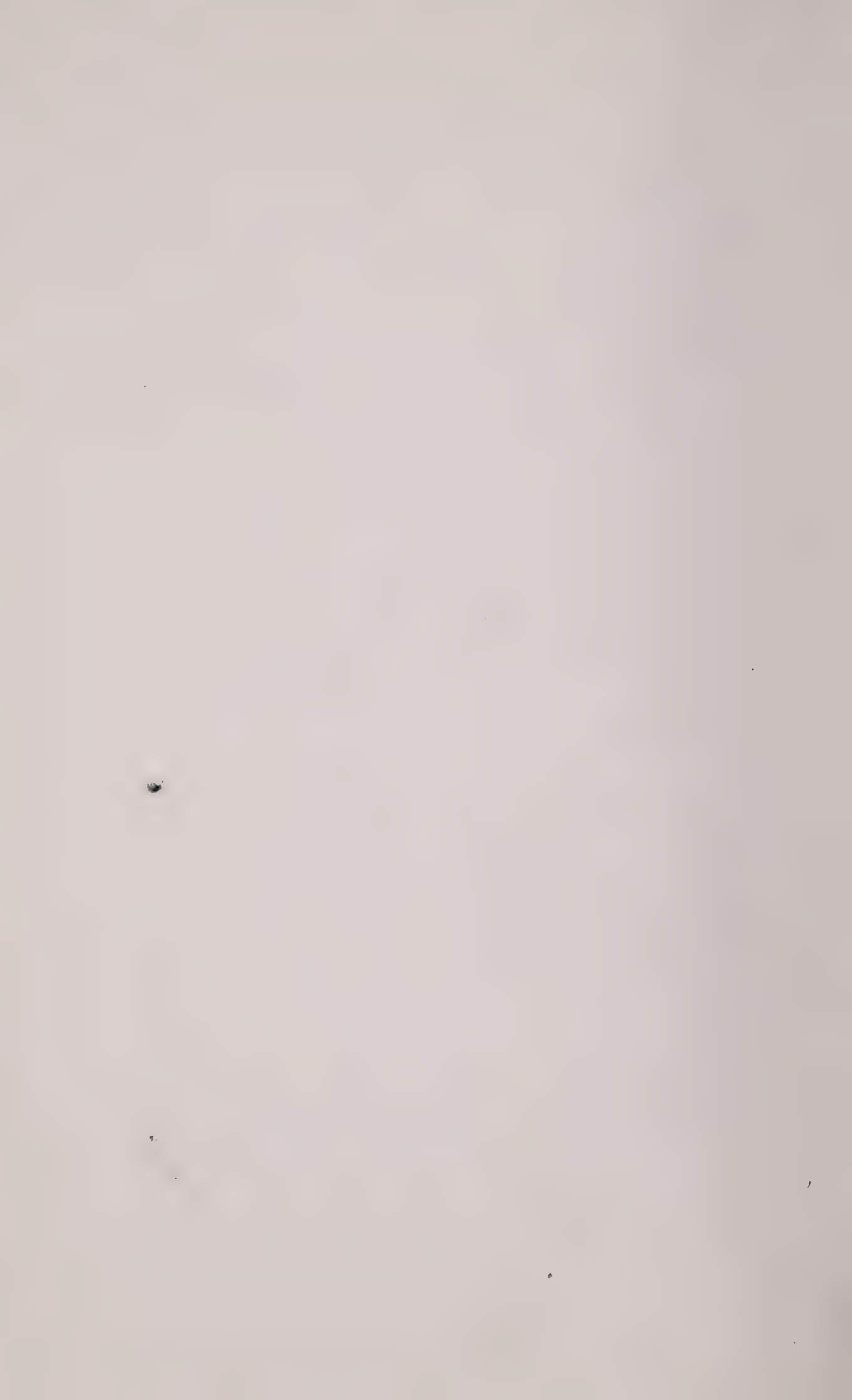
The Atlantic Monthly, 1922.

THE MEETING PLACE

There fell a sudden spring-time clutch
Upon my heart to-day;
It was Dame Nature's mystic touch
To hale me forth to play.
Her feet were clad in dancing shoon,
She wore a wood-green gown;

She seemed to breathe a silver tune
That wrapt her, foot to crown.
She piped me forth with deep intent,
To weave a magic art;
With bud and bloom, and lovely scent,
She stabbed me to the heart;
With dandelions gleaming white,
With lambs that skipped about,
With every green and growing sight,
She made my joy gush out.
And so we came in love together
To where my garden lay,
Drunk with the heady draught of weather
That is the gift of May.
So dear it was, that darling sight,
I spoke what I believe:
"I sometimes think in my delight
That God walks here at eve!"
There ran a ripple through the breeze,
The flowers drew together,
A hint of mirth was in the trees,
In nest and bird and feather.
"There was another long ago,"
I think the flowers cried,
"Who in a garden did not know
The Wonder by her side."
Breathless I turned to Nature's face,
She bent on me her eyes.
Oh, still and lovely meeting-place!
Oh, leap of wild surprise!
Oh, utter joy! Oh, love complete!
I eagerly fell down;
I sought to kiss the shining feet,
To clutch the wood-green gown.
But He was gone—my Lord withdrew,
The garden bowed its head.
"You did not know? We always knew,"
The smallest blossom said.

The Atlantic Monthly, 1922.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

EVERARD JACK APPLETON

The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid. Cincinnati, Stewart & Kidd Co., Publishers. 1912, 1915, 1922.
With the Colors. Cincinnati, Stewart Kidd Co., Publishers, 1919.

ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG

Geography of West Virginia —Supplement to the Natural Geography. New York, American Book Company, 1899.
Life out of Death, 1906.
The Law of Service, 1907.
Historical and Literary Outlines of the Bible, Morgantown, W. Va., Acme Publishing Company, (printers), 1907.
Dramatic Interpretation of Shakespeare's Tragedies.
Handbook of Information about the Old Testament, Charleston, W. Va., The Tribune Printing Company, 1913.
Mastering the Books of the Bible, New York, Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, 1916.
How to Know the Bible: Mastering the Books of the Bible, New York, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1922.

MARY MEEK ATKESON

Writers of West Virginia, 1913.
The Crossroads Meetin' House, Columbus Ohio.
The Ohio State University, Agricultural Extension Service, 1918. Revised edition, Interchurch World Movement, 1920.
Study of the Local Literature of the Upper Ohio Valley, Ohio State University, 1921.
A Study of the Literature of West Virginia, 1923.

GEORGE WESLEY ATKINSON

History of Kanawha County. From 1789 until the Present Time, With Biographical Sketches of the Early Settlers. Charleston, W. Va., West Virginia Journal Office, 1876.
Handbook for Revenue Officers. Louisville, Ky., N. W. Barr, 1881.
Among the Moonshiners. Wheeling, 1881.
West Virginia Pulpit. Wheeling, Frew, Campbell & Hart, 1882.
Don't or Negative Chips from Blocks of Living Truths. Wheeling, Daily Intelligencer Press, 1887.
Prominent Men of West Virginia. (In collaboration with Alvaro F. Gibbens). Wheeling, 1890.
A. B. C. of the Tariff. Wheeling, Daily Intelligencer Press, 1884.
Psychology Simplified. Charleston, W. Va., 1897.
Public Addresses. Charleston, W. Va., The Public Printer, 1901.
Chips and Whetstones. Charleston, W. Va., Tribune Printing Co., 1908.
Bench and Bar of West Virginia. Charleston, W. Va., Virginia Law Book Co., 1919.

WAITMAN BARBE

Song of the Centuries. Morgantown, W. Va., New Dominion Steam Print, 1885.

Ashes and Incense. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1891.

In the Virginias Akron, O., The Werner Company, 1896.

Going to College. Earhart & Richardson, Printers.

The Study of Poetry. New York, Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 1905.

Famous Poems Explained. New York, Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 1909.

Great Poems Interpreted. New York, Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 1914.

JOSEPH HERBERT BEAN

A Pilgrim Harp. Boston, The Strafford Company, 1923.

FRANCES MOORE BLAND

Twilight Reveries. Morgantown, W. Va., The Acme Press, 1900.

MARGARET AGNEW BLENNERHASSETT

The Widow of the Rock and Other Poems. Montreal, 1824.

CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER BROOKE

The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1908.

Shakespeare's Plutarch. (2 vol. Editor). London, Chatto & Windus, 1909.

The Works of Christopher Marlowe. (Editor). Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1910.

The Tudor Drama. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1911.

Shakespeare's Principal Plays. (In collaboration). New York, The Century Co., 1914.

War Aims and Peace Ideals. (Joint Editor). New Haven, Yale University Press, 1915.

Much Ado About Nothing. (Editor). New Haven, The Yale University Press, 1917.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth. (Editor). New Haven, The Yale University Press, 1918.

ST. JOHN BYER

Stories in Rhyme. The Arthur H. Crist Co., 1915.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

Froissart Ballads and Other Poems Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1847.

JOHN JACOB CORNWELL

Knock About Notes. Romney, W. Va., 1918.

MARSHALL S. CORNWELL

Wheat and Chaff. Romney, W. Va., 1899.

ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM

The Chronicles of an Old Town. New York and Cincinnati, The Abingdon Press 1919.

The Manse at Barren Rocks. New York, George H. Doran, Co., 1918.

Singing Mountains. New York, George H. Doran Co., 1919.

Old Black Bass. New York and Cincinnati, The Abingdon Press, 1923.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE

Joy and Other Poems. New York, 1888. Second Enlarged Edition, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.

Rose Brake. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1890.

George Michael Bedinger, A Kentucky Pioneer. Charlottesville, Va., The Michie Company, Printers, 1909.

Historic Shepherdstown. Charlottesville, Va., The Michie Company, Printers, 1910.

American Prisoners of the American Revolution. Charlottesville, Va., The Michie Company, Printers, 1911.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

Life in the Iron Mills. Atlantic Monthly, 1861.

Atlantic Tales. Boston, Tichnor & Fields, 1866.

Margaret Howth. Boston, Tichnor & Fields, 1861.

David Gaunt. Boston, Tichnor & Fields, 1862.

Waiting for the Verdict. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867.

Dallas Dalbraith. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1868.

John Andross. New York, Orange Judd Co., 1874.

Berrytown. 1876.

A Law Unto Herself. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1878.

Kity's Choice. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1876.

Natasqua. New York, Cassell & Co., 1887.

Silhouettes of American Life. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892.

Kent Hampden. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892.

Dr. Warwick's Daughters, Etc. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1896.

Frances Waldeux. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1896.

Bits of Gossip. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1904.

JOHN BROWN DILLON

The History of Indiana. Indianapolis, W. Sheets and Company, 1843.

Notes on Historical Evidence in Reference to Adverse Theories of the Origin and Nature of the Government of the United States of America. New York, S. W. Green, Publisher, 1871.

Oddities of Colonial Legislation of America. Indianapolis, R. Douglass, 1879.

The National Decline of the Miami Indians. Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company, 1897.

JOSEPH DODDRIDGE

Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from 1763 to 1783, inclusive, together with a Review of the State of Society and Manners of the First Settlers of the Western Country. Wellsburg, The Gazette, 1824.

Second Edition. (Alfred Williams, editor). Albany, New York, Joel Munsell, 1876.

Third Edition. (John S. Ritenour and William T. Lindsey, editors). Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 1912.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

The Power of the S. F.: A Tale; Developing the Secret Action of Parties During the Presidential Campaign of 1844. New York, Burgess, Stringer & Co., 1847.

Ambrose Fecit, or The Peer and the Painter. 1869.

484 STORIES AND VERSE OF WEST VIRGINIA

- American Ballads. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1880.
The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1885.
Jacob Schuyler's Millions. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1886.
The Rules of Order Governing Public Meetings. By F. M. Payne (**pseud.**). New York, 1887.
Select Poems. Newark, N. J., 1894.
Fairy Stories and Wonder Tales. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1897.
The Little Giant, The Big Dwarf, and Two Other Wonder Tales for Boys and Girls from Eight to Eighty Years Old. Chicago, McClurg Co., 1904.

JOHN S. HALL

- Musings of a Quiet Hour. St. Marys, West Virginia, Oracle Press, 1907.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

- Captivating Mary Carstairs. By Henry Second (**pseud.**). Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1910.
Queed. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1911.
V. V.'s Eyes. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1913.
Angela's Business. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1919.
When I Come Back: An Account of an American Soldier Who was Killed in France. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1919.
St Teresa. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1922

ANNA R. HENDERSON

- Life and Song. Buffalo, Charles Wells Moulton, 1900.

CLYDE BEECHER JOHNSON

- Rhyme and Reason. Pittsburgh, Press of Republic Bank-Note Co., 1914.

FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

(Mrs. Vincent Costello)

- The Beloved Son. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1916.

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON

- Sayings of Uncle Eben. Washington, The Bauble Publishing Co., 1896.
Songs of the G. O. P. Washington, Neale Publishing Co., 1900.
Now-a-Day Poems. Washington, Neale Publishing Co., 1900.
Senator Sorghum's Primer of Politics. Philadelphia, H. Altemus Co., 1906.

BEUHRING H. JONES

- The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose and Poetry. Baltimore, Innes & Co., 1868.

EDWARD BENNINGHAUS KENNA

- Lyrics of the Hills. Morgantown, W. Va., The Acme Publishing Co., 1902.
Songs of the Open Air and Other Poems. Charleston, W. Va., Tribune Printing Co., 1912.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

Comedies and Legends for Marionettes. New York, London, The Macmillan Company, 1904.

The Way of Perfect Love. New York, London, The Macmillan Company, 1908.

The Bryn-Mawr Spelling Book. Bryn Mawr, Pa. 1909 and 1911.

Essay. (In Unpublished Notes and Reprinted Papers by G. E. Street), Hispanic Society of America, 1916.

Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain. (Editor), New York, E. P. Dutton and Co., 1914.

The Way of St. James. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons 1920.

A Citizen of the Twilight, Jose Asunción Silva. New York, Longmans, Green and Co., 1921.

The Play of the Sibyl Cassandra. New York, Longmans, Green and Co., 1921.

A Brief Account of the Military Orders in Spain. New York, The Hispanic Society of America, 1921.

Sardinian Painting. New York, Longmans, Green and Co., 1923.

THOMAS J. LEES

The Musings of Carol. Wheeling, A. & E. Pickett, printers, 1831.

Poetical Works. Wheeling, 1839.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON

The Sons of Godwin. A Tragedy. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1877.

At the Court of King Edwin: A Drama. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1878-9.

Change: The Whisper of the Sphinx. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1879.

A Sketch of Shakespeare. Wheeling, Stanton & Davenport, 1879.

Shakespeare's Dreams and Other Poems. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1881.

The Subjection of Hamlet. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1882.

The Soldiers' Monument Poem, or "The Price of the Present Paid by the Past." Wheeling, 1883.

The History of Oliver and Arthur. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1903.

Fourteen Sonnets on Florence. Florence, Italy, 1904.

Sonnets on Florence and Florentine History. Florence, 1906.

Roman Sonnets. Florence, Italy, 1906.

A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies. Chicago, R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, 1906.

Whispering of the Sphinx. Chicago, R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, 1906.

Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays, by Hans Sachs, (Translation). London, D. Nutt, 1910.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

The Land Where We Were Dreaming. Montreal, 1865.

Memoir of John Yates Beall. Montreal, 1865.

The Wreath of Eglantine and Other Poems. Baltimore, Kelley, Piatt & Co., 1869.

The Maid of Northumberland. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879.

486 STORIES AND VERSE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Ballads and Madrigals. New York, Collard & Morse, 1884.
Nicaragua. Richmond, Va., B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.,
1896.

The Land Where We were Dreaming and Other Poems.
Boston, Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, 1913.
Dramatic Works. Boston, Richard G. Badger The Gor-
ham Press, 1913.

VIRGINIA LUCAS

Wild Flowers. Charles Town, W. Va., 1898
The Captain. New York, Helen Norwood Halsey, 1912.

VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS

The Wreath of Eglantine. Baltimore, Kelley, Piett & Co.,
1869.

HU MAXWELL

History of Tucker County, West Virginia. Kingwood,
Preston Publishing Co., 1884.

Idyls of the Golden Shore. New York, G. P. Putnam's
Sons, 1889.

Evans and Sontag, The Famous Bandits of California.
San Francisco, San Francisco Printing Co., 1893.

History of Hampshire County, (Joint author with H. L.
Swisher). Morgantown, W. Va., A. B. Boughner, Printer, 1897.

History of Barbour County Morgantown, Acme Publish-
ing Co., 1899.

History of Randolph County, West Virginia. Morgan-
town, Acme Publishing Co., 1898.

History and Government of West Virginia (Joint author
with Elsworth East). Morgantown, Acme Publishing Co., 1901.

Jonathan Fish and His Neighbors. Morgantown, Acme
Publishing Co., 1902.

Wood-Using Industries of Maryland. Baltimore, 1910.

A Study of Massachusetts Wood-Using Industries. Bos-
ton, Wright & Potter Printing Co., 1910.

Utilization of Osage Orange. 1911.

Wood-Using Industries of Michigan. Lansing, Wynkoop,
Hallenbeck Crawford Co., State Printers, 1912.

Wood-Using Industries and National Forests of Arkansas,
Part 1, (Joint author with J. F. Harris). Washington, Govern-
ment Printing Office, 1912.

West Virginia and Its People. (Joint author with Thos.
C. Miller). New York, Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1913.

American Forest Trees. By Henry H. Gibson. (Editor).
Chicago, Hardwood Record, 1913.

A Tree History of the United States. 1923.

JOSEPH MARGRAVE MEADOR

Memories and Other Poems. Boston, The Stratford Co.,
Publishers, 1923.

JOHN KEARSLEY MITCHELL

The Value of a Great Medical Reputation. Philadelphia,
1834.

Indecision: A Tale of the Far West and Other Poems.
Philadelphia, E. S. Carey & A. Hart, 1839.

On the Progress of Recent Science. Philadelphia, T. K. &
P. G. Collins, Printers, 1851.

Five Essays. Edited by S. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia,
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1859.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

The Poet. Miss Kate and I. New York, The Baker &
Taylor Co., 1905.

- The Sowing of Alderson Cree. New York, The Baker & Taylor Co., 1907.
 In Calvert's Valley. New York, The Baker & Taylor Co., 1908.
 Linda. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1912.
 Closed Doors. Boston and New York, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1915.
 Home to Him's Muvver. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1916.
 Of Water and the Spirit. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1916.
 Twenty Minutes of Reality. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.
 The Great Expectancy. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918.
 The Gift. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1919.
 England to America. Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1920.
 Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge. Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1920.

ROBERT LANDON PEMBERTON

- Random Rhymes. Oracle Press, St. Mary's, W. Va., 1904.
 Songs in Merry Mood. Oracle Press, St. Mary's, W. Va., 1907.

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

- The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896 and 1911.
 The Man of Last Resort. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896 and 1911.
 Dwellers in the Hills. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1901.
 The Corrector of Destiny. New York, E. J. Clode, 1908.
 The Gilded Chair. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1910.
 The Nameless Thing. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1912.
 Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1918.
 The Mystery at the Blue Villa. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1919.
 Sleuth of St. James Square. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1920.
 The Mountain School Teacher. New York D. Appleton & Co., 1922.

ANNA LOUISE PRICE

- The Old Church and Other Poems. Marlinton, The Pocahontas Times Publishing Co., 1921.

DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON

- College Songs for West Virginia University. 1875.
 Contest of the Frogs. 1888.
 Christian Theism. 1889, 1899.

ANNE ROYALL

- Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States. By a Traveller. New Haven, 1826.
 The Tennessean. A Novel Founded on Facts. 1827.
 The Black Book, or, A Continuation of Travels in the United States. Washington, 1829.
 Mrs. Royall's Southern Tour, or, Second Series of the Black Book. Washington, 1830.
 Letters from Alabama. Washington, 1830.
 Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or, Travels Continued in the United States. Washington, 1829.

ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER

Nehe, A Tale of the Time of Artaxerxes. Boston, W. A. Wilde Co., Publishers, 1901.

The Sculptor and Other Poems. Pittsburgh, Press of Pierpont, Siviter & Co., Ltd., 1903.

Songs of Hope. 1906.

Four Christmas Days. 1912.

On Parole. New York, H. Holt and Company, 1916.

Songs Sung Along Life's Way. 1921.

FRANCIS R. STOCKTON

A Northern Voice for the Dissolution of the Union. New York, printed for the author, 1861.

Ting-a-Ling. New York, Hurd & Houghton, 1870.

Round-about Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1872.

The Home. Where It Should be and What to Put in It. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1872.

What Might Have Been Expected. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1874.

Tales Out of School. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1875.

Rudder Grange. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1879.

A Jolly Fellowship. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1880.

The Floating Prince and Other Fairy Tales. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.

The Transferred Ghost. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

The Lady or The Tiger? and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

The Story of Viteau. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. New York, The Century Co., 1886.

The Late Mrs. Null. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886.

The Christmas Wreck and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1886.

'The Hundredth Man. New York, The Century Co., 1887.

The Bee-Man of Orn and Other Fanciful Tales. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887.

Amos Kilbright: His Adscititious Experiences With Other New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1888.

The Dusantes. New York, The Century Co., 1888.

Personally Conducted. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1889.

The Great War Syndicate. New York, Peter F. Collier, 1889.

The Stories of the Three Burglars. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1890.

Ardis Claverden. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1890.

The Merry Chanter. New York, The Century Co., 1890.

The House of Martha. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891.

The Rudder Grangers Abroad and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891.

The Squirrel Inn. New York, The Century Co., 1891.

Eleven Possible Cases. New York, Cassell Publishing Co., 1891.

The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892.

The Watchmaker's Wife and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

- Fanciful Tales. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1894.
 Pomona's Travels New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1894.
 The Adventures of Captain Horn. London, Cassell and Company, 1895, 1900, 1901, 1907, 1908.
 A Chosen Few New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1895.
 The Spirit of Washington. Morristown, N. J., The Jersey-man Office, 1895.
 Mrs. Cliff's Yacht New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896.
 New Jersey, from the discovery of Scheyichbi to Recent Times. New York, D. Appleton & Company.
 Stories of New Jersey. New York, American Book Co., 1896.
 A Story-Teller's Pack. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897.
 Captain Chap, or, The Rolling Stones. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1897.
 The Girl at Cobhurst. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.
 What Might Have Been Expected. New York, Dodd, Mead and Company.
 The Great Stone of Sardis. New York, Harper & Bros., 1898.
 Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1898.
 The Associate Hermits. New York, Harper & Bros., 1899.
 The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. New York, The Century Co., 1899.
 The Young Master of Hyson Hall. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1899.
 Novels and Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899-1904.
 A Bicycle of Cathay. New York, Harper & Bros., 1900.
 Afield and Afloat New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1900.
 Kate Bonnett. The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1902.
 John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902.
 The Captain's Toll-Gate. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1903.
 Tales Out of School. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1903.
 The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.
 The Magic Egg and Other Stories. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1907.
 Stories of the Spanish Main. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1913.

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER

- The Blackwater Chronicle, (generally attributed to John Pendleton Kennedy). New York, Redfield, 1853.
 Virginia Illustrated; Containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1857.
 The Capital of West Virginia and the Great Kanawha Valley Charleston, W. Va., Journal Office, 1872.
 Historical Address, (July 4, 1876). Washington, D. C., M'Gill and Witherow, 1876.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

- History of Hampshire County, (Joint author with Hu Maxwell) 1897.
 Briar Blossoms Morgantown, W. Va., The Acme Publishing Company, 1898.

490 STORIES AND VERSE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Book of Harangues, by the Chief of the Tribe of Ghourki.
Morgantown, W. Va., The Acme Publishing Co., 1908.

BETTY BUSH WINGER

My Dream Garden.
The Glad New Year and I. Gallipolis, Ohio, The Booton
Press, 1922.

ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS

Chronicles of Border Warfare. Clarksburg, Joseph Israel,
Publisher, 1831.

Second Edition. Reuben Goldthwaites, Editor. Cincinnati,
The Robert Clark Co., 1895.

EMMA WITHERS

Wildwood Chimes. Cincinnati, The Robert Clark Co.

WARREN WOOD

The Tragedy of the Deserted Isle. Boston, C. M. Clark
Publishing Company, 1909.

When Virginia Was Rent in Twain. New York, Broad-
way Publishing Company, 1913.

Voices from the Valley. Boston, The Cornhill Publishing
Company.

KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

Metzerott Shoemaker New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co.,
1889.

Mark of the Beast. 1890.

A Web of Gold. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co., 1890.

From Dusk to Dawn. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1892.

John; A Tale of the Messiah. New York, Dodd, Mead &
Co., 1896.

The Crowning of Candace. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.,
1896.

The Son of Ingar, New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1897.

The True Story of Captain John Smith. New York, Dou-
bleday, Page & Co., 1901.

INDEX TO AUTHORS

Appleton, Everard Jack.....	338
Armstrong, Robert Allen.....	409
Atkeson, Mary Meek.....	450
Atkinson, George Wesley.....	330
Barbe, Waitman.....	177
Bean, Joseph Herbert.....	421
Bedinger, Henry.....	68
Biddle, Virginia.....	414
Bland, Frances Moore.....	211
Blennerhassett, Margaret.....	3
Brooke, Charles Frederick Tucker.....	381
Byer, St. John.....	399
Cooke, Philip Pendleton.....	44
Cornwell, John Jacob.....	374
Cornwell, Marshall S.....	207
Cunningham, Albert Benjamin.....	441
Dandridge, Danske.....	153
Davis, Rebecca Harding.....	71
Dillon, John Brown.....	18
Doddridge, Joseph.....	9
English, Thomas Dunn.....	51
Eskew, Garnett Laidlaw.....	417
Ford, George M.....	202
Hall, John S.....	327
Harrison, Henry Sydnor.....	349
Haworth, Clarence Everett.....	347
Henderson, Anna R.....	213
Johnson, Clyde Beecher.....	406
Johnson, Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Vincent Costello)...	287
Johnson, Philander Chase.....	219
Jones, Beuhring.....	115
Kenna, Edward Benninghaus.....	269
King, Amanda Ellen.....	151

King, Georgiana Goddard.....	334
Lee, Edwin Gray.....	132
Lees, Thomas J.....	29
Leighton, William.....	140
Lucas, Daniel Bedinger.....	124
Lucas, Virginia.....	199
Lucas, Virginia Bedinger.....	118
McBee, Lena.....	401
Maxwell, Hu.....	164
Meador, Joseph Margrave.....	379
Montague, Margaret Prescott.....	456
Mitchell, John Kearsley.....	42
Pemberton, Robert Landon.....	317
Post, Melville Davisson.....	423
Price, Anna Louise.....	448
Purinton, Daniel Boardman.....	137
Quick, Herbert.....	245
Royall, Anne.....	20
Siviter, Anna Pierpont.....	281
Smart, Frank Preston.....	311
Snyder, Harry Lambright.....	322
Stockton, Francis Richard.....	224
Strother, David Hunter.....	60
Swisher, Howard Llewellyn.....	206
Wheatley, Blanche A.....	343
Wills, Nina Blundon.....	404
Winger, Betty Bush.....	446
Withers, Alexander Scott.....	38
Withers, Emma.....	170
Wood, Warren.....	411
Woods, Katharine Pearson.....	278

INDEX TO TITLES

A Comment.....	311
A Cottage Sonnet.....	447
A Fall Time Hunt.....	378
A Humble Sermon.....	221
“A Man Called Dante, I Have Heard”.....	336
America’s Prayer.....	405
Among Its Flocks and Herds.....	192
A Mother’s Kiss.....	277
An Elegy on His Family Vault.....	10
Angelus, The.....	400
An Old Love Song.....	180
April.....	415
A Song of Love and Summer.....	279
A Song of Sunset.....	280
A Song of the Open Air.....	269
A Sonnet Is a Jewel.....	149
A Summer Song.....	274
A Summer Song amid the Hills.....	322
At Dusk.....	416
At the Wood’s Edge.....	193
At Swithin’s Run.....	172
A Well-Regulated Family.....	382
A Whiff of Smoke.....	248
Bandits and Such.....	451
Ben Bolt.....	52
Black Gum ag’in’ Thunder.....	228
Bloodroot.....	162
Bunyan in Prison.....	314
Burial of the Beautiful, The.....	18
California.....	168
Call, The.....	335
Catching the Train.....	321
Christmas.....	146, 405

Columbine.....	200
Comment, A.....	311
Compensation.....	341
Compline.....	337
Content.....	454
Cottage Sonnet, A.....	447
Daughter of the Stars, The.....	418
Death of Cornstalk, The.....	14
Deserted Isle, The.....	6
Desire.....	160
Doomdorf Mystery, The.....	427
Down Long Run.....	317
Elegy on His Family Vault, An.....	10
England to America.....	459
Eventide.....	346
Fall Time Hunt, A.....	378
Fancies.....	213
Field of Song, The.....	216
Fighting Failure, The.....	339
Florence Vane.....	45
Flutter Mill, The.....	327
Fountain, The.....	140
Gauley River.....	54
God of Progress, The.....	222
Golden Gate, The.....	165
Guerdon.....	311
Heart of Goliath, The.....	250
Hepatica.....	171
How Can I, Lord?.....	272
Humble Sermon, A.....	221
Hylas.....	336
Indian Pipes.....	170
Indian Summer.....	122, 412
Indian Summer, The.....	16
Inspiration.....	269
In West Virginia.....	206
I Want to Go A-fishing.....	273
Journey to Canaan, The.....	62
Joy o' the World.....	277

Land where We Were Dreaming, The.....	129
Larkspur	448
Lazy, Hazy Days.....	377
Life in the Iron Mills.....	73
Little Trumpeters, The.....	477
Lost Child, The.....	288
Mariner's Love, The.....	203
Massacre at Fort Seybert, The.....	39
Meeting of the Shenandoah and Potomac at Harper's Ferry.....	119
Meeting Place, The.....	477
Midsummer	344
Mr. Zirkle and Ruthless Rose Amy.....	353
Moonlight on Kanawha.....	419
Moonlight Schools.....	402
Moor's Key, The.....	290
Morning.....	422
Mother's Eyes.....	216
Mother's Kiss, A.....	277
Mountains, The.....	47
Musings on the Ohio.....	31
My Heart Is in the Mountains.....	127
My Southern Home.....	116
New and the Old Song, The.....	43
Nimrod.....	320
Not Yet.....	285
Old Calhoun.....	312
Old Love Song, An.....	180
Ole Brer Groun' Hog.....	379
Once in a While.....	220
One of the Many.....	410
One Year.....	376
On the Potomac.....	192
Our Records.....	331
Palm Tree, The.....	284
Paying Their Way.....	217
Preacher at the Three Churches, The.....	183
Price of the Present Paid by the Past, The.....	143
Rafting on the Guyandotte.....	56

Relic Day.....	214
Renunciation.....	399
Rhododendron.....	402
Robin's Creed, The.....	182
Romance of Two Fish, The.....	443
Rose of the Cloth of Gold, The.....	133
Rue Anemone.....	199
Salt Works of Kenhawa County, The.....	24
Samaritan.....	315
Scattered Shells.....	447
Sculptor, The.....	282
Ships in Hampton Roads.....	419
Sidney Lanier.....	179
Silence.....	414
Singing He Rode.....	289
Slavery.....	34
Sleepy Hollow.....	150
Some Day.....	209
"Somewhere in France".....	421
Song of Love and Summer, A.....	279
Song of the Monongahela.....	180
Song of the Open Air, A.....	260
Song of Sunset, A.....	280
Song Sparrow, The.....	161
Sonnet Is a Jewel, A.....	149
Soul of the Little Room, The.....	458
Spirit and the Wood-Sparrow, The.....	153
Spring 'neath the Old Gum Tree.....	207
Stars of Gold.....	195
Struggle, The.....	162
Success.....	209
Summer Song, A.....	276
Summer Song amid the Hills, A.....	322
Thanksgiving.....	404
The Angelus.....	400
The Burial of the Beautiful.....	18
The Call.....	335
The Daughter of the Stars.....	418
The Death of Cornstalk.....	14

The Deserted Isle.....	6
The Doomdorf Mystery.....	427
The Field of Song.....	216
The Fighting Failure.....	339
The Flutter Mill.....	327
The Fountain.....	142
The God of Progress.....	222
The Golden Gate.....	165
The Heart of Goliath.....	250
The Indian Summer.....	16
The Journey to Canaan.....	62
The Land Where We Were Dreaming.....	129
The Lost Child.....	288
The Little Trumpeters.....	477
The Mariner's Love.....	203
The Massacre at Fort Seybert.....	39
The Meeting Place.....	477
The Moor's Key.....	290
The Mountains.....	47
The New and the Old Song.....	43
The Palm Tree.....	284
The Preacher at the Three Churches.....	183
The Price of the Present Paid by the Past.....	143
The Robin's Creed.....	182
The Romance of Two Fish.....	443
The Rose of the Cloth of Gold.....	133
The Salt Works of Kenhawha County.....	24
The Sculptor.....	282
The Song Sparrow.....	161
The Soul of the Little Room.....	458
The Spirit and the Wood-Sparrow.....	158
The Spring 'neath the Old Gum Tree.....	207
The Struggle.....	162
The Tree.....	285
The Trickster.....	346
The Valley of Slumberland.....	276
The Veterans.....	318
The Violet.....	348
The Voices of Autumn.....	408

The Watcher.....	289
The West Virginia Hills.....	151
The Wild Easter Lily.....	406
The Woman Who Understands.....	340
They Both Needed It.....	291
The Yucca.....	158
Time, Break Thy Glass.....	150
To a Mocking Bird.....	134
To Memory	155
To My Comrade Tree.....	155
To the Potomac River.....	69
To Verna Page.....	348
Tree, The.....	285
Trickster, The.....	346
Valley of Slumberland, The.....	276
Veterans, The.....	318
Violet, The.....	348
Voices from the Valley.....	406
Voices of Autumn, The.....	408
Watcher, The.....	289
Well Regulated Family, A.....	382
West Virginia.....	323
West Virginia Hills.....	138
West Virginia Hills, The.....	151
Wheeling Hill	35
Whiff of Smoke, A.....	248
Wild Easter Lily, The.....	406
Woman Who Understands, The.....	340
Woods in May.....	401
Young Rosalie Lee.....	50
Yucca, The.....	158



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



